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JULY 1992 • $3.95

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DAN GREENBURG LEARNS TO LOVE SAFE SEX

SUPER MARIO! A REVEALING LOOK AT THE ELUSIVE MR. CUOMO

A PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO NURSES

SMART DRUGS: JUST SAY YES?

20 QUESTIONS WITH NICOLE KIDMAN

ALEX HALEY REMEMBERS THE REAL MALCOLM X

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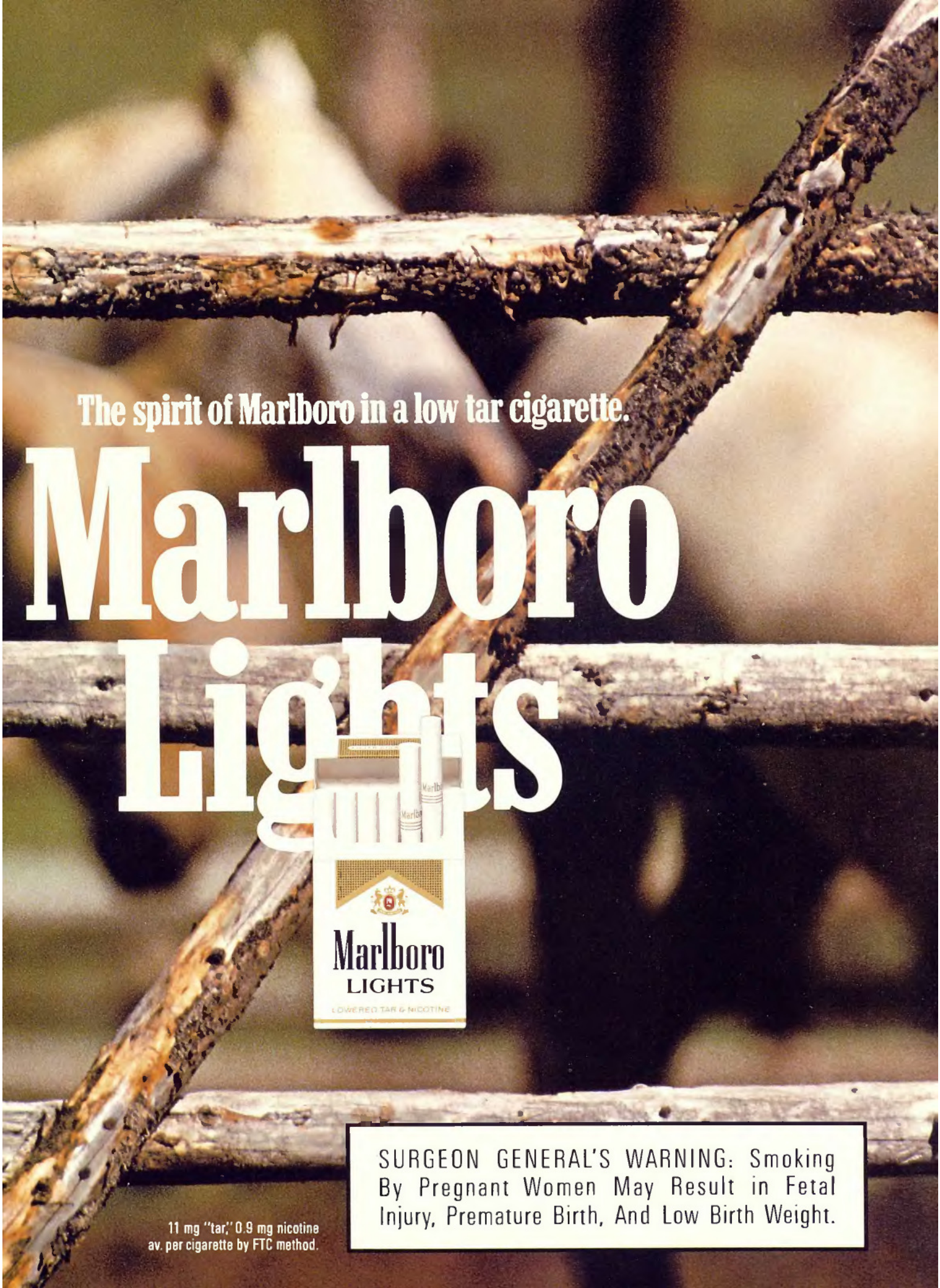
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PLAYBILL

LET'S SEE. A dash of nootropic drugs. A splash of Energy Elickshure. Chase it with a Psuper Psyber Tonic. Gargle. Ah, there—feel the smart drinks kicking in? Are we brighter yet? Only one way to tell: Read the articles in this month's *Playboy*.

We planned this issue for the thinking-enhanced. Start with the profile of **Mario Cuomo,** easily the most complicated man in American politics. Essayist **Barbara Grizzuti Harrison** spent time with New York's governor while preparing material for *The Astonishing World* (a book to be published by Ticknor & Fields) and came up with a remarkable piece of writing. Prepare yourself for the direct opposite of a sound bite and an intellect that can move from Teilhard de Chardin to bikini briefs with zebra stripes. *The Man Who Would Not Run* is must reading.

Shortly before his death, we asked **Alex Haley** to write a memoir about black activist **Malcolm X.** Long before Spike Lee discovered the martyred leader, Haley interviewed Malcolm for a historic 1963 *Playboy Interview*. The relationship culminated in Haley's writing *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. After Malcolm's story, Haley wrote his own—the result was *Roots*. Haley's final contribution to *Playboy*, *Remembering Malcolm X*, is particularly relevant in the wake of the Los Angeles riots. **Brad Holland** provided the portrait. **Murray Fisher,** Haley's editor, adds a moving memoir of Haley.

Dan Greenburg has taken his share of strolls along the sexual frontier. The longtime *Playboy* contributor has covered orgies, love communes and S/M for the magazine. Recently divorced, he embarked on the scariest journey of all—dating in the age of AIDS. *Adventures in Safe Sex* (illustrated by **Steven Guarnaccia**) introduces you to—among other delights—Dick and Jane condoms. "See Dick with an erection. See Dick with no protection. See Dick with an infection."

Does it feel like the smart drugs just wore off? Maybe you can get a contact high from **Jerry Stahl's** analysis in *Invasion of the Brain People*. His tour of the latest self-improvement craze—steroids for the mind—is illuminating.

Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** presents the oddest threesome in golf history—a butcher, a baker and a brass-balled M.B.A.—in *Reston's Rat*. **Gary Smith** presents another sticky situation in *The Slip* (illustrated by **John Rush**). What do you do when you fall in love with a woman wearing your wife's dress? Smart drugs won't get you out of this one.

Michael Keaton was smart enough to go from *Beetlejuice* to *Batman*. The brainy actor unleashed some choice stories to **Lawrence Linderman** in this month's *Playboy Interview*. Keaton comments on Bruce Wayne, Sean Young, trout-fishing in Patagonia and the night God told him to go home and get some sleep. Elsewhere, Contributing Editor **David Rensin** does a *20 Questions* with **Nicole Kidman** (Mrs. Tom Cruise). Completing this Hollywood triptych is a sizzling pictorial of **Pamela Anderson,** the Tool Girl on TV's *Home Improvement* and a lady whose bookshelf boasts volumes of *Bulfinch's Mythology* and Joseph Campbell's *Power of Myth*. What next? Bill Moyers nude?

Nope, just some eye-popping beach candids of the most savvy self-promoter on the planet, **Madonna,** and our usual collection of smart ideas in modern living. **David Elrich** critiques video games, **F. Paul Pacult** samples summer drinks in *Chill Out* and Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne** rounds up potential U.S. volleyball gold medalists to show off swimwear (photographed by **Carl Schneider**).

Now that we've exhausted your left brain, it's time to exercise the right brain (it governs visuals). Check out *Med-Alert!*, ten pages of health-care cuties. Contributing Photographer **Byron Newman's** pictorial of Playmate **Amanda Hope** is the only tonic you need.

HARRISON

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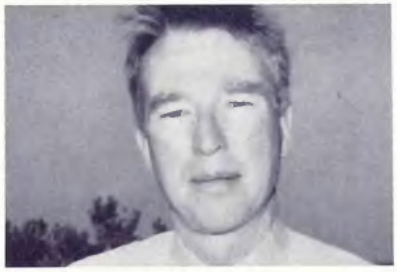
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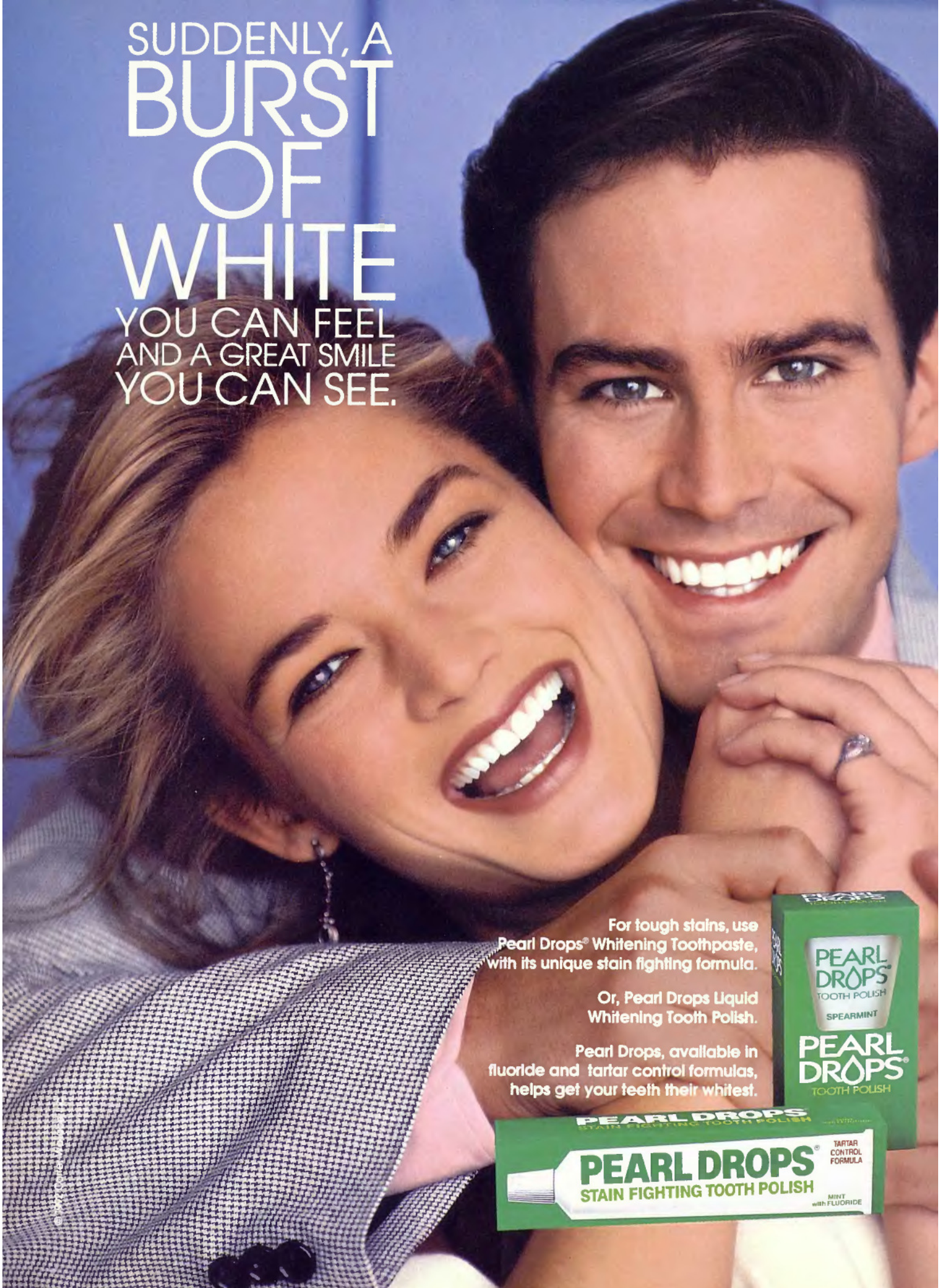
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PLAYBOY

vol. 39, no. 7—july 1992

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COVER STORY

When Miss February 1990, Pomelo Anderson, first oppeored in *Ployboy*, she soid it wos "the stort of something big." Little did she know that she'd soon be o cost member on ABC's hit sitcom *Home Improvement*. West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grobowski produced our cover, styled by Monique St. Pierre ond shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytog. Thonks to Tracy Cionflone for hair ond moke-up. The Rabbit quips, "These boots are made for wolking."

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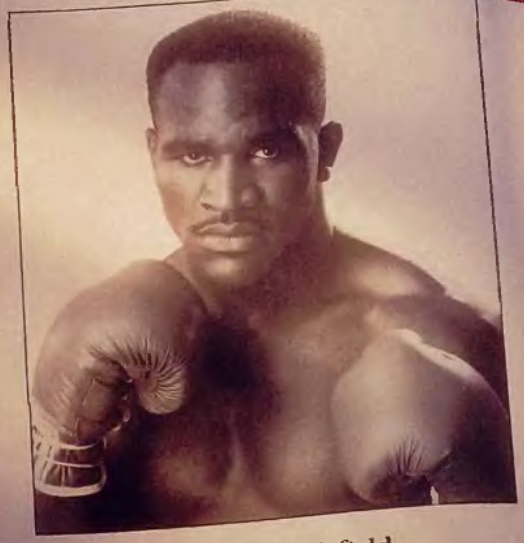

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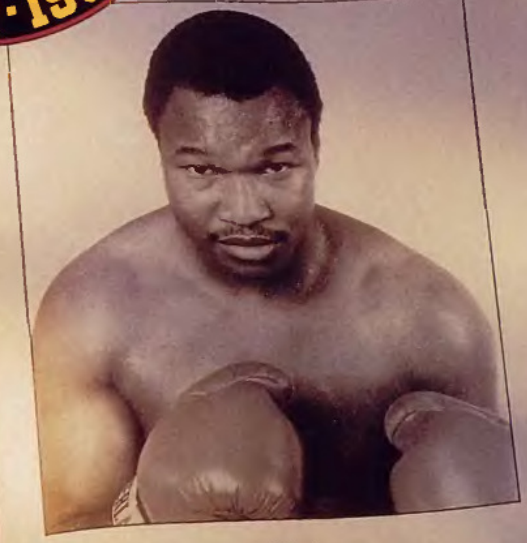

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JONATHAN KOZOL INTERVIEW

I found Contributing Editor Morgan Strong's *Playboy Interview* with teacher-author Jonathan Kozol (April) refreshing. After the false economic boom and greed of the Eighties, the Nineties are going to be a get-real decade. Grassroots activism such as Kozol's is growing.

Jon Caine
Knoxville, Tennessee

I am a doctoral student of sociology and political science studying American education, and your interview with Kozol appealed to my senses of rage and compassion. As Kozol reminds us, it is not the government that is going to work for educational equality. I hope this interview motivates more people to become voices in their own communities so that the vision of Kozol and others who struggle in the crusade for educational reform might become a reality.

Anne Marie Merline
Waltham, Massachusetts

Kozol notes the ways in which the U.S. educational system has failed such minorities as African Americans and Hispanics, but he neglects to mention the success of Asian Americans. I suggest that he read the study on Asian-American students recently published in *Scientific American*. Not only have Asian Americans succeeded academically in our educational system, they have thrived in it, surpassing all other ethnic groups.

The Asian students studied represented a cross section of economic and national backgrounds; their only common tie was that they held Buddhist-Confucian values. (So much for Patrick Buchanan's Judeo-Christian values' being the salvation of our educational system.) The study determined that as long as they maintained these values, they excelled in their studies. When these values were discarded and traditional American values were adopted, the Asian students' academic level dropped to the same level as that of their Caucasian fellow students.

Rather than complain about how lousy our school system is, perhaps Kozol should take a look at why Asian-American students excel in our educational system while African-American, Hispanic and Caucasian students do not. And please don't classify me as a racial bigot. My family is Hispanic.

H. McNicholas
Portland, Oregon

As a junior high school teacher for 28 years, I'd like to respond to your simplistic interview with Kozol. Let's put the blame for our children's failure to learn squarely where it belongs: first, on the breakdown of the family unit in our country; second, on the liberal welfare program that encourages the breakup of the family and takes personal incentive away from its recipients.

The problem with American education isn't entirely a lack of funds. The money is there. It's just not being spent wisely. I have never met a teacher who did not want to do a good job of teaching, but it gets frustrating when, for example, our garbage collector makes more money than I do and a ballplayer signs a multimillion-dollar contract for one season.

J. F. Graf
Gridley, California

CHARLES KEATING

It is ironic to find the Kozol interview and Joe Morgenstern's profile of Charles Keating (*Prophet Without Honor*) back to back in your April issue. Kozol is right on the button (four of my 20 years teaching were in an inner-city school) when he says we have serious problems in our public schools and that we also have the know-how and resources to save our schools. What we do not have is a Congress that is willing to do anything about it. Congress won't spend more than $5000 per year to educate a child,

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but it will spend $10,000 to $50,000 per year on welfare or jail space for the ones who didn't get a decent education.

Every year, Congress spends billions of tax dollars it calls "just drops in the bucket" for thousands of silly bills—such as $9,000,000 per year for a private school in Paris, more than $100,000,000 in various so-called farm bills that benefit a small group of wealthy landowners, $35 billion per year for unneeded spare parts for the military and another $2 billion to store those parts. All these drops in the bucket are simply tools for reelection.

What we need is a Congress that will put its priorities in order, avoid the scandals in our schools and prevent more Keating affairs. But when I wrote my Senator to complain about wasteful spending, I received a form letter thanking me for my approval and support.

Don Terry
Cleveland, Ohio

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

Harry Stein's article *It Happened One Night* (*Playboy*, April) about the Palm Beach rape trial of William Kennedy Smith overlooks one important point, which is that a person's guilt or innocence is becoming secondary to the ego-building of his or her lawyer.

Especially in highly publicized cases that offer lawyers golden opportunities to enhance their reputations, justice takes a back seat to whichever attorney has the most effective bag of tricks. The victims of this state of affairs are precisely those people the legal system was designed to protect.

In the Palm Beach trial, chalk up another "victory" for the wealthy.

Gary Spiegel
Santa Barbara, California

It Happened One Night subjects us to chauvinist babble that serves no purpose other than to illustrate Stein's infatuation with being part of the press corps covering a major news story and his infantile dislike of prosecutor Moira Lasch.

Instead of illuminating the reasons why a felony trial in Florida was elevated into a national entertainment extravaganza, Stein spouts the same thing we have heard from the right wing for years. He asks about Patty Bowman, "What the hell was [she] doing there at 3:30 in the morning if she *didn't* expect something to happen?" implying that if a rape *did* occur that night, it was Bowman who was guilty of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Stein's principal support for his "she asked for it" point of view is that he knows women who agree with him; he perceives this as a stamp of approval for his misogynistic attitude. I've always respected *Playboy*'s stance on important issues, but please, in the future, give us fewer colorful adjectives and more objective journalism.

Evan Gillespie
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Stein's article about Smith's rape trial was wonderful. After watching the trial, I was very pleased with the outcome. Now that it's over, I think Lasch needs to rethink the entire episode.

Jennifer Chism
Conway, Arkansas

CADY CANTRELL

Your April Playmate, Cady Cantrell, would definitely be my choice as a date for dinner and a show. She has proved

once again that beauty can soothe away the chill of winter. I wish her the brightest of futures.

Rudolfo Morales
The Bronx, New York

Congratulations! You've done it again. Miss April, Cady Cantrell, is a Georgia peach worth picking.

Robert Smitherman, Jr.
Norway, South Carolina

NOT GUILTY, OR INNOCENT?

In his April *Men* column, "A Significant Shift," Asa Baber protests the statement by Patricia Bowman's lawyer, David Roth, that "a not-guilty verdict does not equate to innocence," but Roth is correct. A jury is instructed to deliver a verdict of either guilty or not guilty, not guilty or innocent. The only conclusion one can accurately draw from a not-guilty verdict is that the jury was not convinced of the defendant's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. Although far too many people prefer to think otherwise, a jury doesn't have to believe in the innocence of the defendant to return a not-guilty verdict.

Joe Greenhalgh
Fremont, California

While that may apply to juries, Joe, our legal tradition also provides that a person is automatically "innocent until proven guilty," which is the point Baber was making.

BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT

I always thought that Bobcat Goldthwait was very funny, but your *20 Questions* with him in the April issue confirms something I have suspected for some time, which is that there's an intelligent man under all those screams.

I had the pleasure of meeting Goldthwait recently. He and his brother came into the rental-car agency for which I work to rent a station wagon. They were perfect gentlemen, but I couldn't help but wonder: Why a station wagon? When his brother returned to the counter, I asked him. It seems that Goldthwait's anniversary was that night and he and his wife had met on a movie set where she was a driver. On sets they use station wagons. He wanted to relive the first time they met.

Bobcat Goldthwait—funny, intelligent and romantic. Who would have guessed?

Nora Maureen Durham
North Hollywood, California

BODY DOUBLE

I loved the pictorial of Shelley Michelle (*Double Vision*, *Playboy*, April), the curves behind Julia Roberts, Kim Basinger and Catherine Oxenberg. I'd heard that it wasn't Roberts' body we saw in *Pretty Woman* but didn't believe it. My applause to Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag on a job well done.

John L. Moore
Monmouth, Oregon

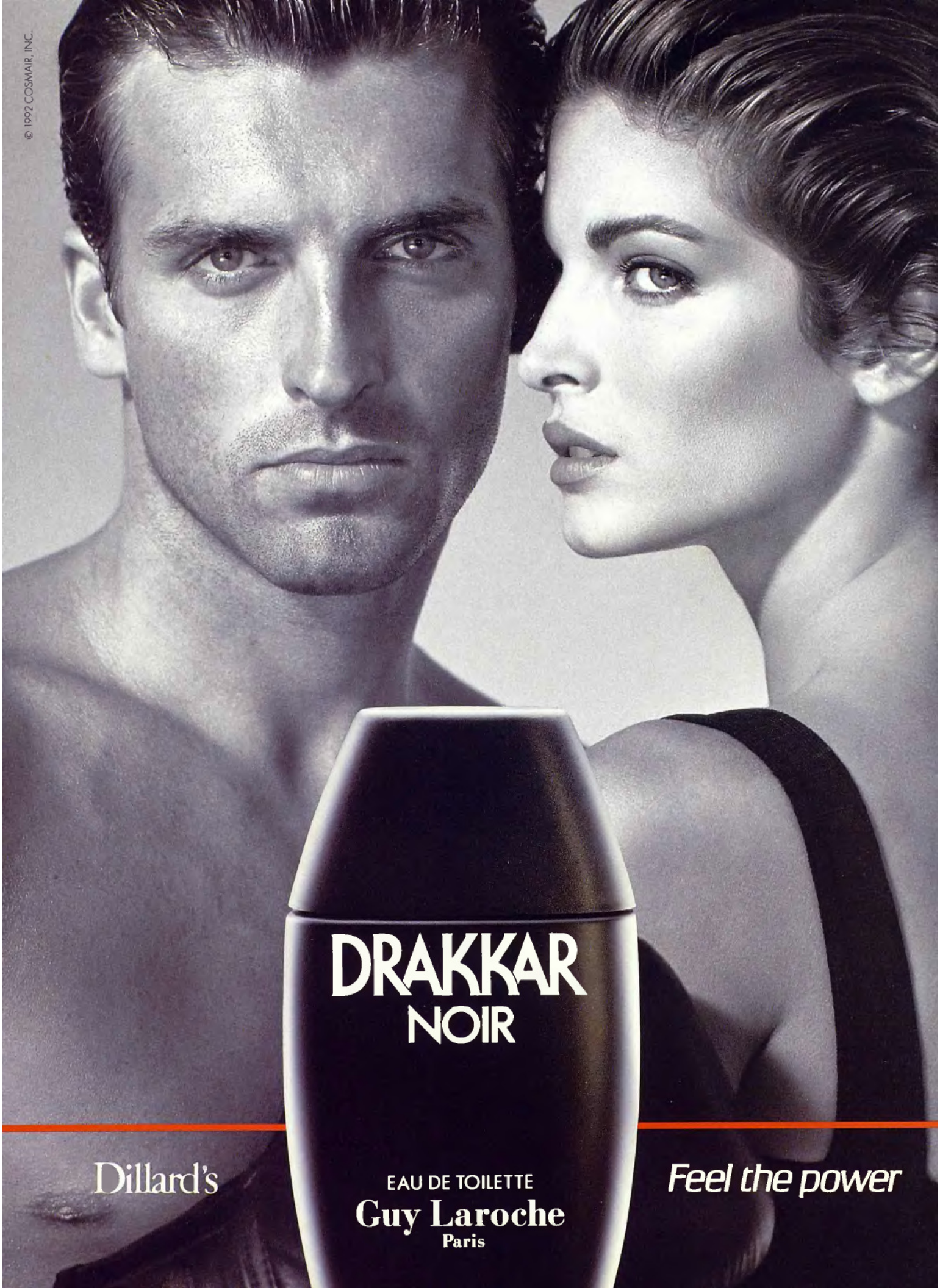
ADVENTURES IN CYBERSPACE

Contributing Editor Walter Lowe, Jr.'s, article *Adventures in Cyberspace* (*Playboy*, April) is both entertaining and thought-provoking. Through the technology of cyberspace, man will, for the first time, have the ability to manipulate and control his environment with the aid of the computer. The computer-configured worlds of virtual reality are the stuff that dreams are made of, and the power that will be unleashed by this science will forever change the world.

Virtual worlds are models of physical reality and their credibility is contingent upon the degree to which they resemble this reality. As Lowe points out, virtual reality is, at present, in its infancy, and the technological hurdles that must be overcome to portray reality with accurate sensate experience are immense.

However, if all roadblocks toward the full implementation of virtual reality can be removed, reality itself may have to be redefined as virtual reality and sensate reality merge.

James McCall
Chicago, Illinois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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

LIFE'S A DRAG

The newest organized-crime ring to catch our attention is a gang of transvestites that has been knocking over upscale women's boutiques along the East Coast. Partial to rhinestones, sequins and the color pink, these beauties steal gowns and tiaras for their own use. One guy—after being caught wearing sporty short shorts and a black feather boa—showed up at his trial wearing a stolen green crepe-de-chine pantsuit by Naturally Yours of Hawaii. The cross-dressing counterparts to Thelma and Louise also sell or trade the hot couture goods with friends at balls—the transvestite beauty pageants that spawned the vogue dance craze. Transvestites moppin' the boutiques—street slang for shoplifting—is nothing new, but lately they've gotten serious. "They stole the best pieces," said an exasperated New York retailer who asked to remain anonymous. "They know labels." Well-dressed TVs favor Thierry Mugler, Versace, Chlöe and Chanel. Lawmen estimate 100 members of the ring stole over $1,000,000 in goods last year and—since one apprehended thief, Large Marge, is 6'2"—we assume that includes nothing under size six.

WHY WE LOVE COSMO

This house ad appeared in *Cosmopolitan*'s April issue: "Since she signed on with *Today*, ratings have *soared*! The lady can do it *all*—chat up pols and celebs, feed a lion cub, even deal with a life-size plastic penis! Meet Katie Couric."

Now, we've seen Bryant chat up pols and celebs, and maybe even make nice with an animal. But we guess there are some things best left to a woman.

BOWLING FOR GLORY

Across the street from St. Louis' Busch Stadium is the National Bowling Hall of Fame and Museum. Inside, you are greeted by a mobile sculpture of gigantic bowling pins suspended—as if in midstrike—from the two-story ceiling. The impact is profound. This is where the converted hear their calling.

To appreciate how bowling got to be this big, you enter a series of exhibits called Ten Pin Alley. The first exhibit shows a caveman holding a rock, with bones scattered at his feet. The caption we saw explains: "Who was the first bowler? We think it might have been a caveman tossing rocks at animal bones. What do you think?" We suppress our conclusions and proceed, reading next about the intertwined histories of religion and bowling. In a moving diorama, we see Martin Luther, the leader of the Reformation, bowling. We are told he "even built a bowling lane for the young people in his family. He reminded them that in ordinary life, many a person thinks he can defeat others by knocking down all the pins and then misses all of them." This, we're sure, forms the basis of his famous sermon on the gutter ball.

It's something to ponder as we now amuse ourselves by tapping into a bank of computers to call up who in our home area has rolled a perfect game. In a suitably humble mood, we move along to the point of all of this: the hall itself.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

A darkened area prepares us for the dark-wood-paneled American Bowling Congress Hall of Fame. Amid this hushed, almost funereal solemnity are the carved plaques of bowling's greats: Joseph George Joseph, Richard Anthony Weber, Andrew Varipapa. The room demands silence and gets it.

To decompress after the tour, we visit the gift shop and pick up several trophies. Our favorite is a spoon trivet that says it all: "I'd rather be bowling."

TOO-BASE HIT

Authorities in rural Kansas report that a 37-year-old woman recently struck out in an attempt to have her common-law husband killed in exchange for his baseball-card collection. "That's about as mean as a wife can get," said a local deputy sheriff. "The only thing lower would have been if she offered his hunting and fishing gear." He said the two potential hitmen she tried to hire were "shocked" by the terms of her pitch. Perhaps the deal would have gone down if she had been willing to throw in the gum.

BEANIES FOR WEENIES

Harvard University recently turned down a manufacturer's offer to produce condoms stamped with the school insignia, on the grounds that the school might be liable if the product failed to work. Personally, we don't buy this rationale. There are a host of Harvard grads, after all, who are currently not working, and the school doesn't seem troubled by that product failure.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT—IN 3-D

If you need an excuse to upgrade your computer for multimedia capacities—and thousands of hackers don't—you can justify the cost with one piece of software: Battle Chess on CD-ROM by Interplay. You get your plot and action, your animation and music, and your sex and violence—all in the granddaddy of games, albeit not one Karpov would recognize. When the queen glides across

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"To me, clowns aren't funny. In fact, they're kind of scary. I have wondered where this started and I think it goes back to the time I went to the circus and a clown killed my dad."—*Saturday Night Live*'s JACK HANDEY, IN HIS NEW BOOK *Deep Thoughts: Inspiration for the Uninspired*

MILE-HIGH BALLS

Percentage of extra distance a baseball will travel in Denver's proposed National League stadium over that of a sea-level ballpark: nine.

•

How far a curveball breaking 14 inches at sea level will break in Denver: 11 inches.

STICKY FINGERS

In a survey of 155 retail chain stores by Ernst & Young, the number of employees in 1990 apprehended for theft, 30,000; the number of shoplifters arrested, 406,000.

GREAT WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

In a study of men who work outdoors, the percentage decrease of their sperm-count levels during an average summer month from those of a typical winter month, 24; percentage of the reduction in sperm concentration, 32; the percentage drop in concentration of motile sperm, 28.

YES, MA'AM!

Percentage of the 1,885,923 men in the U.S. Armed Forces who are officers, 14.3; percentage of the 229,311 women, 14.7.

HOLDING THEIR OWN

Number of automobiles Japanese car companies were allowed to export to the U.S. in 1991 under the Voluntary Restraint Agreement Japan adopted ten years ago: 2,300,000.

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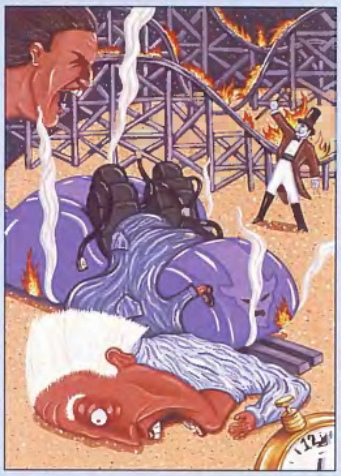
Number actually shipped to the U.S. in 1991: 1,500,000.



BOB TILLEY HUNGRY DOG STUDIO

FACT OF THE MONTH

The Steel Phantom in West Mifflin, Pennsylvania—the fastest roller coaster in the world—reaches speeds of 80 miles per hour down its 225-foot drop.

FUNNY MONEY

Percentage of U.S. currency that is believed to be counterfeit: 0.5.

•

Amount of counterfeit money seized by the Secret Service in 1990 before it was circulated, $66,000,000; amount passed on to the public, $14,000,000.

GETTING GOOD HEAD

Percentage increase in production in 1990 by microbreweries in the U.S.—brewers that produce no more than 15,000 barrels a year and sell the majority of their beer off the premises: 45.

•

Percentage increase by U.S. brewpubs—restaurants that brew and sell their own beer on-site: 81.

•

According to the Institute for Brewing Studies, number of microbreweries in the U.S. in 1985, 21; in 1990, 84. Number of brewpubs in 1985, 8; in 1990, 123.

•

Number of states that consider brewpubs illegal, 14.

•

Average price of a six-pack of a micro-beer: $6.

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

Cost of having Kim Basinger make an appearance at your party, $85,000; of having Luciano Pavarotti show up, $119,000; of having Pavarotti sing, $187,000. —BETTY SCHAAL

the board to engage in battle, for example, she gets so excited her nipples show through her gown. When pieces start combat, the animation kicks in with bolts of lightning, puffs of smoke and flashing swords. Pawns knee opposing knights in the groin and dramatic Gothic music accompanies bishops' moves.

How soon will this new tool grow old? There are 169,518,829,100,544,000,000,000,000,000 possible combinations of the first ten moves of chess. And we plan to exploit them all.

SEXUAL WAIVERS

In the wake of the flurry of sex-related litigation comes actual preprinted sexual-consent forms from Conforms, a Toronto-based company. The forms, which are available in a passport-sized case, include spaces for indicating where the sex act will occur, the method of birth control that will be used and whether either partner is in an altered state. If nothing else, the forms, which require signatures for both parties, also may assist in documenting future tell-all books by the likes of Geraldo Rivera or Wilt Chamberlain.

DOES OLIVER TWIST?

When asked by the gay publication *The Advocate* if he'd ever had a homosexual encounter, director Oliver Stone said he wouldn't deny it, but refused to elaborate. He suggested that the government might use the facts against him—or, as he put it: "Then they'll really be on my ass!"

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Herb Caen, columnist for *The San Francisco Chronicle*, has unearthed a modern myth that originated at USAir—and may or may not be true. An airline employee with the last name of Gay boarded a flight with a nonrevenue ticket. His seat was occupied by a paying passenger, so he slipped to an empty spot in the back of the plane, which was overbooked. When the gate agent came on board to remove all nonpaying passengers, he stopped at the seat originally assigned to Mr. Gay and asked the man, "Are you Gay?" The surprised fellow nodded. The agent told him he'd have to leave. The real Mr. Gay stood up and said, "You've got the wrong man—I'm Gay." At that, a young man across the aisle stood up and proclaimed, "Hell, I'm gay, too—they can't kick us *all* off!"

NAUGHTY NATURE NOTES, PT. 84

Consider the sea slug, a beet-red blob that lives in colonies on the bottom of the ocean: One of the simpler animals on the planet, it does little more than eat, sleep and copulate. Mostly copulate. According to Thomas Capo, a biologist at a slug-breeding lab in Miami, the wormy

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AN INSIDER'S GUIDE TO

AMERICA'S TOP TEN JAILS

by Joseph Henslik #03759051, John Shinners #03799041 and John Molenda #99903024

The U.S. locks up more people per capita than any other nation in the world. Even those who thought themselves immune discovered they were not: Ask Leona Helmsley, Mike Tyson, Ivan Boesky or Michael Milken. In the event the D.A. asks you to consider doing time, it may help to have a list of the best. Here, from three in the know, are the picks:

1. Fairbanks Correctional Center, Fairbanks, Alaska. *Capacity:* 194. *Inmates per cell:* dormitory-style bunks and single cells. *TV:* total cable. *Visits:* regular contact visits. *Meals:* eclectic and plentiful.

All social events and religious services are coed. Inmates wear, in their living units, Levis 501 jeans. The indoor-outdoor recreational facilities are fully equipped. People are still talking about the time they served the Captain's Plate: Alaskan king crab, shrimp and fried scallops.

2. Boulder County Jail, Boulder, Colorado. *Capacity:* 311. *Inmates per cell:* one. *TV:* VCR and network. *Visits:* regular contact visits. *Meals:* skimpy but hot.

One of few jails with a smoke-free environment. The big plus: weekly coed religious services and social gatherings. Several times a year, local musicians perform open-air, coed concerts. Most requested tunes? *Folsom Prison Blues* and *Free Bird*.

3. Oahu Community Correctional Center, Honolulu, Hawaii. *Capacity:* 780. *Inmates per cell:* two. *TV:* total cable. *Visits:* contact visits. *Meals:* holiday feasts (Kalua pig) prepared. *Architecture:* modules of 24 to 36 rooms each. *Landscape:* palm trees.

Aerobics classes, continuing education courses and law library are great time killers.

4. Clark County Detention Center, Las Vegas, Nevada. *Capacity:* 1343. *Inmates per cell:* one to two. *TV:* networks, nightly videos. *Visits:* limited contact visits. *Meals:* small and warm.

Unlimited free local phone calls and daily newspaper deliveries allow for placing bets with friends on the outside. Cash winnings may be dropped off or moneygrams deposited in noninterest-bearing accounts.

5. Olmsted County Jail, Rochester, Minnesota. *Capacity:* 54. *Inmates per cell:* one. *TV:* cable. *Visits:* supervised contact visits almost daily. *Meals:* tradition of great cooking established by sheriff's wife.

The jail's doctors and surgeons are the same ones who treat presidents and heads of state at Mayo Clinic. And their prison services are free.

6. Cabell County Jail, Huntington, West Virginia. *Capacity:* 150. *Inmates per cell:* two to four and dormitory-style. *TV:* basic cable. *Visits:* two-hour contact visits, five nights a week. *Meals:* inmates are given pizza and Pepsi.

Built in 1939, this brick-and-steel lockup was nearly the worst in the country until a recent court-ordered renovation. Special diet meals are available for corpulent cons.

7. Evans County Jail, Claxton, Georgia. *Capacity:* 25. *Inmates per cell:* two to four. *TV:* network. *Visits:* no contact. *Meals:* delicious—catered from local diner.

Inmates dress in robes and slippers, lounge on down pillows and watch movies. This jail is relatively new (1983); it smells like a new car.

8. Crittenden County Jail, Marion, Kentucky. *Capacity:* 16. *Inmates per cell:* two to four. *TV:* satellite hookup—no remote control. *Visits:* no contact. *Meals:* superb.

Meals of chicken, black-eyed peas and dumplings are served here. Or you may order pizza from Pizza Majic—they take *anybody's* check.

9. Linn County Correctional Center, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. *Capacity:* 155. *Inmates per cell:* one. *TV:* HBO and Showtime available until 10:30 P.M. *Visits:* no contact. *Meals:* good but small.

Stylishly pink wool blankets cover cryptlike beds. Inmates wear high-visibility orange coveralls in this space-age island complex. Women are known to flash their breasts at cons they know on the opposite bank of the Cedar River.

10. Hernando County Jail, Brooksville, Florida. *Capacity:* 252. *Inmates per cell:* two to eight. *TV:* basic cable, video movies on weekend. *Visits:* contact visits. *Meals:* hot, above average.

Florida orange juice served at breakfast and a commissary that supplies toiletries, cakes and candy make this air-conditioned facility Florida's finest.

creatures are hermaphrodites and have endlessly varied orgies—some involving thousands of animals. Scientists study the neurons of the slippery slugs as models for more highly developed beasts. As Capo's colleague, Dr. Eric Kandel, notes, "chain copulation"—a complete circle of up to ten animals—is an example of "higher-order social behavior." Hmm, sounds like a cocktail party that lasted an hour too long.

ANSWER TO A PAT REMARK

When national budget director Dick Darman came home from work recently, his dog, Gofer, was missing. He got a phone call. It seems Gofer had been stalking a jogger in his McLean, Virginia, neighborhood. But Gofer wasn't in the pound. He was in the custody of the Secret Service. Apparently, the retriever had been trailing presidential candidate Pat Buchanan, the man who called Gofer's master "the Dr. Kevorkian of the American economy."

•

Best expression of candor from a woman: "For years, we've been trying to keep our underwear out of our crack, and then they come up with the thong!"

MINOR NOTES FROM MAJOR PLAYERS

The older you get, the harder and faster you work. But how can you be more efficient? We asked writers Jean Penn and Judie Gregg to check it out.

Brian Fox (president, B. D. Fox and Friends Advertising): "I've found that the more I slow down, the more I get done. Slowing down increases my efficiency."

Louis Rukeyser (financial columnist): "Do as much business as possible by mail. The phone wastes so much time."

Jody Powell (press secretary for the Carter Administration): "Don't do lunch. It's a great time to return calls to people you don't want to talk to."

Frank Pierson (screenwriter): "Part of my routine for getting rid of anger and getting a little exercise is remodeling my bathroom. Take a tip from Winston Churchill: 'Go and lay a few bricks.'"

Bernie Brillstein (former CEO of Lorimar Film Entertainment): "Don't waste time on bullshit. Don't slip away in the afternoon to have an affair."

Dick Clark (of *American Bandstand* fame): "Always fly at night when going east and when traveling overseas. That way, you arrive in London in plenty of time to go to the theater. Jet lag is for amateurs."

Richard Lewis (comedian, actor): "When traveling on the road, I, for one, will no longer stay near airports in cheap hotels that advertise 'We have AM radio.' That's a no-no. Also, never swim in hotel pools. Once, I put my toes in one and got an ear infection."

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MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

WHY DID Bruce Springsteen divide 24 songs into separate albums, ***Human Touch*** and ***Lucky Town*** (Columbia)? Probably because he sensed that his hard-won wisdom, understated intensity and revelatory wonder would spontaneously combust if he packed it all into one set. Each song is about having the courage to ride down that *Tunnel of Love* he was so afraid of back in 1987. He's chased away illusions and fears and revels in the intimacy and commitment he's found with his wife, children and friends. Rarely have I heard a work so conscious of self and yet so lacking in self-consciousness. There are no surrogate characters here. The self-doubting Mary from *Thunder Road* is gone. Springsteen chronicles with grace and soulful humility the *Local Hero* who yearns for real heroism as a passionate and mature man. The pattern is there in the most prosaic song titles: It's a *Man's Job* to enter the *Real World* as a *Real Man*. Disappointments? The music could be more adventurous, but without the E Street Band, the stripped-down rawness and directness of the music sounds partly like Sun sessions and partly like Woody Guthrie. It feels right. At 42, the Boss has found a touchstone in himself. No inflated *Glory Days* here, just *Better Days*—richly satisfying and still a bit scary. But solid.

FAST CUTS: On David Byrne's first real post-Heads solo outing, ***Uh-Oh*** (Sire), he finally integrates the childlike persona of his early work with the Afro-Caribbean polyrhythms of his later albums. The result is wise, weird, tuneful and funny. And you can dance to it.

DAVE MARSH

On the basis of its second album, ***Skin*** (Atlantic), Psychefunkapus could become a leader of the new rock-funk genre, along with Living Colour, Follow for Now and Blackasaurus Mex. *Skin* is a long stride forward from the Psychefunkapus debut. It blends funk, metal, acid rock, comedic outrage and surf music into a surprisingly nifty package. A band with the imagination to create a psychedelic-surf spoof as funny as *Surfin' on Jupiter* and the savvy to rope Dick Dale into playing the guitar solo can't be written off. And a band with the chops to fashion a song like *Evol Ving*, which melds metal and the vocal mannerisms of Love's Arthur Lee seamlessly, may someday go multiplatinum.

But realistically, *Skin* probably shows Psychefunkapus at the height of its powers. Future growth would depend on developing a strong individual voice from among the band's quartet of writers and singers. Currently, no one suggests himself. And when Psychefunkapus adopts a unified vision, it will also adopt a single musical direction. This will help in selling records. It will also end the group's most interesting musical period. So damn me for being a cynic. This is one time I'd sure like to be wrong.

FAST CUTS: Melissa Etheridge, ***Never Enough*** (Island): Etheridge rises by refusing to soar, pushing her voice and her songs to reach places deeper and darker than her earlier albums touched.

David Murray, ***Shakill's Warrior*** (DIW/Columbia): What used to be called soul jazz. Or just smokin' R&B sax.

Miles Davis, ***A Tribute to Jack Johnson*** (Columbia Legacy): Take away the horns from this 20-year-old sound track and you'd have some of the meanest metal ever made. Put Davis' trumpet back in and it "brings the noise" as powerfully as Public Enemy has dreamed it.

PAUL MOCH

New Springsteen: 24 songs, two albums.

Better Days for the Boss, Tracy Chapman gets romantic and Def Leppard returns.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Metal connoisseurs may find ***Body Count*** (Sire) a little simplistic. The band Ice-T has led out of South Central L.A. and onto this self-titled debut is flat-out hard rock, short on soloistic intricacies and fancy structures. It doesn't even flash the high-funk drumbeats so modish these days. But anybody who thinks raw power is what metal is for will get off on its loud rush. Body Count's front man sets them apart.

Ice-T doesn't think metal's outrageousness should end with doomsday rhetoric and backstage blow jobs from a *KKK Bitch* to whom he teaches the proper use of white sheets. He also describes racism in language metalheads can understand, kills several policemen and cuts his momma into little pieces because she tells him to hate white people. This can be a very funny record. Ice-T really wants to know whether Tipper Gore, whose 12-year-old nieces he sexes up along the way, gets the joke.

Working their own rap-guitar interface are the Beastie Boys, who actually play most of the music on their third album. Even so, ***Check Your Head*** (Capitol) sounds more like the multisampled *Paul's Boutique* than the party-hearty *Licensed to Ill*. Big noise or no big noise, it's avant-garde rather than arena. Very funny, sure—but subtler than Body Count, for better and worse.

FAST CUTS: Giant Sand, ***Ramp*** (Amazing Black Sand, 2509 North Campbell, Box 202, Tucson, Arizona 85719): Neil Young moves to a commune in the desert with his fountain of youth.

Mzwakhe Mbuli, ***Resistance Is Defence*** (Earthworks/Cardiac): Township jive versus apartheid.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Having endured more than its share of tragedy—drummer Rick Allen lost his arm in a car wreck, guitarist Steve Clark died of alcoholism—Def Leppard still sounds remarkably like Def Leppard. On ***Adrenalize*** (Mercury), the band's fifth album, the ingredients remain the same: several years in the studio honing everything to perfection, mid-tempo drums, great chiming metal riffs, predominant vocals as multitracked as anything the Eagles ever did, sing-along melodies and lyrics that won't tax your brain. So if you liked Def Leppard before, chances are you'll like it again. The sole exception to the formula here is *White Lightning*, an eerie dirge about drugs and karma that sounds like a memorial to the talented but unhappy Clark. It'll be interesting to see if these guys can convert another generation of 16-year-olds to renew their fan base. That generation seems to be drawn more toward the alienated descendants of the Sex Pistols and the Stooges. Can Def Leppard, descendants of Queen, go multiplatinum again in the age of Nirvana? Only your little brother knows for sure.

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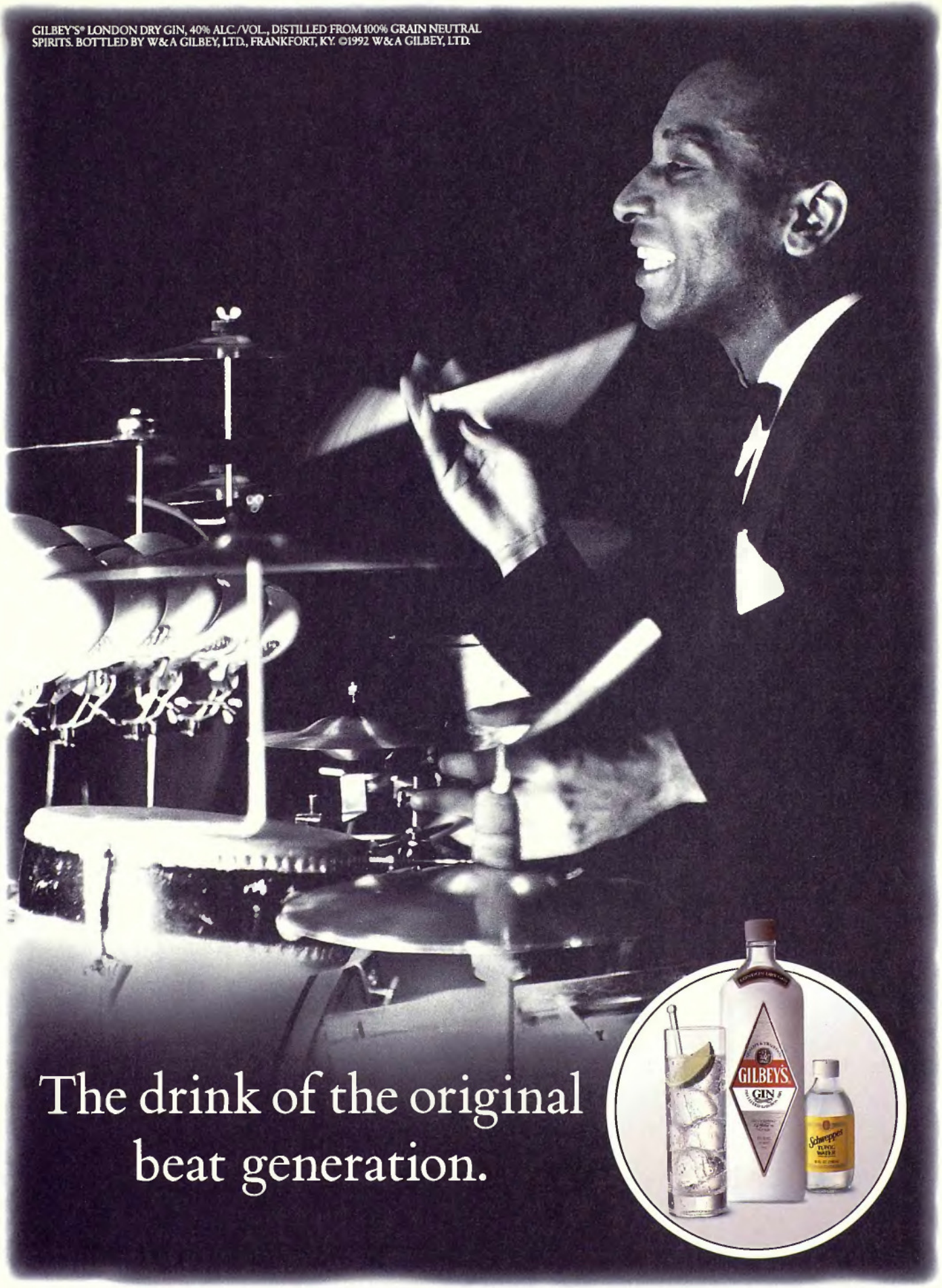

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Body Count	8	4	7	8	7
David Byrne *Uh-Oh*	3	8	8	6	6
Tracy Chapman *Matters of the Heart*	6	6	9	9	6
Def Leppard *Adrenalize*	4	8	6	8	8
Psychefunkapus *Skin*	5	6	6	7	7

RAP 101 DEPARTMENT: About rap, **Ice-T** says, "It's a dick thing. If that's sexist, I can't help it." Yo, T, have you mentioned this theory to **Salt-N-Pepa** or **Queen Latifah?**

REELING AND ROCKING: **Tone-Lōc** has been cast in a nonsinging role in the next **John** (*Boyz n the Hood*) **Singleton** film called *Poetic Justice*. . . . **Dwight Yoakam** will be making his movie debut in *Red Rock West*, starring **Nicolas Cage** and **Dennis Hopper.** Yoakam plays a truck driver. . . . Another country singer, **George Strait,** is working on *Unwound*, in which he plays a country star. Clever casting. . . . The new **Tom Cruise–Nicole Kidman** movie *Far and Away* was shot in Dublin, with music provided by the **Chieftains.** . . . **Bon Jovi** keyboardist **David Bryan** has teamed with **Edgar Winter** to do the sound track for *Netherworld*, set in Louisiana and starring **Michael Bendetti** of *21 Jump Street*.

NEWSBREAKS: The **Triplets** are working on a TV pilot based on their lives and singing careers. . . . A four-CD boxed set with 100 **Bob Marley** songs from 1962 to 1980 will be in stores this fall. . . . **U2** is selling *Achtung Baby* condoms for three dollars apiece at all its concerts. . . . **Bill Graham's** autobiography will come out in October. Graham was working on it with writer **Robert Greenfield** at the time of his death. . . . **Janet Jackson** went back into the studio with **Jimmy Jam** and **Terry Lewis** to record the follow-up to *Rhythm Nation*. Expect to see it by the end of 1992. . . . Look for **Ringo** and his all-**Starr** band on the road. Joining him will be **Joe Walsh, Nils Lofgren, Dave Edmunds, Todd Rundgren** and others. . . . **Marianne Faithful** is writing her autobiography in which she will tell all. "I've come to realize that if I don't tell my story, others will, and they'll get it wrong," says Marianne. Publication is scheduled for 1994. . . . Now that **Julie Brown** is Downtown no more—she left MTV last April—she will be hosting her own national radio show and taking acting lessons. . . . Attention Parrotheads: **Jimmy Buffett** is touring and his boxed CDs are in the stores. Let's party. . . . Three albums in the top 20 aren't enough: **Garth Brooks** will have a studio album out in September and a Christmas album you know when. . . . **Nia Peeples** has been offered the lead in *Miss Saigon* on Broadway. . . . Why did newsman **Tom Brokaw** agree to be sampled on the track *Time Changes Everything* from **Slaughter's** LP? His daughter is a fan. . . . **Daryl Hall** has been writing tunes with **Brand New Heavies** and **Robbie Nevil** for the next **Hall & Oates** album. . . . **Donna Summer** is bringing out her own line of jewelry in a collection called the Treasure Chest to be marketed by the Circle Galleries across the country. . . . **Sinéad O'Connor's** next LP, due out before the end of the year, will be written by others because she's preparing for her movie role in *Joan of Arc*. . . . **Gene Simmons** has designed a new bass called the Punisher to be manufactured by B. C. Rich. "When you hear it, you will be punished," he promises. . . . Finally, in a recent interview, **Eddie Van Halen** remarked that songwriting wasn't as difficult as brain surgery. Then he received a letter and a handbook from a neurosurgeon at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital who offered a day's instruction in brain surgery in exchange for a guitar lesson. Still another letter arrived from an Encino, California, surgeon who said, "I have surgery scheduled for next Wednesday," and offered an exchange for music lessons. It may be that songwriting is more difficult. No word on Eddie's response.

—BARBARA NELLIS

FAST CUTS: Bongwater, ***The Big Sell-Out*** (Shimmy-Disc): Forced weirdness, but good forced weirdness; sexy, too.

The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, ***Hypocrisy Is the Greatest Luxury*** (4th & Broadway/Island): With political analysis to match their rage, and no racist or sexist scapegoating, these guys are the rappers I've been waiting for. Their cover of *California Über Alles* will warm the hearts of all aging punks. Sounds good, and no gangsta splatta.

NELSON GEORGE

Because Tracy Chapman's debut album featured *Fast Car* and because of her stunning appearance at Live Aid, many view Chapman as a political artist—sort of a Bob Dylan with braids. But in reality, this African-American folkie is an intense romantic whose best songs are about the vulnerability one feels in committing to love. Her sophomore album, while often stirring, didn't seem as lyrically focused as her first.

Chapman's third effort, ***Matters of the Heart*** (Elektra), is highlighted by several poignant love songs that she delivers in her trademark deep, resonant voice. *I Used to Be a Sailor* is a celebration of the sea and sun—part love ballad, part ecological propaganda. Either way you take it, the song has a sunny, feel-good warmth that's charming. *Open Arms*, a statement of one lover's willingness to absorb the pain of a mate, is selfless without falling victim to the sentimentality or wimpy masochism most pop songwriters bring to this subject. The title track is a minor masterpiece of loving imagery. The verses are short, so the hook comes around quickly.

Melodically, *Matters of the Heart* is strong, and Jimmy Iovine, a veteran at producing singers who write on guitar, gives the music a brighter, more upbeat dimension than was evident on Chapman's first two albums. Still, this collection is not perfect. The antiviolence *Bang Bang Bang* doesn't confront the subject of our gun culture. *Woman's Work*, with its haunting melody, seems to end just when it's getting started. Chapman's voice and songs are so touching that one wishes this album of ten songs were longer. That said, *Matters of the Heart* is still one of the year's best recordings.

FAST CUTS: En Vogue exploded two years ago with *Hold On*. Its second effort, ***Funky Divas*** (Atco/Eastwest), is as diverse as the first, though time will tell if it'll have the same commercial impact. Artistically, the ladies sing over everything from funk (*Give It Up, Turn It Loose*) to new jack (*My Lovin'*) to classic soul (*Giving Him Something He Can Feel*). *Divas* is well performed and arranged but doesn't seem as inspired as En Vogue's debut album.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

IT PROBABLY sounded great when the powers that be gave a green light to ***Housesitter*** (Universal). Team Goldie Hawn and Steve Martin in a high-concept comedy. He's a shy Boston architect stuck with a brand-new house that he built for the woman he loves (Dana Delany), who said no thanks. Goldie's a wacky waitress who spends one night with him, then impulsively decides to occupy the empty house and tell the world she's his wife. Of course, he shows up at the door and her lies begin to catch up with her. So she makes up new ones. How could a fella resist? Easy. Hawn, well past 40 and fighting a role that would challenge an actress half her age, works up a sweat to make a pathological liar likable. Martin has his problems, too, trying to pipe solid laughs into a very shaky foundation. ¥¥

•

Most of the sting in ***Poison Ivy*** (New Line) is traceable to Drew Barrymore, whose emphatic screen presence must be part of her inheritance from a great theatrical family. You will find few reminders of the dear little miss who scored a hit in *E.T.* Here, Drew tarts up her title role as a malevolent and sexually precocious schoolgirl who worms her way into the home of a shy friend (Sara Gilbert, fresh from TV's *Roseanne*). The friend's parents, already screwed up, are Cheryl Ladd as a fading beauty with suicidal tendencies and Tom Skerritt as a television executive full of on-the-job angst. The bad vibes worsen when Ivy arrives, vamping Dad while wickedly working her wiles on everyone else. Although director Katt Shea (co-author of the screenplay with producer-husband Andy Ruben) makes a stab at a serious study of a dysfunctional family, she winds up packaging Barrymore's hot new look in a straight, standard melodramatic shocker. ¥¥

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The Playboys (Samuel Goldwyn) has naught to do with *any* magazine. It's an amiable comedy about a bedraggled Irish theatrical troupe on tour in Ireland in 1957. *Playboys* tracks a romantic triangle steeped in local color, with a gorgeous village belle (Robin Wright, best remembered for *The Princess Bride*) calling the shots. Wright plays Tara, whose illegitimate infant is living proof of her easy ways. Her ardent pursuers are the town's lovesick police officer (Albert Finney) and one of the ham actors in transit (Aidan Quinn). Milo O'Shea plays a strolling two-bit entrepreneur who doesn't hesitate to have his players whip up an impromptu stage version of *Gone with the Wind* or any other movie booked in a town nearby. He's the last of his breed at a time when TV is already drawing ticket buyers from his makeshift tent show to the village pub. So goes the subplot of a feisty screenplay co-authored by Shane Connaughton, who wrote *My Left Foot*, and directed with relish by Gillies Mackinnon. As a portrait of a spirited provincial beauty who is her home town's main attraction, *The Playboys* is long on charm. ¥¥¥

Martin and Hawn in residence.

Goldie, Steve lose ground; Drew Barrymore sizzles as a teenage troublemaker.

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In ***The Hairdresser's Husband*** (Triton), Jean Rochefort wallows in the title character's lifelong obsession with voluptuous women who trim a fellow's locks. The movie takes a peculiar turn when the beloved lush hairdresser (played at a simmer by Anna Galiena) finds that her husband's endless sex games provide more mutual bonding and pure bliss than she can handle. Writer-director Patrice Leconte's view is very French—and not always comprehensible. ¥¥½

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A furtive, touching love scene behind drawn curtains in a hospital ward is one of the emotional high points of ***The Waterdance*** (Goldwyn). The twosome making out surreptitiously are a writer (Eric Stoltz), paralyzed from the waist down as the result of a fall, and the young married woman (Helen Hunt) he had been wooing before his hiking accident. Handicapped characters developing courage in dire straits is hardly a new idea, but author and co-director (with Michael Steinberg) Neil Jimenez gets it exactly right. Getting around by means of a wheelchair himself after a mountain-climbing mishap, Jimenez gives real punch to *Waterdance*'s portrayal of turmoil, pluck and humor. Wesley Snipes and William Forsythe add to the intensity as Stoltz's angry fellow patients. Its title is taken from a dream about surviving against huge odds, and the movie itself beats the odds by turning a potentially depressing subject into a compassionate comedy of terrors. ¥¥½

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The French romance ***For Sasha*** (MK2) takes place at a kibbutz in Israel, where three young Frenchmen show up mainly to remind a beautiful charmer named Laura (Sophie Marceau) that they are crazy about her. Laura, we learn, thinks they're swell, but she only has eyes for Sasha (Richard Berry), who goes off to fight in the Six-Day War in 1967. Co-author and director Alexandre Arcady clearly means to dramatize the halcyon days of life on the kibbutz a quarter century ago, yet *For Sasha* somehow resembles a project that gets born during the wine-and-cheese phase of a long French lunch. Providing a topical showcase for its female star seems to be the movie's real aim, and on that point it scores fairly high. Marceau is gorgeous, gifted and blessed with a screen presence that causes the movie camera to melt—just like those three garçons who fall apart every time they look at her. ¥¥

•

Her films for export add eloquent testimony that all is not well in Mother Russia. The most disturbing evidence of chaos comes from ***Raspad*** (MK2), co-author and director Mikhail Belikov's dramatization of the 1986 nuclear disaster at Chernobyl. Even the moviemaker and his crew were exposed to lingering on-site radiation while shooting these compelling vignettes of public and private horror. A *danse macabre* on the edge of the abyss, *Raspad* (the title translates as "collapse") vigorously depicts a time of official lies, moral decay and despair before glasnost allowed the truth to be told. ¥¥¥½

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Australian producer-director Dennis O'Rourke's ***The Good Woman of Bangkok*** (Roxie Releasing) is a grim documentary portrait of a 25-year-old prostitute named Aoi. "I hate them," she says of her international clientele, and the horny, insensitive johns on screen more than justify her contempt. O'Rourke, with a broken marriage behind him when he went to Thailand to find a whore worth filming, hired Aoi to sleep with him while he shot the movie and seems to kid himself that there's a kind of mutual

romance in their relationship. Her obviously sulky acquiescence suggests that, for her, filming is just an easier way to earn a buck. In fact, O'Rourke bought a rice farm for Aoi so she could rejoin her family and escape the wicked street life of Bangkok, but subsequently found her back in town plying her trade. *Good Woman of Bangkok* is a downbeat but provocative picture of a hopelessly empty existence and it makes fictional treatments of the same subject—Ken Russell's *Whore* is a glaring example—look frivolous. ¥¥½

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Thieves, creeps and connoisseurs vie for possession of a huge bottle of rare old wine in **Year of the Comet** (Columbia). The wine is an 1811 Lafite—a famed vintage from which the comedy takes its title; everyone at hand, however, seems mainly concerned with drinking in the scenery, from the Scottish Highlands to the French Riviera. Penelope Ann Miller and Timothy Daly (Tyne's handsome brother) wage their battle of the sexes in transit while fending off the machinations of Louis Jourdan and various other evildoers. Peter Yates (of *Bullitt* and *Breaking Away*) directed from a screenplay by William Goldman, who wrote *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Both have seen better days. Both also have homes in the south of France, and *Comet* looks very much like an idea one of them must have scribbled on a napkin as they shared a bottle of vin ordinaire. ¥¥

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Baseball nowadays may be rife with sleazy sex and self-indulgence, but **The Babe** (Universal) reaffirms that ballsy base runners are nothing new under the sun. John Goodman looks, if anything, even heftier than the original Babe Ruth—but he is a supercharged MVP as the famous womanizing, hard-drinking, fast-living Sultan of Swat. The movie is as broad and obvious as a poster, considerably bigger than life itself, with sympathetic stints by Trini Alvarado as Ruth's first wife and Kelly McGillis as the glamour girl in his future. For fans, it's the standard rise-and-fall, rags-to-riches formula—not great, but far better than *The Babe Ruth Story*, a 1948 blooper starring William Bendix. ¥¥

•

Two women on the road, anxious to put their pasts—and the titular town, a jerkwater outpost in Wyoming—behind them, are the heroines of **Leaving Normal** (Universal). Christine Lahti plays Darly, the acerbic roadhouse waitress, opposite Meg Tilly as Marianne, an abused but optimistic runaway wife with a history of being manhandled. Sound familiar? Unfortunately, director Edward Zwick allows both the screenplay and the performances to go soft compared to those in *Thelma & Louise*. Even so, Lahti and Tilly keep up a lively exchange of grievances en route to a new life in Alaska. There's a hint of lesbianism in their togetherness (and in that title), but Lenny Von Dohlen as a love-struck truck driver enthralled by Marianne keeps *Normal* from making sexual preference an issue. ¥¥½

Fishburne: more than Furious.

OFF CAMERA

He is best known so far for last year's stint as Furious Styles, the protective father in director John Singleton's Oscar-nominated *Boyz n the Hood*. **Larry Fishburne,** 30, has been on the move ever since. He has made his Broadway debut in August Wilson's *Two Trains Running*, a show he had already performed on stage in L.A., and is making waves in his first leading-man movie role in *Deep Cover*, as a plainclothes cop up to his ears in sex, drugs and danger.

It all began roughly two decades ago when the Georgia-born Fishburne moved to Brooklyn and became a child actor. At the age of 15, he was signed for Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* (as the stoned GI traveling upriver with Martin Sheen). By the time he'd finished filming in the Philippines, he was 17 and felt like a real Vietnam veteran. "I went a little crazy, like everyone else. But that was where I got my training." He settled down during four years of TV, playing Cowboy Curtis on *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, where he met Singleton, then a production assistant—"just a kid in film school." Before *Boyz*, Fishburne did Spike Lee's *School Daze* but turned down *Do the Right Thing*. "I didn't want to play Radio Raheem because his death started a race riot, which didn't seem to me to be justified." He also said no to an orderly's role in *Awakenings* in order to play Gene Hackman's legal sidekick in *Class Action*. But he still cites *King of New York* as his favorite movie role. "I was a classic two-gun kid, a killer. It was lots of fun. No message, no political stuff. You don't always have to lecture."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Babe (See review) Not over the fence, but Goodman's a hit. ¥¥

Basic Instinct (Reviewed 6/92) Sex games with a serial killer. ¥¥¥½

City of Joy (6/92) Dr. Patrick Swayze in darkest Calcutta. ¥¥¥

Edward II (5/92) A monarch undone by the man he loves. ¥¥½

For Sasha (See review) Marceau is the morsel everyone craves. ¥¥

The Good Woman of Bangkok (See review) Whores de combat. ¥¥½

The Hairdresser's Husband (See review) Touchy-feely and French. ¥¥½

Highway 61 (6/92) Travels with a corpse—in the spirit of fun. ¥¥

Housesitter (See review) Goldie makes a move on dubious Steve Martin. ¥¥

Howards End (4/92) A brilliant E. M. Forster comedy from the Merchant–Ivory team. ¥¥¥¥

Incident at Oglala (6/92) Indians in trouble with the FBI. ¥¥¥

K2 (12/91) A peak experience. ¥¥¥

Leaving Normal (See review) Two more gutsy girls on the go. ¥¥½

Mediterraneo (6/92) Some Greeks bearing gifts for Italian soldiers won this comedy an Oscar. ¥¥¥

Monster in a Box (6/92) Spalding Gray in a talkathon worth watching. ¥¥¥

Night on Earth (6/92) Around the world by taxi with Jim Jarmusch. ¥¥¥

The Playboys (See review) They're prize hams and they're Irish. ¥¥¥

The Player (6/92) Robert Altman gives Hollywood the hotfoot in a witty all-star whodunit. ¥¥¥¥

Poison Ivy (See review) Ms. Barrymore as a household pest. ¥¥

Raspad (See review) The Chernobyl disaster and how it grew. ¥¥¥½

Thunderheart (6/92) Killers at large on an Indian reservation. ¥¥

Waiting (6/92) Who said surrogate motherhood was simple? ¥¥¥

The Waterdance (See review) Men with handicaps face the future. ¥¥½

Wild Orchid 2: Two Shades of Blue (Listed only) More trash with flash from Zalman King. ¥¥

Year of the Comet (See review) Wine, woman and wanderlust. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Soap star **Jean LeClerc**, who plays the mysterious monk-turned-artist Jeremy Hunter on *All My Children*, has a video library as unpredictable as his daytime persona. His favorites: Jean Cocteau's classic *Beauty and the Beast* ("simply beautiful"); the Vincent Price chiller *The Pit and the Pendulum*; Peter Weir's *Gallipoli* (early Mel Gibson); and Kenneth Branagh's *Henry V*. The Canadian-born LeClerc says vid viewing is a must during escapes from New York. "I go to my farm outside Montreal—I have a huge TV there. It's all part of country living." What's the biggest surprise on the actor's vid shelf? A TV special of Elvis' final Vegas concert. "It's not exactly Shakespeare," says LeClerc, "but it's like a security blanket: Whenever I want it, it's there."

—LINDA KONNER

VIDEO SIX-PACK

this month: go fourth!

Yankee Doodle Dandy: Knockout biopic of Broadway legend George M. Cohan (James Cagney), "born on the Fourth of July" and star-spangled composer of *Over There!* and *You're a Grand Old Flag* (MGM/UA).

Independence: Birth of a Free Nation: Here's what it's all about—Jefferson, Franklin and crew declaring your freedom to be a couch potato (Finley-Holiday).

Miss Firecracker: Bands, bunting and bouncy Holly Hunter twirling her baton to pursue beauty-contest crown (HBO).

Born on the Fourth of July: Tom Cruise pays the price of patriotism in Oliver Stone's searing drama about a Vietnam vet's homecoming—in a wheelchair (MCA/Universal).

1776: Unique historical musical features founding fathers harmonizing their way to independence. Pioneer disc version includes *Cool, Cool Men*, a biting ditty removed at the request of then-Prez Richard Nixon (RCA/Columbia).

American Barbecue and Grilling: In honor of the Fourth's backyard tradition (Cambridge Career Products).

—TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDEO RETRO

everything old is new again . . .

FoxVideo's Go West collection of classic high-nooners ($14.98 each) includes Tyrone Power's 1939 stint as ***Jesse James;*** John Ford's 1946 ***My Darling Clementine,*** with Henry Fonda as Wyatt Earp; ***Duel in the Sun,*** the 1946 Selznick-Vidor romance starring Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones; and, natch, five films headlined by Duke Wayne. . . . Buena Vista has begun rolling out its collection of ***The Very Best of the Ed Sullivan Show.*** The first two tapes ($19.99 each) are "Unforgettable Performances" (including the Beatles, Elvis and the Supremes) and "The Greatest Entertainers" (with Jackie Gleason, Topo Gigio and Burton and Andrews doing *Camelot*). . . . HBO's Goldwyn Collection has added five new remastered titles. Among them: Eddie Cantor's ***Whoopee!*** (1930), ***The Goldwyn Follies*** of 1938 (including a restored Balanchine ballet set to Gershwin's *An American in Paris*) and ***A Song Is Born*** (1948), a valentine to the big-band era, starring Danny Kaye. . . . ***M*A*S*H*** ran on the tube for 11 years and was nominated for 99 Emmys; now Columbia House is practically giving the series away—well, it's $4.95 for an intro volume and $19.95 for each subsequent three-episode tape. Call 800-638-2922.

ADULT PICK OF THE MONTH

Sex Lives on Porno Tape: Blending staged action and docu-style interviews (with naked subjects), this scorcher explores the minds and libidos of those who enjoy getting it on for the camera: America's adult-video stars. Great-looking couples, refreshingly original, very hot (VCA).

LASER ALERT

Buffs love laser discs not only for their quality but also for their extra features. Voyager's Criterion Collection makes particularly good use of platter space in these discs:

Midnight Cowboy: Original trailer; script analysis; remarks by director John Schlesinger; Dustin Hoffman's take on Jon Voight's screen test ($79.95).

Boyz n the Hood: Running commentary from rookie director John Singleton; two extra scenes; screen tests of Ice Cube and others ($49.95).

The Fisher King: Six extra scenes; commentary from director Terry Gilliam, who oversaw film's transfer to disc ($99.95).

Close Encounters of the Third Kind: Extra scenes; publicity material; 1000 photos; interviews with Steven Spielberg and John Williams ($124.95).

Blade Runner: Scenes cut from American release; detailed running analysis; trivia test; bibliography; drawings and sketches by film's artist ($89.95).

2001: A Space Odyssey: Interview with Arthur C. Clarke; NASA footage, animation of Jupiter flyby; hundreds of documents, memos, photos ($124.95).

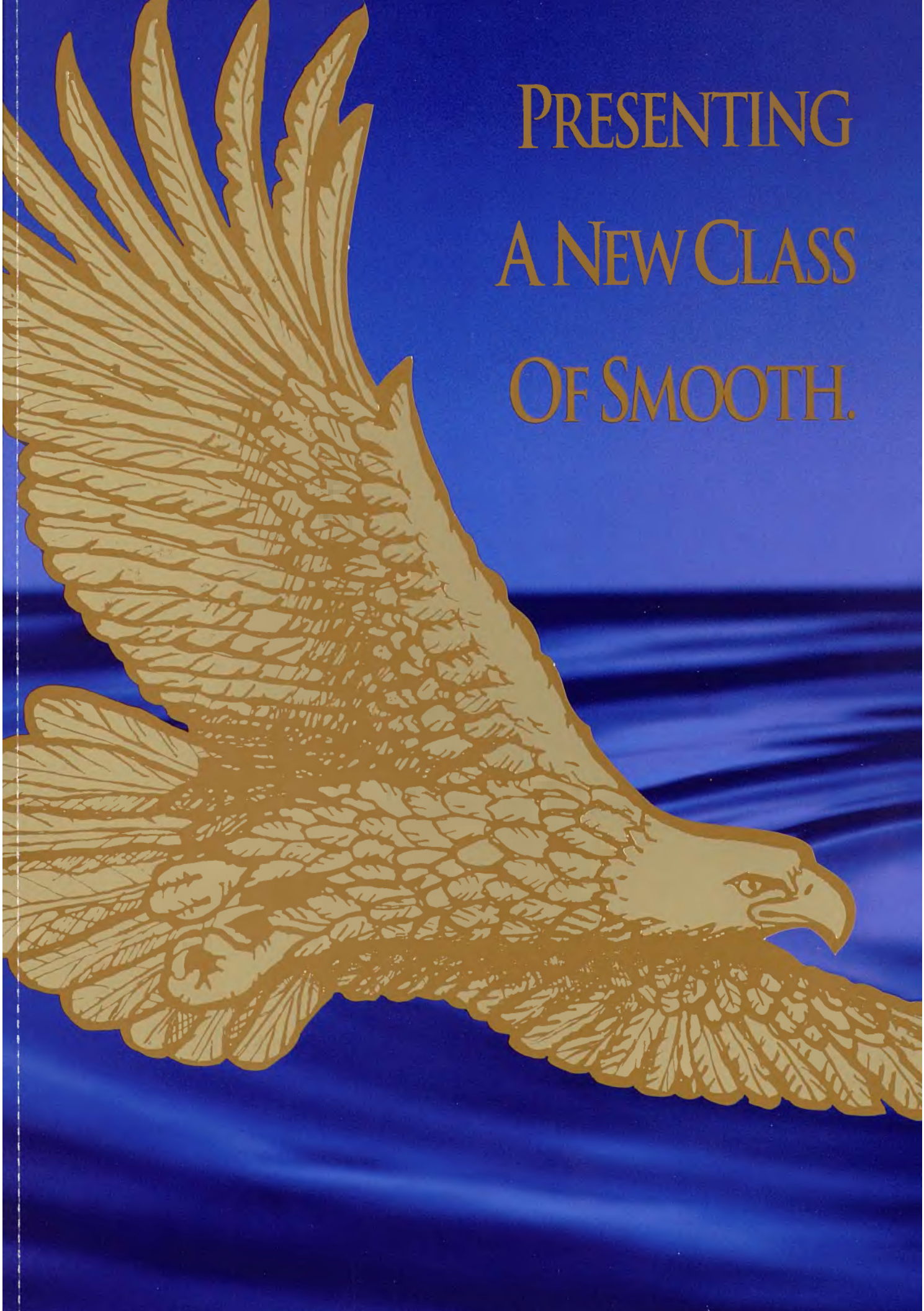
The Graduate: Screen tests; production photos; publicity stills; costume tests; extra audio track analyzing the film; a comparison to the novel ($99.95).

—CHRIS BALL

(All discs available from the Voyager Company, 800-446-2001.)

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
STAR TURNS	***Frankie & Johnny*** (Pacino and Pfeiffer go from slow burn to sizzle as bedraggled coffee-shop proles); ***For the Boys*** (USO troupers Midler and Caan bicker through three wars; Bette's songs soar); ***Billy Bathgate*** (Hoffman as Dutch Schultz takes an cheeky gangster wanna-be; a cerebral GoodFellas).
DRAMA	***At Play in the Fields of the Lord*** (missionaries and mercenary clash in rain forest); two restored classics from Henri-Georges Clouzot: ***The Wages of Fear*** (bumpy road trip for men and nitro; 1953) and ***Diabolique*** (Simone Signoret and Clouzot's wife, Vera, conspire to kill farmer's hubby; 1954).
ACTION	***The Last Boy Scout*** (The Longest Yard meets Die Hard as Willis and Wayans crash cars and kill people); ***Ricochet*** (high-profile cop Denzel Washington stalked by guy he put away; good and tense); ***Exposure*** (photographer Peter Coyote gets in deep with drug kingpins—knives fly, blood pours).
SPECIAL INTEREST	Three from MPI: ***Growing Up in the Age of AIDS*** (Peter Jennings helms ABC special for all ages; experts, call-ins, Q. and A.); ***The Entrepreneurs: An American Adventure*** (from Edison's light bulb to Wally Amos' chocolate-chip cookie); ***Contact UFO*** (ufological pros search galaxy for elusive E.T.s).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ADULT P

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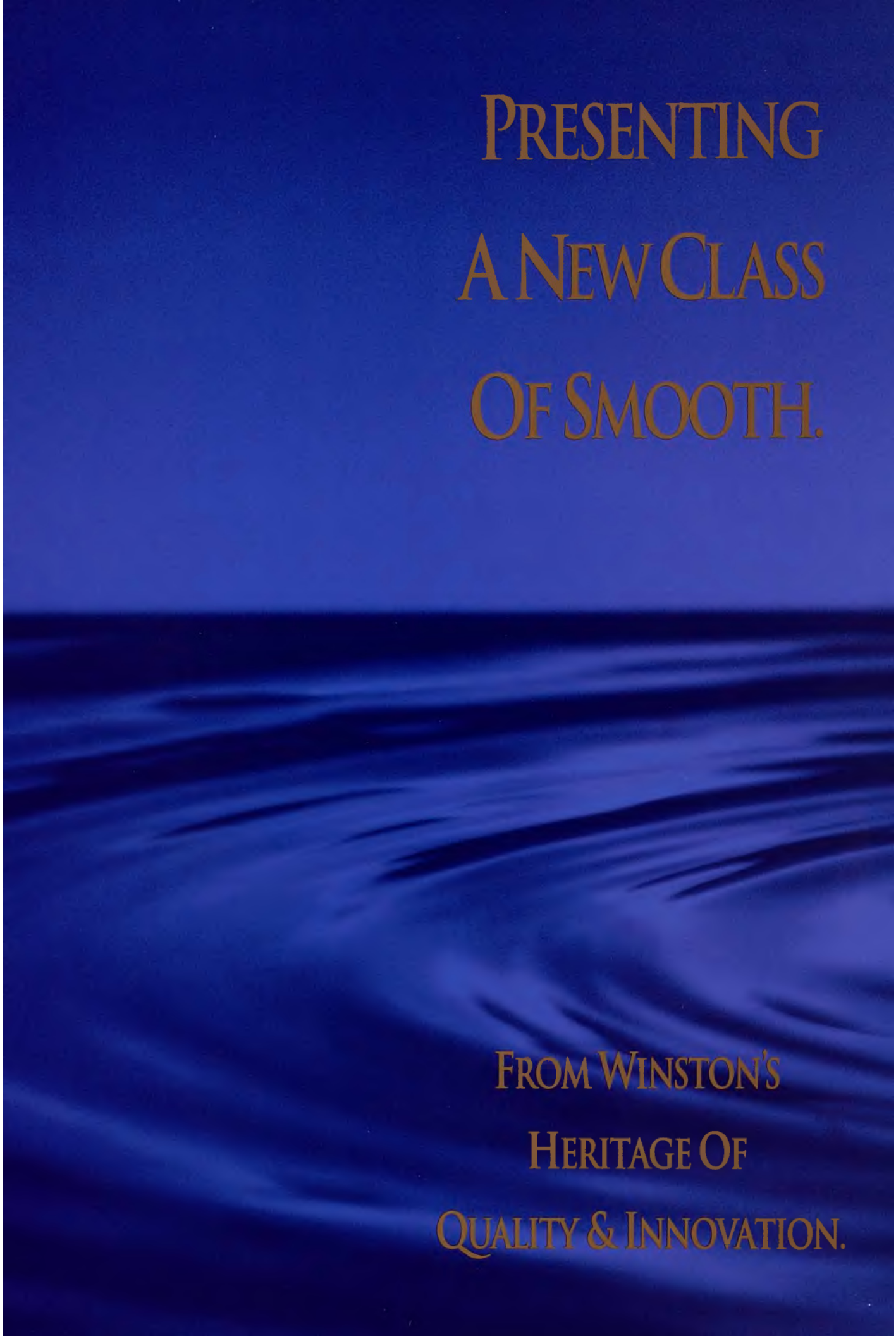
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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

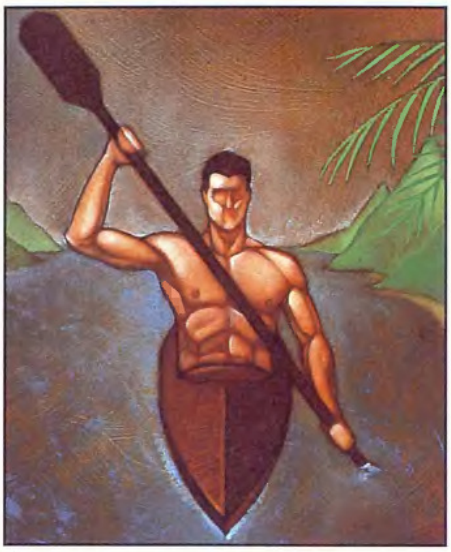
AS READERS of his previous travel books, such as *The Old Patagonian Express, Sailing Through China* or *Riding the Iron Rooster*, know, Paul Theroux weaves masterful adventure sagas out of his everyday encounters in exotic settings. In ***The Happy Isles of Oceania*** (Putnam's), he delights us again as he paddles from island to island in a canvas kayak and discovers marvelous scenery and outlandish customs.

On a winter day, Theroux departs London for a book-promotion tour of Australia and New Zealand with the sobering news that his wife is divorcing him and his doctor thinks he may have cancer. While answering questions at a book-and-author luncheon in Auckland, he is asked if he is working on a book and realizes that he would like to write "something about the Pacific." "Suddenly, I wanted to see the extreme green isles of Oceania, unmodern, sunny and slow, with trees to sit under and blue-green lagoons to paddle in. My soul hurt, my heart was damaged, I was lonely. I did not want to see another big city. I wanted to be purified by water and wilderness."

Theroux quickly shapes this uneasy yearning into an unscheduled, impromptu journey across the islands of the Pacific. As he travels, the news reaches him that he does not have cancer. But the sadness of his divorce plagues him along the way and, at the end of his island wanderings, he is devastated that he has no home to return to.

His trip takes him into the wild outback of Australia, where he visits with aborigines who eat kangaroo meat. Then on to the Trobriands, where the natives still enjoy their extraordinary sexual freedom. In the Solomons, he is amazed to find that the islanders use their pristine beaches as toilets and garbage dumps and regard Rambo as a folk hero. On the island of Tanna in Vanuatu (formerly the New Hebrides), he stays among Christian missionaries who are thrilled to be preaching in villages where it is rumored that cannibalism is still practiced. Theroux finds the Polynesian cargo cults and fire walking on Fiji more fascinating.

In Tonga, he lives alone on the desert island of Pau with only his tent and kayak, eating coconuts and listening to news of the Gulf war from the BBC. On sunny days, he paddles around and explores. Unlike Henry David Thoreau, he finds the solitary experience lonely and depressing. In fact, when he finds footprints in the sand—just as Robinson Crusoe had done—he takes it as a delusional sign of "rock fever" and heads for some place with people. He spends



JOHN LABBE

Theroux travels to *The Happy Isles*.

Island memoirs from Theroux; Bradbury captures the Irish spirit.

Bastille Day in Tahiti and is amused by how Gauguin's world has been turned upside down: The clothed Christian Tahitians now leer at the pagan French tourists who go nude.

Theroux ends the report of this journey on the island of Hawaii, where he stays at a $2500-a-day bungalow at the Mauna Lani Resort, along with his neighbors Arnold Palmer, Lee Trevino and Gary Player. As a gesture of disgust, he moves with tent and kayak to a nearby beach, where he intentionally limits himself to spending $2.50 a day—and enjoys paradise much more at one thousandth the price.

Dramatic descriptive power and casual candor enliven every page of this superbly written adventure.

Ray Bradbury's latest book is an island memoir of sorts, too—a funny and sometimes poignant story of how he went to Ireland in 1953 to write the screenplay for *Moby Dick* under the tutelage of John Huston. ***Green Shadows, White Whale*** (Knopf) captures the Irish spirit as truly as it depicts the outrageous, bigger-than-life personality of Huston. As he shuttles between Heeber Finn's Dublin pub, where the storytellers spin tall tales of local history, and Courtown House, where he delivers pages of the script to Huston, young Bradbury experiences a transformation that allows him to find the cinematic metaphors for Herman Melville's classic book. *Green Shadows, White Whale* is as distinctive as a pint of Guinness.

If you have been taught that the Fifties were the good, gray decade of Eisenhower, a dull prelude to the explosive Sixties, you will find Dan Wakefield's sweet history lesson, ***New York in the 50s*** (Houghton Mifflin), a real eye-opener. Wakefield evokes the energy and ideas of a time that truly was the intellectual incubator for all of the social, political and cultural upheavals of the Sixties. In this "community memoir," he calls on people such as Norman Mailer, Joan Didion, Brock Brower, Nat Hentoff, David Amram, Kurt Vonnegut, Gay Talese, Lynne Sharon Schwartz and William F. Buckley, Jr., to reminisce with him about the books and music and intense political debates of the decade. However, the most telling anecdotes in this rich and thoughtful account are Wakefield's personal experiences.

BOOK BAG

Brightness Falls (Knopf), by Jay McInerney: A witty, acid-etched portrait of the perfect New York Yuppie couple who crash and burn in the greed maelstrom of the Eighties.

Naked at Gender Gap (Birch Lane), by Asa Baber: A tenth-anniversary collection of honest and argumentative *Men* columns from *Playboy*'s intrepid point man for the testosterone platoon.

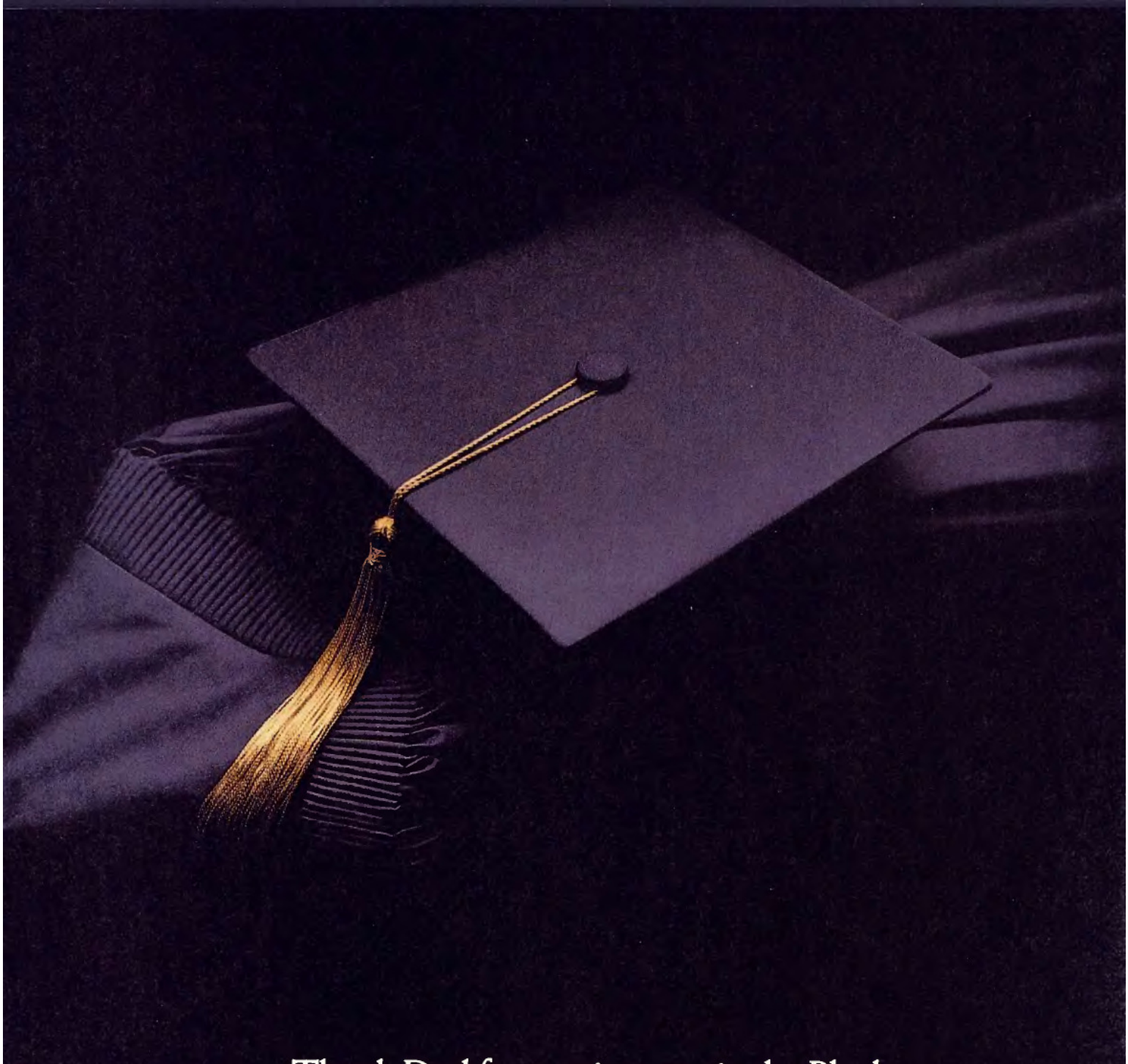
Hard Drive (Wiley), by James Wallace and Jim Erickson: An intriguing inside look at boy billionaire Bill Gates and his Microsoft computer-software empire.

How the World Was One (Bantam), by Arthur C. Clarke: The global village will get even smaller as telecommunications move beyond even the wildest science-fiction speculations, according to the sage of Sri Lanka.

Elvis Is Everywhere (Clarkson Potter), edited by Mark Pollard: Photographer Rowland Scherman traveled around the country on a visual pilgrimage in search of the King and discovered his spirit lives on.

Set Free in China: Sojourns on the Edge (Chelsea Green Publishing), by Peter Heller: An exotic collection of travel stories by professional guide and kayaker Peter Heller, who crews with a mad lobsterman off the coast of Newport, stumbles into a jaguar hunter's lair while mountain biking in Costa Rica and takes you on a rafting trip in the former Soviet Union.

Government Giveaways for Entrepreneurs (Information U.S.A., Inc.), by Matthew Lesko: The ultimate sourcebook for anyone interested in starting or expanding a business lists addresses and phone numbers for more than 376 grants, 1200 loan guarantees and 340 sources of venture capital.



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MEN

By ASA BABER

I took this month's title from a line in a country-and-western song. Written and sung by Lyle Lovett, one of my favorite musicians, *Give Back My Heart* can be found on Lovett's *Pontiac* album.

Give Back My Heart tells the story of a cowboy who falls in love with a country girl. It also tells the story of my life. So this column is dedicated to all you shit-kicker redneck women out there. If it were not for your love of men and sex and food and gossip and humor and nature, this would be a very cold world, indeed.

I'll go even further: If it were not for shit-kicker redneck women, my little testicles would now be dried peas rattling in a dry pod. You fair maidens saved my precious gonads from shriveling up and blowing away during these cold years of gender wars, and I thank you.

Shit-kicker redneck women are out there in droves, God love 'em, and they are the finest morsels of female deliciousness ever created. Our rural cousins come in all shapes and sizes and colors: sweet country mamas in tight-fitting baby-blue jeans, sensual ladies of the mountains and prairies and deserts and riverbeds, every one of them just as horny, funny and ready to boogie as any man in the universe.

I am referring, of course, to the wonderful women who were born and raised in our small towns and on farms and wide-open spaces, those bountiful and rustic damsels, those motorcycle mavens and truck-stop honeys and combine cuties and courthouse sexpots and dirt-farm dollies and small-town wenches, all known generically by those of us who love them as shit-kicker redneck women.

You won't see them on the covers of fashion magazines. You won't find them on Fifth Avenue during the Easter parade. They don't anchor the evening news or star in our movies. But they make the world go round, they surely do.

A shit-kicker redneck woman can suck the chrome off a hot exhaust pipe and live to tell about it. She can make love for 16 hours straight and then go out for beer and pizza as if nothing had ever happened. She can take one look at a man with her X-ray vision and know *exactly* what he has to offer. And if she likes it, if he measures up to her high standards, she can flip him like a grain sack and ride him like a bucking bronco until

PAUL JACKSON

SHIT-KICKER REDNECK WOMEN

he passes out from oxygen depletion. And all the while, she dries her hair and pays the bills and talks on the telephone.

Consider some of the shit-kicker redneck woman's other skills: She knows how to make grits and gravy. She can bake a pie crust. She can knit an afghan and can tomatoes and clean the root cellar and run the chisel plow and put the right plates in the planter. She can calculate grain yields and judge livestock and cut the corn out of the soybeans as if she were picking her teeth.

The talents of a country woman and nature's child are immeasurable. She can forecast the weather and estimate the wind. She has a line on the seasons and can call the solstice to the day. She delivers calves and foals and babies, and if she chooses, she can put a couple brace of quail in your freezer after a morning's hunt in the fields. She can break a horse and she can also break you. She is a work of art in a cotton shirt. And when she takes off that shirt, watch out.

But that's not all. No, sir. Because they enjoy men so much, because they honor us and are amused by us and want us in their lives, shit-kicker redneck women know how to deal with men. They understand our eternally playful natures. They know that we love to kid and tease and joke and laugh—that for us life is just a tire swing, and laughing is as necessary to us as breathing. Their response is to climb on the tire swing with us and hand back the sass.

You will not find sexual harassment charges coming from any shit-kicker redneck woman. You might find yourself with a black eye and swollen testes and a few chipped teeth if you go over the line and violate her sense of decency. But you'll be paying your own hospital bills, not her lawyer's fees.

As a matter of fact, shit-kicker redneck women love to challenge men at their own game. For example, it's OK to call them girls. A shit-kicker redneck woman will simply call you a boy when you call her a girl. But you'd better watch out after that exchange because she might also reach for your toy and ask for some joy.

The shit-kicker redneck woman does not ever grab your weenie as a theoretical academic exercise. When she dives for your fly, be careful. Because she means business, and the easily offended had best leave the room.

It's a state of mind, that's what it is. It's a way of being.

They save us, men, they save us. Here in the midst of all our culture's prudery and litigiousness, here in this time of mean-spirited sexual politics, there are millions of strong-thighed, sexy-eyed, hot-to-trot country cousins just waiting for us to wake up and take notice.

While Madonna and Cher and all the rest of the Media Minnies work hard to stay skinny and sleek, and while TV shows and magazines and films present us with supposedly sophisticated and hard-bitten visions of womanhood, all those shit-kicker redneck women are home in bed, ready to go, just waiting for us to get a clue.

They are only asking us one basic question as they lie there, gentlemen: "What do you want, boys, our sweet meat or Cher's plastic hair?"

I am in love with a special shit-kicker redneck woman named Sherri, and she does tend to keep me on my toes. July is her birthday month, so wish her a happy birthday with me, would you? Then go on out there and take another look at those special women in our lives.

They are gold in a time of dross and they are a caution, aren't they?

VESTED INTEREST

For dressing up or down, the vest is this summer's most versatile fashion item. Designers in Europe and America showed vests in profusion as part of their spring collections, but their inspiration came right from the kids on the streets. The top look is casual: a vest over a T-shirt with a pair of jeans. Among our favorite styles are View's red cotton four-button models ($45), Mossimo's denim or bright floral gabardine/rayon ones (about $45 each) and the printed silk vests with mesh and silk backs from Tapp ($165 to $265). Many of these new vests forgo buttons and use zippers instead. Choices here range from the knit vest with zipper detailing from Sans Tambours Ni Trompettes shown here ($235) to West 908's zipper-front plaid models (about $40). When you're not in the mood for a sports jacket yet are still looking for a more classic dressed-up look, try Tommy Hilfiger's knit vest ($110) with a tie.

COWBOY JUNKIES

Into country, but don't want to look like a slick hick in brand-new jeans, shiny boots and a stiff cowboy hat? Then head on over to Whiskey Dust in New York, a store that specializes in used cowpoke duds. Its stock includes four- to six-year-old boot-cut Wranglers ($65) that are broken in by genuine Montana cowboys. Each pair reflects the lifestyle of the original owner—complete with natural rips and honest holes from barbed wire fences and bull chutes. The store's selection of boots ($125 to $350) is similarly cowboy-worn. And Whiskey Dust's owners have even managed to rustle up a selection of vintage straw and felt hats (about $90 to $175). For West Coast urban cowboys, there's Mark Fox in Los Angeles, a store that sells Forties and Fifties vintage boots ($175 to $500) as well as vintage Lee and Levi jeans (from $32). And in New Mexico, Santa Fe's Rainbow Man offers weathered brown felt hats and boots from the Twenties and Forties.

HOT SHOPPING: BARCELONA

In this Olympic city, most of the fashion action can be found on or near Avenida Diagonal: Jean Pierre Bua (Diagonal 469): The central spot for high-fashion kingpins such as Gaultier and Dolce & Gabbana. • Groc (Rambla de Catalunya 100 bis): Understated menswear by native son Antonio Miró, whose international following includes actor John Malkovich. • El Bulevard Rosa (Diagonal 611–615): A chic shopping center with boutiques ranging from E4G's for designer jeans to Matricula's for avant-garde garb. • b.d. Ediciones de Diseño (Carrer de Mallorca 291): Furniture and housewares, including reproductions of works by renowned architects. • Network Café (Diagonal 616): World-class cuisine ranging from tempura to burgers, served amid heavy metal decor. • Two terrific hotels in which to relax and recover: Gran Hotel Havana and Hotel Colón.

CLOTHES TALK

Second-generation major-leaguer **Danny Tartabull** takes his job and his clothing seriously. "When I go to the ballpark," says the newly pinstriped Yankee, "I'm going to work, so I dress professionally." His pregame lineup? "Soft stuff," such as silk and linen shirts and trousers from Men Go Silk and Jhane Barnes. Tartabull accommodates his athletic build by buying oversized pants and taking them in and accentuates it by wearing broad-shouldered Hugo Boss suit jackets with tapered waists. He also admits to having "a shoe fetish," namely Ballys and Versaces. And he regularly stretches a single purchase into a double. "When you buy the shoes, you gotta have the belt to match."

FUTURE SHOPPING

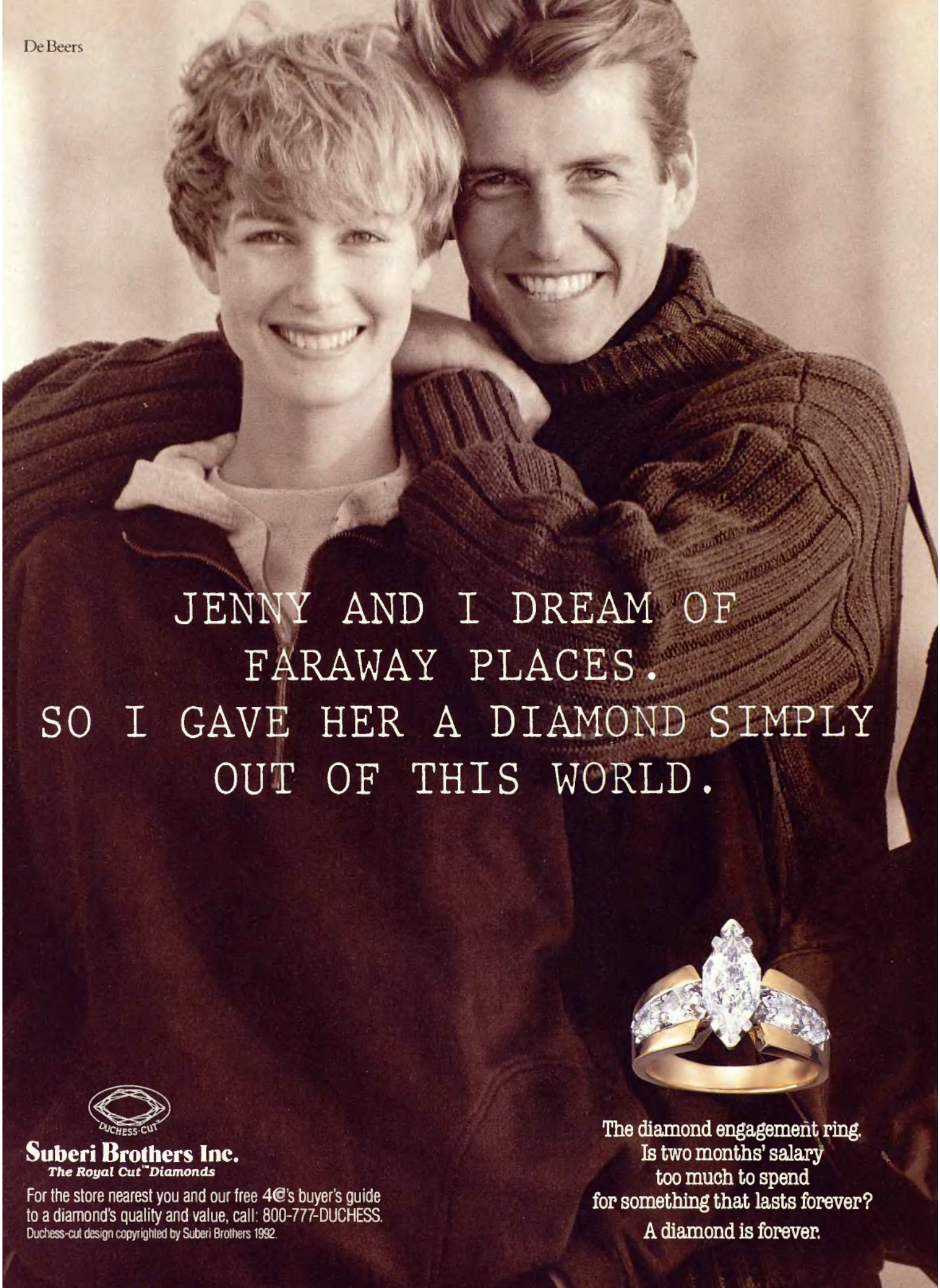
Catalog converts are going to love ScanFone, a new high-tech home-shopping system set to debut this year. Here's how it works: Each ScanFone functions as a standard telephone, but a built-in credit-card reader and light pen enable you to purchase products directly from a growing list of supermarkets and catalog companies (Safeway, Crate & Barrel, etc.). All you do is dial, run the pen over the bar codes in the catalog, then slide your credit card through the reader to pay. Since ScanFone is tied directly to your bank account, you can even use it to pay the bills. Your cost: $9.95 per month.

STYLE METER

SUMMER HATS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Baseball caps; long-billed fishing caps; bush hats; natural-straw cowboy hats	Batting helmets; visors; painter's caps; caps worn at goofy angles
DETAILS	Rounded bills on caps; elastic or leather width adjusters; weathered looks	Folded bills on caps; plastic snap adjusters; caps with crude slogans
COLORS AND FABRICS	Natural tones, black, indigo and gray; cotton, denim, twill and straw	Neon colors, pastels, anything tie-dyed; nylan and plastic

Where & How to Buy on page 167.

De Beers



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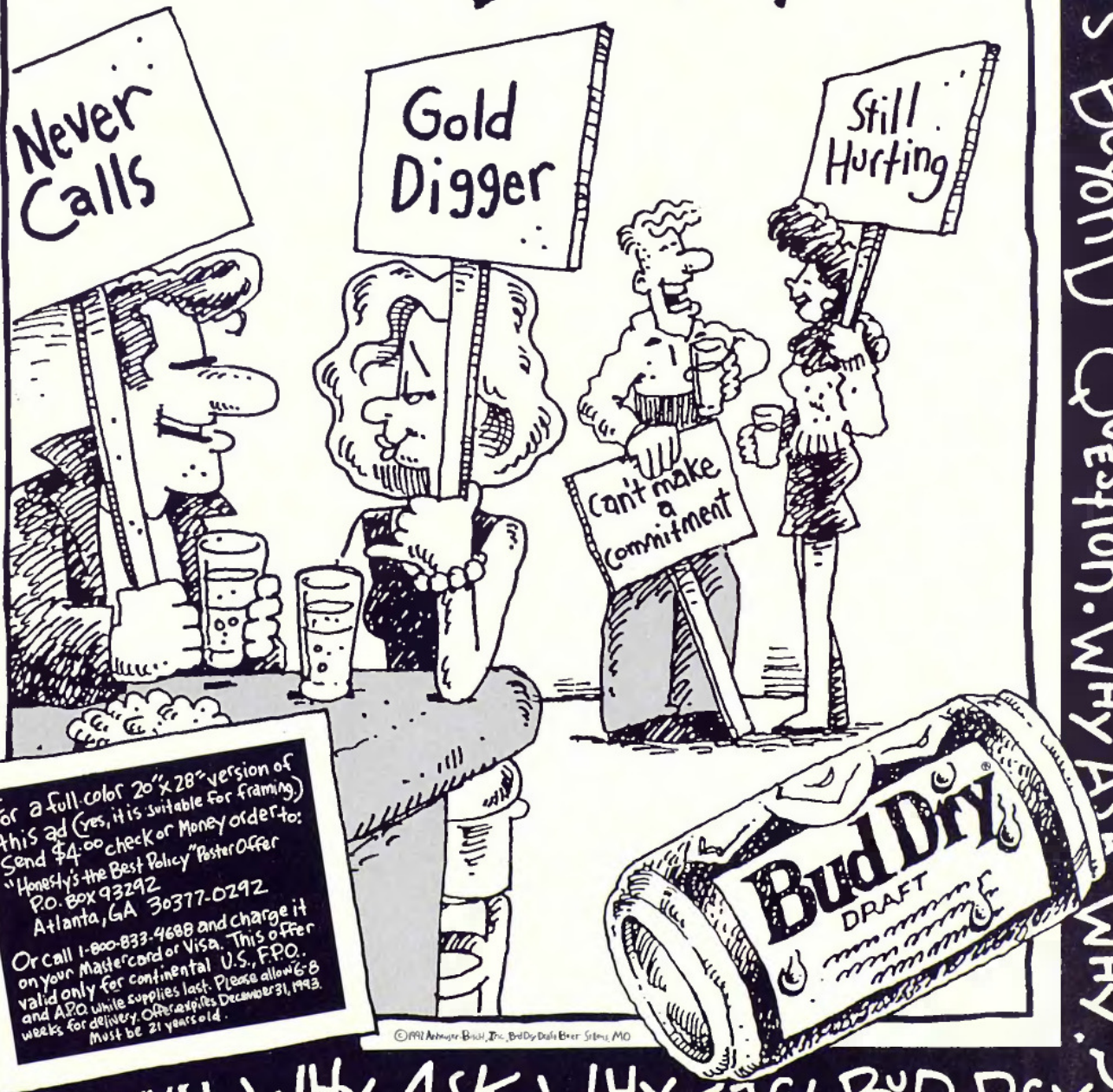

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WHY ASK WHY. TRY BUD DRY

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Men: Get ready to kill yourselves. Feminism is back and we're madder than ever.

Remember when, in the early Seventies, books such as *The Female Eunuch* and *The Feminine Mystique* had come out and all the women in your life suddenly started getting uppity? When we wanted to be independent and get equal pay for equal work? When we railed against sexism and discrimination? When we would no longer wash your socks?

Remember how you had to learn a whole new vocabulary, how you suddenly had to get all sensitive?

And then (I'm sure you remember this) when everything sort of *slackened?* When women stopped getting mad? When we started averting our eyes and saying that no, we weren't feminists, not really. When suddenly "family values" and "tradition" were the new bywords, when women started worrying about marriage chances and biological clocks? When motherhood was back in flower?

You probably thought the feminist revolution was over.

Ha-ha.

I have just finished reading a book titled *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*, by Susan Faludi. And so have plenty of my sisters. The book has received little media attention, but word of mouth has been phenomenal. We're all reading this book. And boy, do we feel better.

I remember when I became a feminist. I was not working; I was nursing an infant and was really depressed because I was supposed to be this housewife. I wanted to be an artist.

When someone first asked me if I was a women's libber, I said no. But soon the truth of feminism hit me and I said yes. All my dissatisfaction with my lot in life left me. I felt hope and excitement. I could be anybody! I could do anything!

I joined a consciousness-raising group, and women, whom I'd been trained to mistrust, turned out to be my sole support. We giggled, got terrified, talked about masturbation. By sharing our insecurity and our anger, we got stronger. We discovered that we didn't feel inadequate because we *were* inadequate, but because the social system undermined us at every turn. We changed, society changed. It was wonderful.

And then somehow it wasn't. First there was the statistic that was suddenly

THE JIG IS UP

on everyone's lips: Women over 40 had more chance of being killed by terrorists than of getting married. Here we were, happily getting on with our lives, when seeds of doubt crept into our brains. We didn't even know if we wanted to get married, but now we couldn't—now we'd be all alone. With a headline that screamed OLD MAIDS!, *People* ran a story that featured women like Donna Mills.

We kept reading and hearing about the ultimate fulfillment of motherhood and the perils of the biological clock. And about how career women were foaming at the mouth and collapsing with nervous breakdowns. They were so desperately lonely and unfulfilled.

Then the bookstores became awash with books such as *If I'm So Smart Why Am I So Stupid About Men?* and *How to Meet the Man of Your Dreams and Marry Him by Next Week*. These books poisoned the brains of millions. They said that if we didn't like our lives, we were just fucked up and had better change, pronto. Once again, it was all our fault. Fashion magazines tried to make us wear sausage casings, MTV showed women in garter belts, women in beer commercials served men while wearing bikinis, everybody started having breast augmentation and I got depressed.

Because it seemed that everything was lost. The camaraderie, the hope, the feeling of possibility. Women started treating one another warily. Women started feeling beaten.

I started writing about it. I fantasized that a bunch of mean old farts had set up a secret war room and were systematically trying to destroy women. I saw movie after movie from the Thirties where a career woman came to her senses and decided to stop her foolish independence and become submissive to her man. I realized I was watching actual propaganda, and I took a more serious look at my own world.

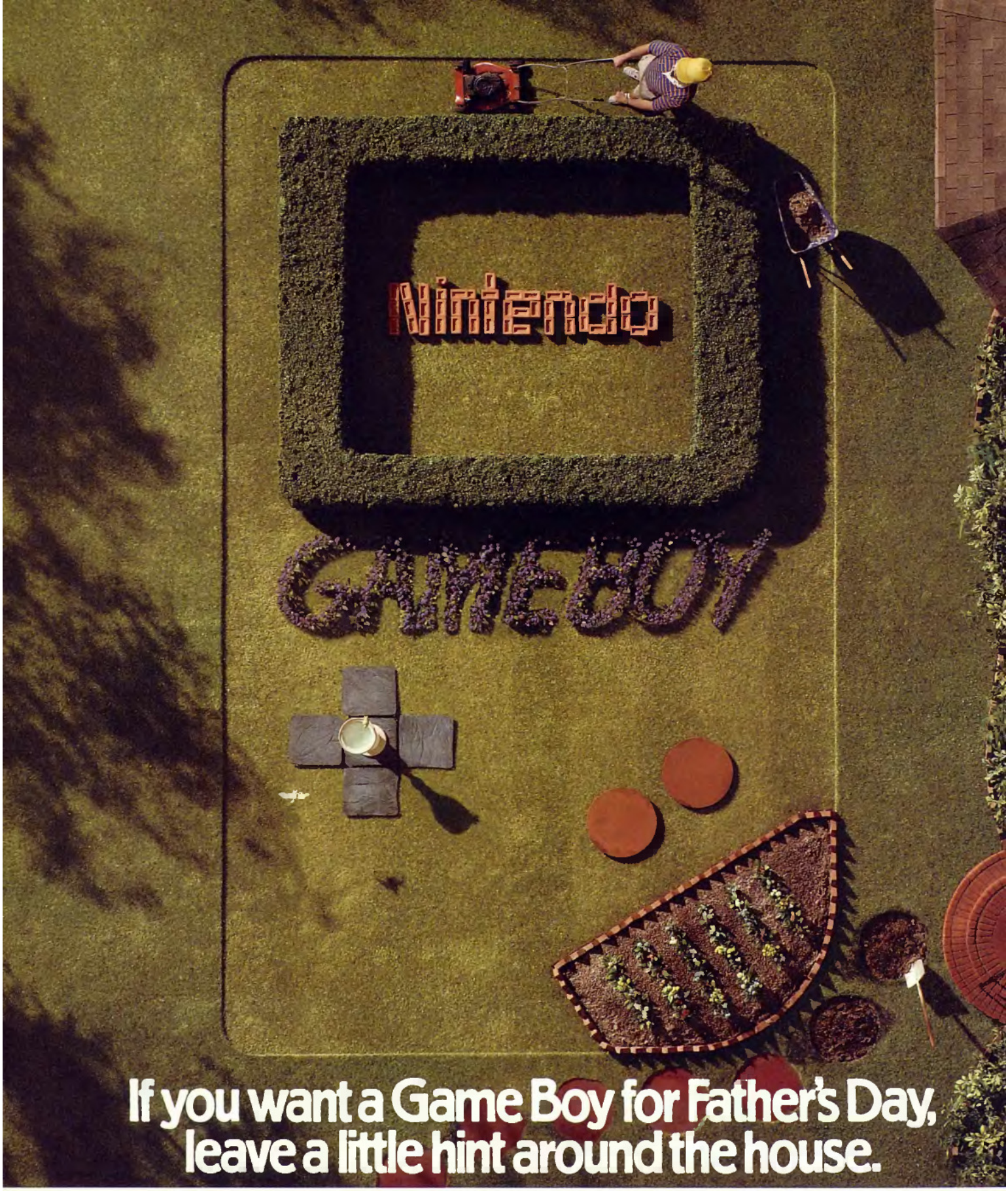
When I read about all the day-care scandals and all those children allegedly being abused—it therefore followed that women should just give up work and stay home—I became convinced that women were in the midst of a full-scale propaganda war.

It was at this point that I read *Backlash* and realized that just because I was paranoid, it didn't mean people weren't out to get me. It's all true? Susan Faludi explains it all. The study that showed that women over 40 had virtually no chance of getting married was discredited. Career women are not having nervous breakdowns, they are happier than women staying home. Children stand a much greater chance of being abused by family and relatives than at day-care centers. Single women lead contented, full lives; single *men* fall apart. Those people who write the poisonous self-help books are more fucked-up than anybody.

Backlash is a huge book, full of statistics and interviews and thorough documentation. I felt the pressure fall away. I felt I could see the sky again.

And who does Faludi blame? Not men. You know who started all this propaganda? The New Right, Reagan, etc. Who suffers if women become functioning members of society with rights and with decision-making powers? The status quo of conservative America. The same people who are fucking over the working guy and the middle class have the most to lose. Without women in their place, the status quo collapses.

We're all in this together. Feminists are not the enemy. Greedy politicians and businessmen, not women, have brought the world to the brink of destruction. Which side are you on?



If you want a Game Boy for Father's Day, leave a little hint around the house.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

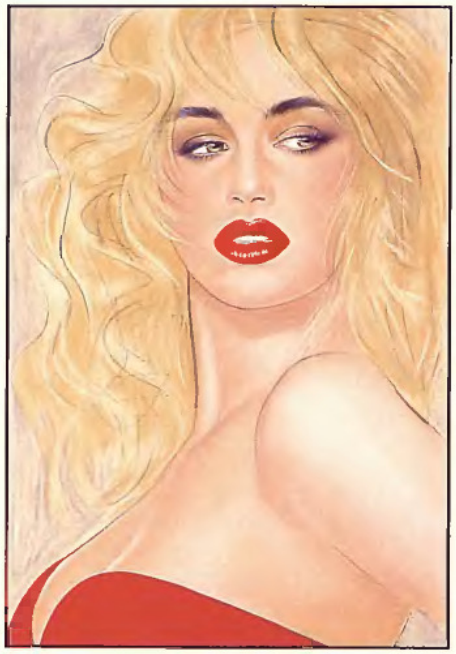
My wife takes a long time to come—a real long time. I don't mind; on the contrary, I have good ejaculatory control and like extended lovemaking. But she'd like to come faster so that we could enjoy the occasional quickie. Can my wife learn to climax sooner?—J. J., Homer, Alaska.

Quite possibly, with the help of a vibrator, according to Dr. Domeena C. Renshaw, director of the Sexual Dysfunction Clinic at Loyola University in Chicago. The clitoris and the area around it are highly sensitive to vibration, she explained recently in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*: "When adequately stimulated, the [pre-orgasmic] plateau phase of a woman's arousal can be shortened significantly. The intensity of vibrator stimulation is usually more powerful than that achieved with manual, oral or coital stimulation and may allow an orgasmic breakthrough for some women." Good luck. Just tell your wife not to press the vibrator directly on her clitoris for too long. Renshaw warns that the organ might become numb, which would defeat the whole purpose.*

After months of talk, my girlfriend has finally agreed to a threesome. Any guidelines?—D. G., New York, New York.

Sex therapist Marty Klein provides a commonsense approach in his new book "Ask Me Anything." Here goes: "Communication is the key to protecting your relationship. It is vital that there be no coercion involved. Threesomes are potentially explosive emotionally, so do it only for yourself, not to please your mate. Discuss checking in with him or her during the action; know what your respective limits and boundaries are; and think about what might make each of you uncomfortable. . . . Share your fantasies of what you'd like and how it would feel. Discuss the logistics: Do you want to invite a friend to join you? Go to a night club and pick up a stranger? Hire a prostitute experienced at this? First-time don'ts include: Don't drink so much that you can't communicate clearly. Don't invite a third party about whom one of you feels jealous. Don't invite a third party whom you don't trust to handle him/herself. Don't try anything just to prove you're cool. Don't persuade anyone to do anything. Don't continue if you don't like the way things are going. Don't start unless everyone understands one another's expectations. Keep in mind that your experiences may be quite different from what you see in porn movies. And don't forget to smile and even laugh—if you feel like it—while you're experimenting." What is there to add? Practice safe sex, repeatedly.

You offered good advice on buying a mountain bike in a recent *Advisor*, but I want to build my own. The way I figure, I can do as good a job as is done in a factory and save money. Any suggestions?—J. P., Denver, Colorado.



We've had the same fantasy. Last year, we were reading the catalog for Bridgestone bicycles and came across the fact that a bicycle is made of only 35 parts. Think about that: Even if you belong to Brute Strength–Bad Judgment–Blunt Instruments, Inc., you ought to be able to put together 35 parts without too much damage. The problem is choosing the 35 parts. Most bike companies don't build bikes, they spec them, choosing the best components within a certain price range. The local bike shop puts the pieces together (if you think you are better than your local shop mechanic, go into business for yourself). Read a few bike catalogs (we recommend the quirky Bridgestone book for its articulation of design philosophy—you can order one for five dollars from Bridgestone Cycle, 15021 Wicks Boulevard, San Leandro, California 94577). You may discover that the bike you want to build is already available. (We ended up buying an MB-2.) The real reason to build your own is to pursue the eccentric: You can order a custom frame (titanium from Merlin, carbon fiber from Kestral, chrome alloy from Bontrager) and then work out your vision—some people favor the lightest components, some the strongest, some the rarest, some the most expensive. Want a titanium bottle holder? That will cost $75. Our advice: Take a bike maintenance course first. Good shops offer hands-on courses that will familiarize you with the details of construction and tuning, which will save you some bruised knuckles.

I've shelled out major bucks for an engagement ring for my girlfriend. How did this custom originate?—N. M., Westport, Connecticut.

Centuries ago, female virginity was not simply a state of sexual naïveté, as it is today, it was also an important financial asset to the woman and her family. Compared to a virgin, a never-married woman who had lost her virginity was less marketable as a spouse, forcing her family to support her longer, possibly for life. Meanwhile, contrary to the myth that our Colonial forebears were all sexual puritans, when couples became engaged, many had sex. Premarital sex was not exactly encouraged, but it was generally accepted—as long as it was truly premarital. In "Intimate Matters: A History of Sexuality in America," John D'Emilio and Estelle B. Freedman point out that in the 13 colonies, many brides went to the altar pregnant. But if the man broke off the engagement after deflowering his virgin fiancée, her family could sue him for "breach of promise" to marry and recover sizable damages, according to "Sex and Reason," by federal judge Richard A. Posner. As time passed, the threat of such lawsuits was replaced by a good-faith gift, a diamond ring. If the man broke off the engagement, the woman and her family kept the ring as compensation for her lost virginity. If the woman broke the engagement, she was expected to return it.

Recently, as I approached the coffee machine at work, I overheard some women discussing the merits of a "spinner." I got the distinct impression it had to do with sex. So I'm asking you. What is it?—B. C., Portland, Oregon.

A spinner is a time-honored Asian sexual technique given a new twist, as it were, by Wilt Chamberlain in his recent autobiography, "A View from Above." In it, the seven-foot basketball great touts the joys of sex with women who stand less than five feet tall. According to the book, Wilt and a petite lover would have intercourse with the woman sitting on his lap. Then he would "spin [them] around like tops." The original Asian version of this technique employs an open-bottom slinglike swing suspended by a single rope on a pulley above the bed. The woman sits in it and is lowered down onto her lover's penis. Then he spins her. Try it Wilt's way, and if you'd like to experiment with the Asian approach, some sex shops and sex-toy catalogs sell erotic swings for about $60.

During college, I played football. The pounding I took has given me arthritis in my shoulders, knees and fingers. A friend has the same problem and told me that sex helps. It's certainly distracting. But my friend says sex does more than distract from the pain, that it's really therapeutic. True?—L. F., Detroit, Michigan.

Your friend is correct. According to the Arthritis Foundation, lovemaking releases endorphins, the body's own pain relievers, and

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

cortisone, which has anti-inflammatory effects. And sex involves gentle stretching of the major joints, which helps control pain and stiffness. "Sex doesn't replace recommended range-of-motion exercises," says the Arthritis Foundation's Dr. Arthur Grayzel, "but it provides additional benefits. And sex is good for self-esteem, which helps not only arthritis sufferers but people with any chronic medical condition."

Please settle a bet. My buddy, a health-food enthusiast, insists that carbohydrates help you lose weight. I'm an amateur bodybuilder and know for a fact that carbs help you build muscle mass. Set my buddy straight.—K. C., Pontiac, Michigan.

Actually, you're talking the same sport but playing in different leagues. Not all carbohydrates are the same. Fibrous carbs like broccoli, cucumbers, spinach, carrots and mushrooms have little caloric density and serve mainly as dietary roughage. The fibrous carbs push food efficiently through the small intestine while your body absorbs the nutrients. These are the carbs that help you lose weight. Starchy carbohydrates like peas, beans, pasta, potatoes, popcorn, tomatoes and rice add bulk and provide the energy necessary for strength and endurance.

My wife likes to make love in just about total darkness. I like more light—not bright overhead light but the reading lamp or a candle. Why would anyone want it dark? Please shed some light on a workable compromise.—E. L., Oceanside, New York.

Get a strobe light. You blink when it's off and have her blink when it's on. That way you both get what you want. Seriously, though, your predicament is quite common. The myth is that men are more turned on by visual stimuli and prefer lights-on sex, while women rely more on the imagination and prefer the lights off. But we don't buy that. With many couples we know, the man prefers it darker. Another myth is that women feel more self-conscious about their bodies and don't like what they perceive as their imperfections to be bathed in light. Many women whose bodies don't qualify as "beautiful" feel fine about lights-on lovemaking, and some bodybuilder guys like to get it on in the dark. We like candles, too, but they can get boring. Our most illuminating suggestion is that you stop looking at sexual lighting as an either-or proposition. Instead, play with the lighting as you play with each other. Open the curtains and let some moonlight in. Invest in a penlight and explore each other's bodies in an otherwise dark room. Give your wife a blindfold and turn all the lights on. Camp out and see what sex is like under starlight. Or during lovemaking, light a match, and after a few seconds, have your wife blow it out. In addition to playing with light, we think you'll generate some heat.

My girlfriend complains when I don't go to bed with her. Actually, she complains when I don't go to bed at the same time as she does. It's not that I don't enjoy sleeping with her, it's just that I'm often not ready to go to sleep when she is. An important part of my sleep preparation is either watching bad late-night war movies while trying to balance my checkbook or reading marginal pop fiction. She thinks both activities are "boring and stupid"—especially, as she is eager to point out, when there is a fabulous, willing babe warming up the sack. What should I do?—J. R., New Orleans, Louisiana.

The American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy concluded from a survey based on 150 couples that a disparity of sleep patterns was a principal cause of marital strife. Sleep patterns are based on individual circadian rhythms (the internal physiological clocks we were born with) that determine the daily high and low points of body temperature and corresponding physical and mental activity. When your temperature is down and you're not asleep, you wish you were. When your temperature is high, you may feel like doing something creative or fun. Some people's circadian rhythms hit their highs in the evening, some in the morning. The report noted that "couples whose wake and sleep patterns were mismatched reported significantly less marital adjustment, more marital conflict (2.13 arguments a week versus 1.6 arguments for matched couples), less time spent in serious conversation (45.6 minutes per week compared with 58.3 minutes), less time in shared activities (178.8 minutes per week versus 381.4 minutes) and less frequent sexual intercourse (2.4 encounters per week rather than 2.8 encounters for matched couples)." The best advice is merely to be aware of your differences and try some accommodation. It wouldn't kill you, for example, to go to bed with your girlfriend when she wants to and then get up later to catch the last half of the late show.

Not long ago, I bought a fire-engine-red two-seater. I want to keep the finish looking new, but I don't know which products to choose. I've seen formulas for cleaning, waxing and polishing. What are the differences among them?—C. J., Chicago, Illinois.

Think of waxes as products that add shine by leaving a layer of glossy material over the finish. Cleaners remove surface damage either chemically or through coarse abrasives, while polishes contain fine abrasives that smooth and brighten the surface. The one-step products that combine cleaners or polishers with waxes are good if you don't have to drive through an inordinate amount of pollution regularly. Look for products with active ingredients such as silicone oils for easier application. Silicone resins are also good for a durable finish, and there are many waxes that contain important ultraviolet blockers that act as a sunscreen for your car. Follow product directions and work on small sections for uniform results.

I hear there's a condom for women. What is it and how does it work? —T. T., Columbus, Ohio.

Last January, the FDA gave a Wisconsin company rights to develop and market the first condom for women. The polyurethane device is a tube-shaped sheath about six and one half inches long with a circular ring at each end. The internal ring at the closed end is one and one half inches in diameter and fits inside the vagina like a diaphragm. The external ring at the open end has a slightly larger diameter—two inches—and rests on the vaginal lips. Like male condoms, the female version is lined with a silicone lubricant and intended for one-time use only. But the women's condom is more expensive—$2 to $2.25 apiece. Though the female condom can be used as a contraceptive, it was developed primarily to help protect women against sexually transmitted diseases, especially AIDS. Hence, its decidedly unsexy brand name, Reality. The manufacturer claims that 65 percent of women users and 80 percent of their male lovers approve of the device. But an independent test at a California family-planning clinic showed that only 10 percent of men and 30 percent of women said they liked it "very much," while 45 percent of men and 25 percent of women complained that it was bulky and difficult to insert. As a contraceptive, the female condom appears to be considerably less effective than the male condom. In tests presented to the FDA, Reality had a six-month failure rate of 12.2 percent, meaning that if 100 women used it regularly for half a year, 12 would get pregnant. That six-month failure rate would translate into an annual failure rate of about 24 percent. Male condoms have an annual failure rate of 7.2 to 14.8 percent. In addition, unless users are careful, the outer ring can get pushed into the vagina during intercourse and expose the woman to a sexually transmitted infection. On a more positive note, tests have shown that when Reality was used properly, it effectively prevented infection by the sexually transmitted protozoan that causes trichomoniasis. Use of the female condom means that men who dislike penile condoms no longer have to wear them. But don't expect Reality to be any sexual dream come true.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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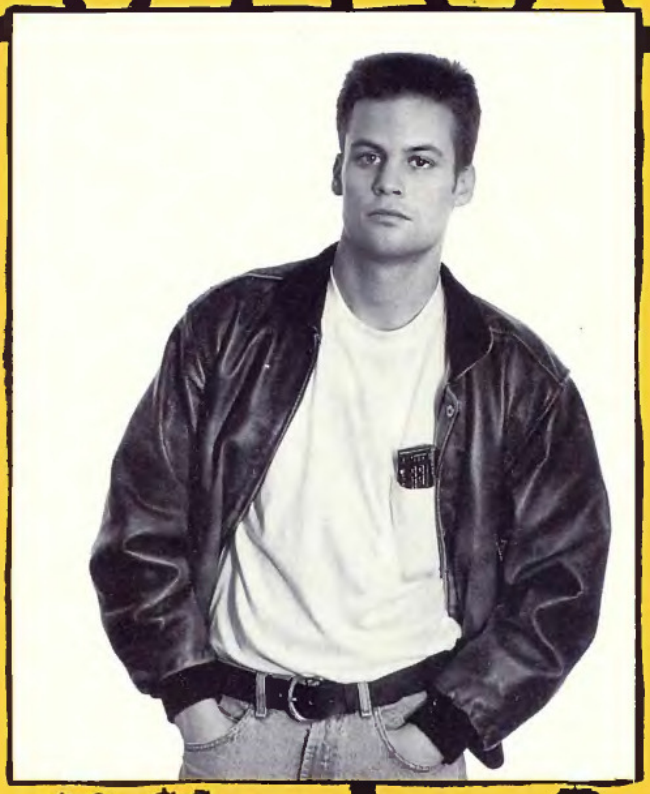

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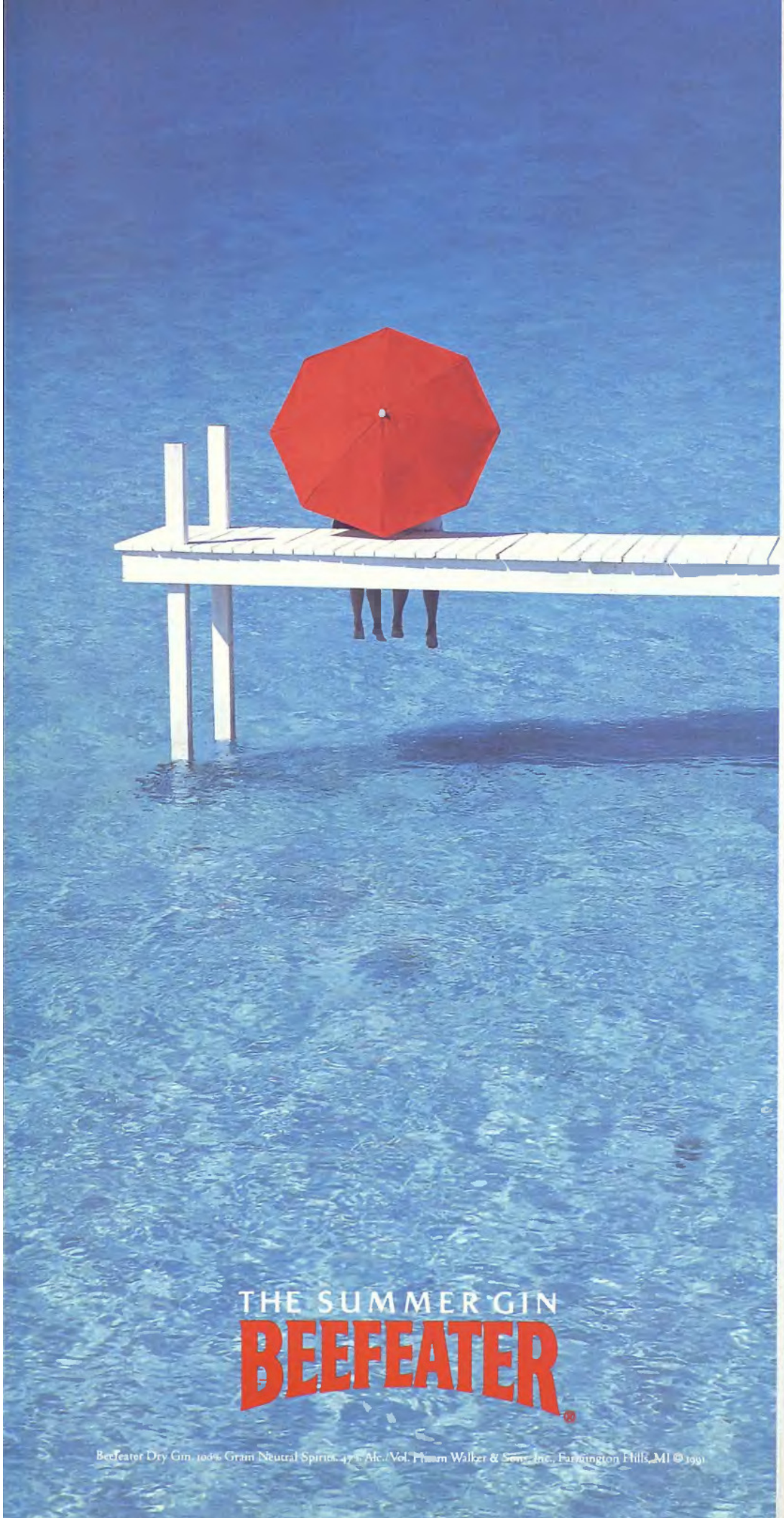

PERHAPS THE

MOST REFRESHING

THING ABOUT SUMMER

IS THE RENEWED

REALIZATION THAT

SOMETIMES THE BEST

THING YOU CAN

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THE UNOFFICIAL COLLEGIATE

SEX QUIZ

have you ever been a judge in a who's-better-equipped contest?

By SHANE DUBOW

Last summer, Washington, D.C.'s, puritanical Right covered their eyes and ears and took aim at a study of teenage sex proposed by the University of North Carolina and approved by the Public Health Service. The most prudish opposing voices, Representative William Dannemeyer (R–Cal.) and Gary Bauer (president of the Family Research Council), insisted that the survey's explicit queries would fray the moral fiber of our next generation.

Obviously, these defenders of innocence have too long been gone from college. On a recent tour, we discovered chipheads across the country unabashedly downloading a sex survey of their own from computer bulletin boards, a sort of *Who's Doing Who and How in America*. It's called the Purity Test—500 questions that leave few stones of deviance or sexuality unturned. For those who don't hack, we'll begin with a sampling.

Have you ever:

(62) Made an X- or R-rated snowman or snowwoman?

(201) Given a back massage with ulterior motives?

(324) Played naked Twister (with or without oil)?

(355) Worn diapers for a sexual or masturbatory purpose?

(396) Necked or petted in a contraption of the dead (coffin, hearse, body bag, etc.)?

(401) Necked or petted in a vehicle of more than 30,000 pounds net unladen gross weight (truck, tank, armored car, steamroller, crane, bulldozer, garbage truck, etc.)?

(430) Been involved in the use of a penis as a leash or bludgeoning device?

(438) Intentionally made more noise than necessary while engaging in sex, oral sex or mutual masturbation so as to put on a good show?

(439) Intentionally made animal noises during sex?

(447) Been involved in breast fucking (a.k.a. the Hawaiian muscle fuck)?

(465) Awakened to someone having sex with you?

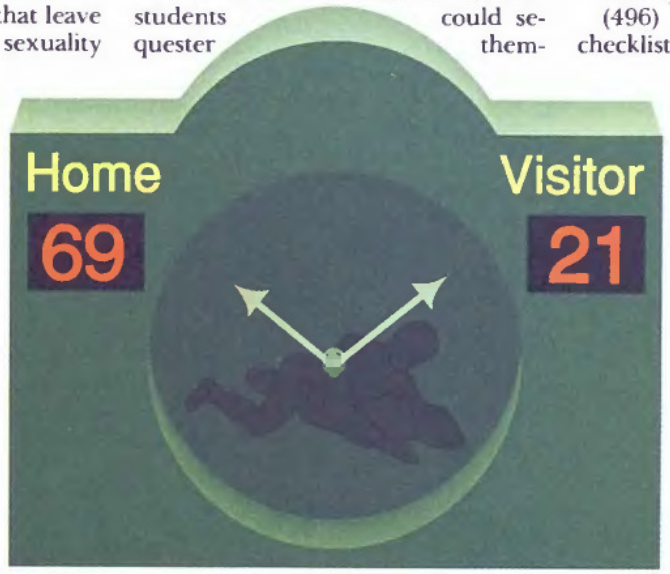
(474) Had sex or oral sex while one or both of you were playing a musical instrument?

Imagine answering 488 more questions. Subtract your number of yes answers from 500. Divide by five. Lower tallies are less pure.

•

Created at MIT's Baker House in 1982, the Purity Test is in its fourth incarnation. It has cropped up over the years on college computer networks from Yale to Dartmouth to the University of Alaska, University of Illinois and Rice University.

The authors' instructions note that students could sequester themselves in their rooms and take this test, "however, we feel the funnest way to utilize this test is to hold a Purity Test party."



ABBY SENNETT

In other words, round up some feisty coeds. Distribute paper and pens. Take the test en masse and keep tabs on who's easy. There are less candid ways to meet and mingle. At the University of Illinois, students report typical scores between 60 and 70, though one woman is known to casual acquaintances as "that girl who got a twenty."

But lest we accuse today's youth of heretofore unknown perversity, let's remember that it was the medieval Church that compiled one of the earliest detailed lists of sinful acts. "Thou shalt not boinky-boink from the rear, close to the moat, whilst your lord is out jousting" springs to mind. Of course, the irreverent and heretical olden-day folk immediately began consulting this treatise of the forbidden for sexual inspiration. Embarrassed, the medieval Church elders scrapped the titillating specifics and lumped all unorthodox sensuality and sexuality under the catchall "unspeakable acts."

As did the medieval heretics with their syllabus of sin, so do the college students with their party game. For proof, we offer these questions.

Have you ever:

(496) Used the Purity Test as a checklist of things you could do?

(497) Done something for the sole purpose of lowering your Purity Test score?

(499) Participated in Purity Testing with an ulterior motive?

(500) Become interested in someone only after hearing about their Purity Test score?

If you can ask it, you can try it: Purity Testing becomes purity trashing. You fill in the blank. We asked undergraduates if they found the test shocking. The answer was: It's no big deal. It's alternative Friday-night entertainment for this generation—what phone-booth stuffing, goldfish slurping or streaking across fraternity house lawns with rival-school mascot in hand were to earlier eras.

The test's popularity and the familiarity with human sexuality required to take it belie the assumption that teenage sex is an aberration. So why the conservative indignation over sex research? Why discourage what could yield valuable clues to curbing unwanted pregnancies and stemming epidemic social diseases? The only people blushing are over the hill.

JUSTICE

The pornography victims' compensation act currently working its way through the Senate could be subtitled *Deep Throat Meets Deep Pockets*. It has been around in one form or another since Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin proposed city ordinances in Minneapolis and Indianapolis that would have allowed women to sue producers and distributors of erotic material for damages. If the rapist who attacked a woman claimed that pornography made him do it, the woman could collect damages from the film maker or author or magazine publisher—even if no criminal charges were filed. Furthermore, this kind of civil suit can award enormous damages while demanding a lower standard of proof than a criminal trial. The mayor of Minneapolis vetoed that city's bill; the Seventh Circuit Court ruled Indianapolis' law unconstitutional. The victims' compensation act would punish people—publishers and film makers—for the crime of sexual expression. The law, though technically relevant only to obscenity and child pornography, could inhibit all creativity. Which would be named in a lawsuit: a low-rent X-rated video that showed, say, anal sex, or a blockbuster like *Last Tango in Paris*? Since most sex acts look the same, how would MacKinnon track blame to a specific film? [Remember that Ted Bundy—who said porn made him do it—was fond of cheerleader magazines—*Ed.*] Why stop at pornography? If a man reads the Bible and beats his children with a rod until they are hospitalized, would MacKinnon have the victims sue the American Bible Society? Why are the victims of sexual assault more deserving of protection than the victims of burglary (sue Jules Dassin for *Topkapi*) or murder (sue Thomas Harris for *The Silence of the Lambs*) or assassination (sue Oliver Stone for *JFK*)? The Senate needs to wake up and reread the First Amendment.

Joseph Hudson
Chesapeake, New York

FOR THE RECORD

BREAKING VOWS

"We can no more assume that every believer in abstinence invariably abstains from sex any more than we can assume that every condom user will have perfect condoms and be a perfect user. When one makes an unbiased comparison of promoting abstinence versus promoting condom use, the results are obvious. Vows of abstinence break far more easily than do condoms."

—IRA L. REISS, CO-AUTHOR OF *An End to Shame: Shaping Our Next Sexual Revolution*

SEARCHES

In the March "Reader Response," Dale Carter responded to James R. Petersen's article "The New Supreme Court's War on Freedom" (*The Playboy Forum*, November): "A couple of mildly annoying searches over a lifetime are nothing to me, since it's proven they help catch thugs." Carter should experience a real search sometime. I have been tailed and stopped three times in the past two months for no good reason. I filed formal complaints with the local sheriff's internal-affairs department and with the local community liaison officer for the city. These unwarranted incidents were more than mildly annoying and certainly mean something to me: They represented an invasion of privacy and a loss of freedom.

Stephen C. Pelt
Laguna Niguel, California

CONDOM CONUNDRUM

After reading the reasons given by the big three networks as to why condom ads are not shown ("Promo Interruptus," *The Playboy Forum*, March), I am still baffled. I have seen excellent ads on Canadian television that were short, concise, right to the point. If American network policies are keeping condom ads off the air, then it is time to change those policies. And then, when the ads finally do get slotted, let's just hope they are shown during prime time, not following some sleep-inducing creature feature.

K. G. Heaton
Honolulu, Hawaii

CANADIAN LIMITS

Americans who criticize censorship laws as unfair and unjust should come to Canada and see censorship in action. With pornography entering Canada via the mail and border points, it is nothing short of survival of the fittest. Customs officials have the right to open any mail they believe might contain magazines, movies, brochures, playing cards and comics detrimental to Canada's sexual mores. While political bluenoses regulate customs laws, certain taboo subjects are routinely shown on Canadian television. It is seemingly OK for a few million Canadians of all ages to view programs on pain and bondage over public airwaves, but one Canadian importing a magazine or video for private enjoyment is denied access to such materials. Several years ago, Pierre Trudeau, regarded by many as one of Canada's most astute and knowledgeable prime ministers, noted when referring to censorship and government intervention, "The government has no business in the bedrooms of the nation." Sadly, subsequent governments spurned the notion of freedom to read and have empowered customs to become arbitrators of morality for 27,000,000 Canadians. Canada now is

RESPONSE

one of the most heavily censored nations on Earth; some things will never change.

J. Paul Sutter
London, Ontario

You may have to refine your sense of irony. The Supreme Court of Canada has adopted a definition of obscenity that will forbid any erotic material that features an "undue exploitation of sex, or of sex and . . . crime, horror, cruelty [and/or] violence." The determining case involved magazines and videos described by a lower court judge as "simply a series of unconnected sexual adventures which, for the most part, were unencumbered by any dialog other than moans, sighs and groans." That would describe most of MTV and Musique Plus, Canada's French-language version of music videos. The Supreme Court held that materials that exploited sex in a "degrading or dehumanizing" manner or that combined sex with violence were not protected by the charter. What's more, "the courts must determine as best they can what the community would tolerate others being exposed to. [To do this they must evaluate] the degree of harm that may flow from such exposure. Harm in this context means that it predisposes persons to act in an antisocial manner." Ignoring all scientific data to the contrary, the court held that obscene materials harm women "by making public and open elements of human nature that are usually hidden behind a veil of modesty and privacy." The veil of modesty and privacy is another word for repression. Welcome to the Dark Ages.

HARASSMENT

On the issue of sexual harassment, the feminist complaint that men "just don't get it" is right on the mark. In fact, most men don't seem to have a clue. The reason sexual harassment can exist, in the workplace or anywhere, is simply that most men are stronger than most women. If women were 250 pounds of muscle and men were the size of Woody Allen, the issue of harassment would not exist.

Ed Hall
Sacramento, California

Nor would the issue of sexual attraction. Physical prowess has little to do with it. When genuine harassment occurs, it is an issue of hierarchical power—sexual extortion based on fear of economic reprisal, not of physical injury.

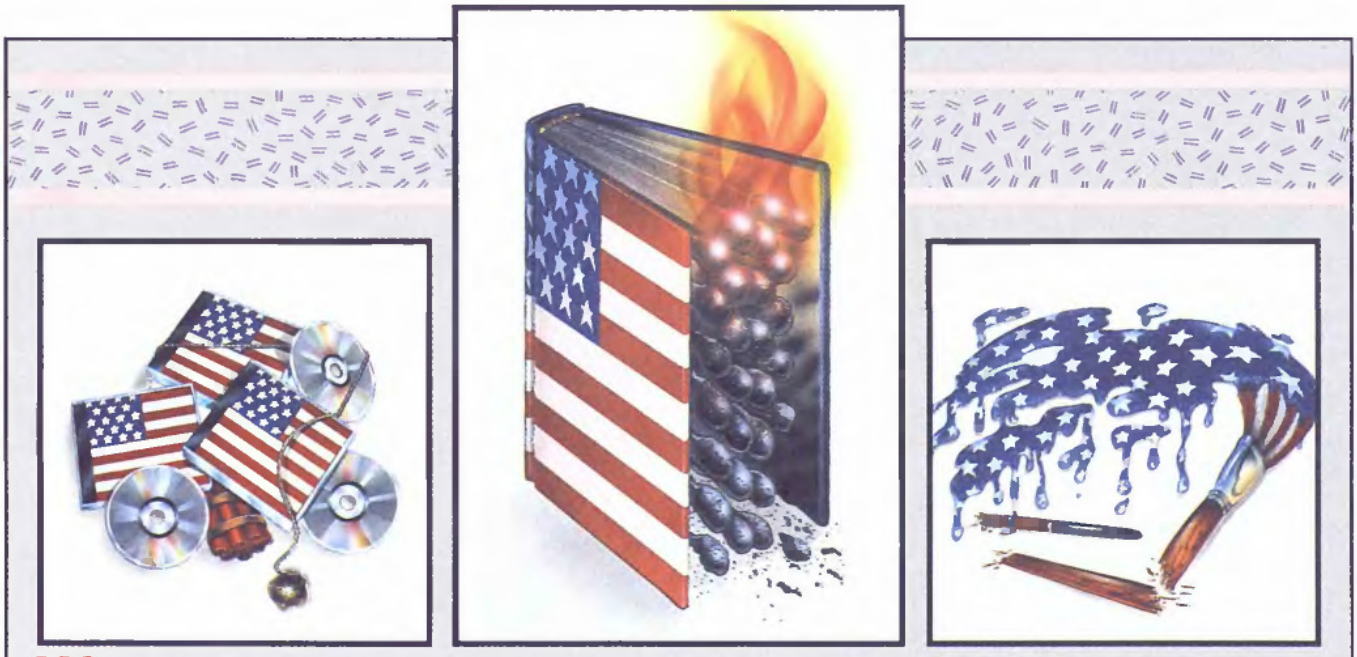
In all the debate lately about sexual harassment, one of the complaints most frequently voiced by men is that women define what constitutes sexual harassment. While the discussion appears to be about sex, the real issue is power. Since most men have a vested interest in maintaining their traditional forms of power, we can hardly expect women to trust them to determine what sexual harassment may be. A man's point of view is not irrelevant but it is no longer definitive. It is hoped that a balance of truth will emerge from these arguments. At the very least, we should be better informed about one another's feelings and sensibilities. The fact is that no one's rights are secure while another's are in jeopardy.

B. Jefferson Le Blanc
Aptos, California

SEX RESPECT

In reference to "Abstinence Ed" (*The Playboy Forum*, April): Some parents are upset that abstinence is not taught in sex-education classes. In some classes, cucumbers and condoms are given out to the girls and they get to practice putting the condoms on the cucumbers. This seems like the best method of teaching abstinence. The average cucumber would put the most manly of men to shame. What could be going through the minds of 13- or 14-year-old girls when faced with the task of cloaking these friendly giants? A whole generation will be green with envy.

Adon Staebler
Grass Lake, Michigan



While the fundamentalist Right is off and ranting, artistic instinct is alive and well. This series of images, produced by People for the American Way and the Playboy Foundation, paves the road to free speech with a creative eye.

BEHIND ENEMY LINES

a report from operation rescue

By TED C. FISHMAN

Operation Rescue is not listed in the phone book. Not in Wichita, where it blocked abortion clinics last summer, and not in Chicago, where it is active. Court injunctions and fines have made it prudent for the group to lay low. Now former members of Operation Rescue simply call themselves rescuers and their efforts a movement.

With the old adage "Know thy enemy" in mind, I decided to find out what the movement was doing these days, with *Roe vs. Wade*'s future so tentative. It was obvious that I would need to do some undercover work.

I called Chicago's Pro-Life Action League. A cautious woman quizzed me on my desire to join the pro-life movement. I told the woman that I was troubled by abortion. I could join a march, she offered, Saturday morning outside an abortion clinic on Chicago's Northwest Side. There would be picket signs to carry.

I knew it would be unpleasant. The religious Right uses picket signs with photos of fetuses (the present), while the pro-choice movement relies more on the viewers' imaginations—its signs, at their most graphic, depict a coat hanger (the past). Each side fights hard to prove the other's image as the more horrible.

•

Two marchers, a couple well-wrapped for the cold January morning, paraded in front of the clinic. I told the man that I'd like to join them. He asked if I was a Christian. I told him no. From a pile of laminated poster-sized images of mutilated fetuses, he handed me a sign that showed a bloody severed head, supposedly from a close-to-full-term aborted fetus. Brain tissue hung through the cavity of its missing jaw. Disgusting, I said. "I know," he told me. "It was found in a Dumpster behind an abortion mill in Texas. The doctor just threw that baby into a trash bag."

The mutilated head worked on me. I had heard that some of the pro-life movement's gory images were, in fact, of fetuses spontaneously aborted by accident victims. But its origin seemed to matter less and less as I held the sign.

How easy it was, once on the picket line, to forget the patients, to let the pictures shift the debate from three dimensions to two. I felt queasy over the business of this clinic. Where did it discard its fetal remains? I witnessed the looks of disgust from the occupants of the cars arriving at the clinic.

By mid-morning, a few dozen marchers were circling in front of the clinic's gate. They came from a Baptist church nearby. Pro-life activism is part of its ministry. Just inside the gate stood a line of pro-choice activists. They were a mix of white men and women in their 20s and 30s, some clothed by J. Crew and others in radically chic Afro-punk, their garments punctuated with protest buttons. A prim gray-haired woman was moving among them, replenishing their stacks of pro-choice fliers. Thankfully, their signs had no photos of bloodstained coat hangers or of women wounded and abandoned after receiving illegal abortions. Instead, the simple, crisp blue words KEEP CHOICE LEGAL stood out on a white background.

A policewoman in a squad car made sure everyone observed the rules. Those outside the gate must keep moving, those inside must not linger beyond it. This may be a battle for souls, but it is fought in driveways.

Four women acting as anti-abortion counselors offered incoming patients literature with more unpleasant photos. Kathy (not her real name), who had come with her nine-year-old daughter, handed a young couple a brochure showing a blood-soaked operation that was described to me as a "cesarean-section abortion."

"This is what they'll do to your baby," she said. "You're in an unsafe clinic. There's a better way." But in this case the better way was unclear: Abortions such as the one shown in the brochure are performed rarely and only on women at risk of death.

I was introduced to more marchers, who instructed me on Scripture and the Second Coming. John (not his real name), an off-duty Chicago policeman, was born again 15 years ago. If things got unruly, he said, he would have to walk away or risk losing his job. For him, the metaphysical stakes were at a level I had never considered. "Abortion," he told me, "is Satan's work—his attempt to slay the reborn baby Jesus in the womb."

These are the shock troops of the abortion war. They see themselves paving the way for the apocalypse.

With an hour to go in the protest, pro-choicers mixed into the picket line to mock the Baptists. Behind me, one feigned exultation, "Praise cheeses, pass the crackers." Another chanted, "Jesus hates women." The march ended and the anti-abortionists prayed.

Later in the week, during the worst snow of the year, I got a call to meet the next day at the Baptist church at 5:15 A.M. sharp. A deacon, a parishioner and Pastor Dave Lilligren were heading for a rescue in Aurora, Illinois.

Our first stop was an evangelical

"Are you folks, by any chance, interested in helping some hungry, homeless and abused children?"

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church. Middle-aged women and men, and students from the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago looking young and underdressed, packed the chapel. The crowd was listening to Ralph Ovadal, a burly representative of Wisconsin's Missionaries to the Pre-Born, a group he described as the only one whose flock were those in the womb. The clinic about to be rescued was run by Dr. Aleksander Jakubowski, whose Milwaukee clinic the missionaries had successfully closed.

The Aurora clinic was unmarked except for a faintly stenciled MEDICAL CLINIC on the front boarded-up window. Pastor Dave directed cars to park tightly along the street to form a barricade that would allow more time for the anti-abortion counselors to change the minds of any women entering. A policeman pulled up and told the pastor that the cars were too close to the stop signs. Pastor Lilligren produced a tape measure to prove the officer wrong.

Some 20 rescuers marched in a close circle around the gate to the driveway. The 100 of us who came just to march paced the length of the house. According to the rescuers' information, Dr. Jakubowski's appointment book was full; the clinic, however, looked dark. A group of pro-choice escorts stood on the grounds, more conservative-looking than the Chicago crowd. Most, I later learned, were linked to Unitarian and Congregationalist churches. They were products of what the rescuers called "liberal theology," blasphemers for whom the most horrible place in hell is reserved. From outside the gate, the sweet harmonies of *Amazing Grace* filled the block.

No patients arrived during the next hour, though the doctor's petite, feisty wife showed up dressed in a fur coat and nurse's whites. She tried to shoo marchers from the gate and then moved inside. The clinic was open.

Suddenly there were shouts of "Rescue! Rescue!" A lone patient, young and scared, had somehow passed the rescuers' first defense and was nearing the entrance. Counselors moved to surround her. Escorts scurried to break it up. The 30 rescuers at the gate rushed to blockade the house. From the driveway rose a plodding chorus of *Our God Is an Awesome God*, the haunting anthem of the rescue movement. Escorts tried to calm the patient. She stood frozen in fear.

The police arrived and the captain promised arrests. None of the rescuers moved. Pastor Dave pulled out his cellular phone to relate the play-by-play to a Christian radio station. The object of the rescue was to hold the doors as long as possible. The police grabbed a female parishioner.

The crowd grew edgy and impatient as the confrontation surrounding the patient on the porch stalemated. Prayers and songs changed to chants and jeers. A gaunt man with a foghorn voice shouted, "Ma'am, there are sixteen malpractice suits pending against Dr. Jakubowski." (I checked later with the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, and as of the last report, they had found only two malpractice suits against him.) A woman yelled, "I will adopt your baby. You can come stay with people at our church until you have it. You don't need to kill your child."

Disturbed, the patient walked off the porch toward the backyard. I watched as the circle of counselors and escorts kept by her, wondering if any of the surrounding babble reached her. Although she seemed distraught, she was toughing it out. It seemed to me that the escorts should have encouraged her to return later. Paralysis—or was it the woman's willingness to hear both sides?—played to the rescuers. Their job was to plant enough doubt to cause the woman to reconsider. Over the next four hours, she heard about God, Jesus, sin, love, responsibility, heaven, hell and murder. What could the escorts say to that? "Stick it out, don't be bullied. You'll be just fine"?

My moral sense began to muddy again—at that moment, it seemed to me that both sides had forgotten about humanity. Caught in that circle with a pregnancy she could not bear, the patient stood as a troubled prize for views that will never connect. She was alone, private, determined and untouchable. At the most profound level, neither side could fathom her decision any better than they could divine when a soul would appear in her womb. No poster could capture her anguish.

My own—and to me it seemed our whole country's—trouble with this miserable debate was right there in the yard. Most of us are ambiguous about abortion's morality. Polls show that a majority of Americans who are pro-choice say that, for themselves, abortion would be morally wrong but that it also would be morally wrong to refuse the right to others. There exists now no public forum where we can discuss these private issues. The words we hear are the extremes calling for us either to stand firm on abortion or to walk away for good. The words never call for us to listen or to reflect.

After the police dragged the last of the rescuers off the porch, the patient and escorts stepped into the clinic. The rescue had lasted four and a half hours, the longest ever in Aurora. Pastor Dave proclaimed it a victory.

On the ride home, the deacon wondered aloud why there was only one patient all day and no sign of Jakubowski. Perhaps it had been a setup and the woman a plant. For the pro-choicers, it was an easy way to get enemies carted off. For the pro-lifers, the deacon also thought it was a victory: They had managed, at least for today, to disrupt the work of an abortion clinic. And that, I thought sadly, was the point. Anti-abortionists use fear and intimidation, while pro-choice advocates use reason and compassion.

I had watched a woman run a gantlet. Whether 20 people in Aurora or 500,000 in the streets of Washington, that's a gantlet no individual should face. That was the power of *Roe vs. Wade*: The individual was protected from the crush of politics.

WHIPLASH

susan faludi's best-selling broadside manhandles the facts of life

By JAMES R. PETERSEN and LINDA STROM

Life is hard. Then you write a book.

Remember *Queen for A Day*? The popular television show of the Fifties would present a panel of women, each with a sob story about how she had backed over Junior with the family car on her way to aunt Matilda's funeral. The winner, or rather the whiner, went home with a Maytag washer.

Susan Faludi, author of the best-selling feminist fusillade, *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*, seems to be going for the Maytag Nobel Prize. She claims that the feminist movement has sparked a backlash that "moves through the culture's secret chambers, traveling through passageways of flattery and fear." God knows America loves a conspiracy theory. The media gave *Backlash* the star treatment. Faludi, a former *Wall Street Journal* reporter, said that hers was more than a coffee klatch book. She told *Time* that she was playing by boys' rules, that perhaps men will "listen to data and rational arguments and statistics."

Here is an example of her rational arguments: In 1986, a female reporter looking for a Valentine Day story discovered a study that seemed to indicate a shortage of men. The quote heard around the world: "Women over the age of forty are more likely to be killed by terrorists than to marry."

Faludi claims that the statistic (based on faulty research) was a Claymore mine that, when triggered, shredded women's self-esteem. Faludi admits that stumbling across that story left her feeling "morose and grouchy."

We recall that headline. We ranked it right up there with scare stories about the New Impotence (anecdotal features that suggested liberated feminists so intimidated men that the latter were unable to perform in bed). Oh, sure. We may have mentioned the marriage study to our companions. "This thing with the terrorists. Is it serious?" But evidence of a male backlash? Hardly. The people who used the statistic were moms and aunts, not men. We're talking badgering, not backlash. Faludi managed to fan that ember into a 552-page inferno.

Here's another of her arguments: Hollywood produced the pop-culture propaganda films of the alleged backlash. *Fatal Attraction* showed "the most famous emancipated women with condominiums of their own slinking wild-eyed between bare walls, paying for their liberty with an empty bed, a barren womb." When moviegoers encouraged Michael Douglas to "Kick her ass!" and "Kill the bitch!" they "slipped into a dream state where it was permissible to express deep-seated resentments and fears about women."

DAN YACCARINO

Pass the popcorn. Funny, most of the reviewers at the time called this the AIDS movie. Glenn Close's character wasn't symbolic of the single career woman, she embodied the deadly virus with the potential to destroy a family. As far as feminism is concerned, this was a breakthrough role—name the last great female villain.

But Faludi sees Hollywood as constructing a remake of *The Bride of Frankenstein*: "Film makers weren't limited by the requirements of journalism. They could mold their fictional women as they pleased; they could make them obey."

Faludi must live near a six-pack cinema from hell, the Masochistic Multiplex. Her grasp of pop-culture role models is highly selective—it ignores Barbara Hershey, Linda Hamilton, Sigourney Weaver, Madonna, Bette Midler and Cher (Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis' film *Thelma & Louise* arrived after Faludi had written the book).

If you believe that *Fatal Attraction* was responsible for stalling the feminist movement, perhaps you'll believe that *Rocky V* contributed to the fall of the Soviet Union.

That kind of selective inattention is rampant throughout the book. For example, Faludi claims that the backlash against women who enjoyed the sexual revolution has now denied women reproductive choice. "Men who found these changes distressing," she suggests, "couldn't halt the pace of women's bedroom liberation directly, but banning abortion might be one way to apply the brakes. If they couldn't stop growing numbers of women from climbing into the sexual driver's seat, they could at least make the women's drive more dangerous—by jamming the reproductive controls." We dislike the Randall Terrys and Jerry Falwells of the world as much as Faludi does, but we tend to view them as backwaters, not backlashers.

Faludi takes the conspiracy too far. "If women are so free," she argues, "why are their reproductive freedoms in greater jeopardy today than a decade earlier?" The culprit here is not

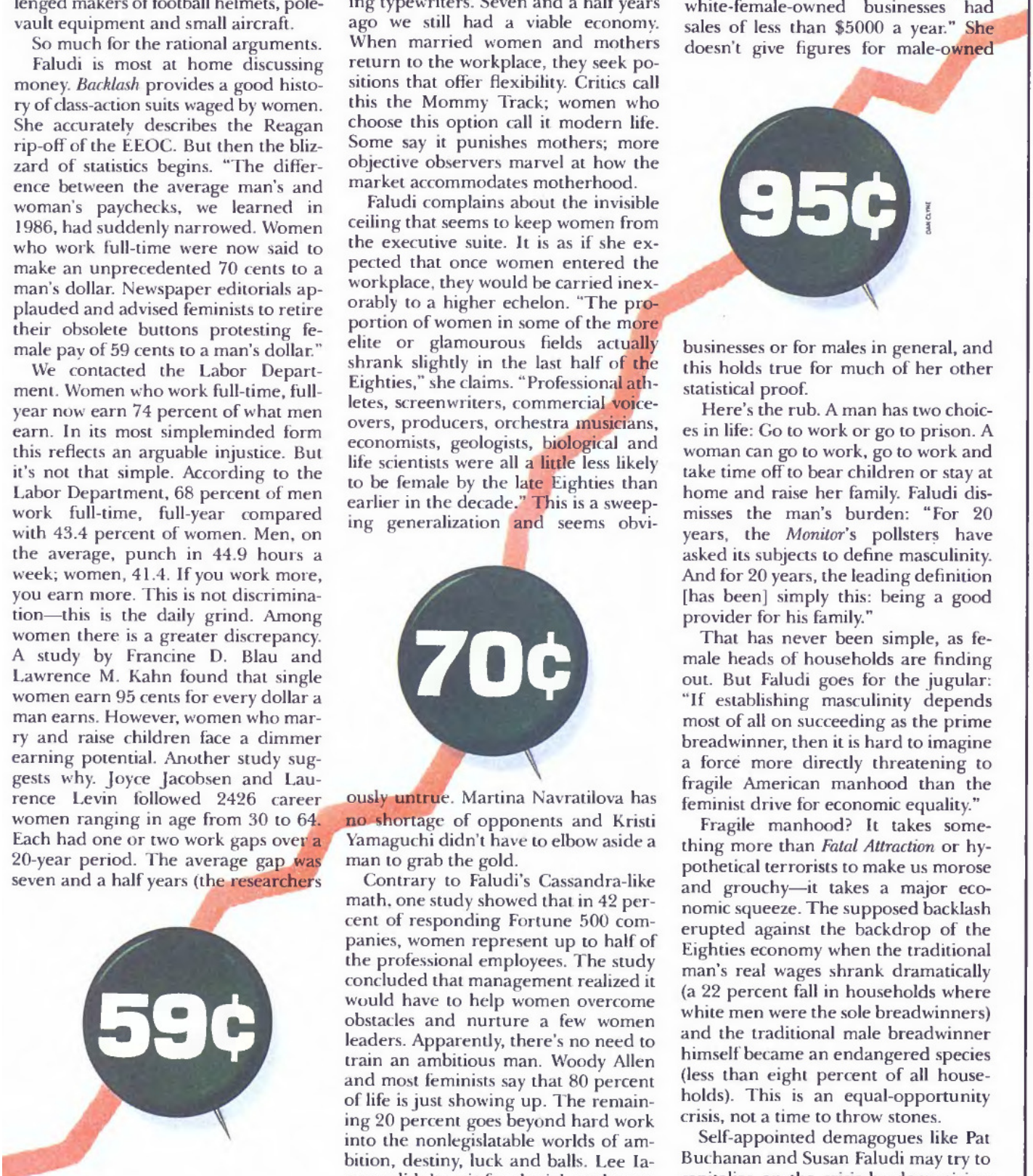
antifeminist backlash but the liability threat that has driven manufacturers of IUDs and other contraceptives into different businesses. It has also challenged makers of football helmets, pole-vault equipment and small aircraft.

So much for the rational arguments.

Faludi is most at home discussing money. *Backlash* provides a good history of class-action suits waged by women. She accurately describes the Reagan rip-off of the EEOC. But then the blizzard of statistics begins. "The difference between the average man's and woman's paychecks, we learned in 1986, had suddenly narrowed. Women who work full-time were now said to make an unprecedented 70 cents to a man's dollar. Newspaper editorials applauded and advised feminists to retire their obsolete buttons protesting female pay of 59 cents to a man's dollar."

We contacted the Labor Department. Women who work full-time, full-year now earn 74 percent of what men earn. In its most simpleminded form this reflects an arguable injustice. But it's not that simple. According to the Labor Department, 68 percent of men work full-time, full-year compared with 43.4 percent of women. Men, on the average, punch in 44.9 hours a week; women, 41.4. If you work more, you earn more. This is not discrimination—this is the daily grind. Among women there is a greater discrepancy. A study by Francine D. Blau and Lawrence M. Kahn found that single women earn 95 cents for every dollar a man earns. However, women who marry and raise children face a dimmer earning potential. Another study suggests why. Joyce Jacobsen and Laurence Levin followed 2426 career women ranging in age from 30 to 64. Each had one or two work gaps over a 20-year period. The average gap was seven and a half years (the researchers have since reworked their data and now say the average gap was two and a half years to three years). The study concluded that women who leave the labor force lose seniority and thus their earning ability. Look at it this way: Seven and a half years ago we were still using typewriters. Seven and a half years ago we still had a viable economy. When married women and mothers return to the workplace, they seek positions that offer flexibility. Critics call this the Mommy Track; women who choose this option call it modern life. Some say it punishes mothers; more objective observers marvel at how the market accommodates motherhood.

Faludi complains about the invisible ceiling that seems to keep women from the executive suite. It is as if she expected that once women entered the workplace, they would be carried inexorably to a higher echelon. "The proportion of women in some of the more elite or glamourous fields actually shrank slightly in the last half of the Eighties," she claims. "Professional athletes, screenwriters, commercial voice-overs, producers, orchestra musicians, economists, geologists, biological and life scientists were all a little less likely to be female by the late Eighties than earlier in the decade." This is a sweeping generalization and seems obviously untrue. Martina Navratilova has no shortage of opponents and Kristi Yamaguchi didn't have to elbow aside a man to grab the gold.



Contrary to Faludi's Cassandra-like math, one study showed that in 42 percent of responding Fortune 500 companies, women represent up to half of the professional employees. The study concluded that management realized it would have to help women overcome obstacles and nurture a few women leaders. Apparently, there's no need to train an ambitious man. Woody Allen and most feminists say that 80 percent of life is just showing up. The remaining 20 percent goes beyond hard work into the nonlegislatable worlds of ambition, destiny, luck and balls. Lee Iacocca didn't wait for the job at the top to be handed to him.

If we were curmudgeons, we'd say to women: Prove yourselves. Start your own companies, unencumbered by discrimination, sexual harassment or backlash. Faludi slides over "the nickel-and-dime reality: The majority of white-female-owned businesses had sales of less than $5000 a year." She doesn't give figures for male-owned businesses or for males in general, and this holds true for much of her other statistical proof.

Here's the rub. A man has two choices in life: Go to work or go to prison. A woman can go to work, go to work and take time off to bear children or stay at home and raise her family. Faludi dismisses the man's burden: "For 20 years, the *Monitor*'s pollsters have asked its subjects to define masculinity. And for 20 years, the leading definition [has been] simply this: being a good provider for his family."

That has never been simple, as female heads of households are finding out. But Faludi goes for the jugular: "If establishing masculinity depends most of all on succeeding as the prime breadwinner, then it is hard to imagine a force more directly threatening to fragile American manhood than the feminist drive for economic equality."

Fragile manhood? It takes something more than *Fatal Attraction* or hypothetical terrorists to make us morose and grouchy—it takes a major economic squeeze. The supposed backlash erupted against the backdrop of the Eighties economy when the traditional man's real wages shrank dramatically (a 22 percent fall in households where white men were the sole breadwinners) and the traditional male breadwinner himself became an endangered species (less than eight percent of all households). This is an equal-opportunity crisis, not a time to throw stones.

Self-appointed demagogues like Pat Buchanan and Susan Faludi may try to capitalize on the crisis by demonizing certain segments of the population. We'd like to point out that no one fights for scraps at a feast.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEMPER FI

RENO—*Some Nevada phone-sex customers may be disappointed to learn that Raven, the long-haired, hot-blooded, half-Irish, half-Cherokee woman of their fantasies, is really a 29-year-old former Marine with a wife and four children. Or was. Raven claims he lost his job at a Reno-based phone-sex company on the basis of his sex. He has filed a complaint with the Nevada Equal Rights Commission charging—you got it—sex discrimination.*

DEAN'S LIST?

MILFORD, UTAH—*A Beaver County high school teacher who may have been seeking her students' approval is instead out of a job. Cherry Florence shared with her class a private list speculating on who was and was not a virgin in the 107-member student body. The school board reportedly fired Florence, an English and phys ed instructor, for neglect of public duty and other offenses after students coaxed her into sharing the list.*

TENDING THE FLOCK

SALT LAKE CITY—*After almost 20 years, Utah may restore the state law prohibiting sexual intercourse with animals. A proposal endorsed by a state legislative committee would protect mammals and birds but does not mention fish. The Humane Society of Utah says it has been receiving complaints since bestiality was dropped from the state criminal code in 1973.*

HOUSE OF WORSHIP?

SEATTLE—*Humorless federal prosecutors are claiming that Seattle's Ultimate Life Church is not a religious denomination and as such is not tax-exempt. The church, according to the feds, owes $310,000 in back taxes and penalties because it is a massage parlor. In court, churchgoers have admitted donating $50 to $100 for a holy-kiss service—in which two female ministers place kisses all over a man's body—and baptism of pleasure massages. Jay and Joleen Gearon, owners of the church, claim that their church and its ministers simply encourage sexuality.*

GENDER GAP

LEWISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—*Asked if they had ever intentionally misled anyone of the opposite sex, 28 percent of the women and 17 percent of the men in a Bucknell University survey answered yes. The survey also found that men are about three times more likely than women to misinterpret friendliness as sexual interest and are then about twice as likely to think they were deliberately misled. The study concluded that "men and women are constantly misunderstanding each other."*

JUST SAY NONSENSE

HAMILTON, OHIO—*School officials suspended two junior high school girls when one gave the other Tylenol for a headache. The school's tough antidrug policy forbids students' exchanging over-the-counter medications without prior approval. School administrators quickly defended their action, explaining that they had to guard against allergic reactions and that an innocent-looking aspirin bottle could be used to carry contraband.*

ANTIPRIVACY VIOLENCE

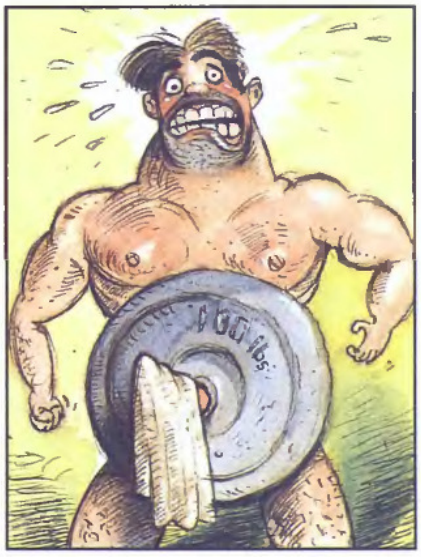
LONDON—*An appeals court has upheld the convictions of five members of a homosexual S/M group who engaged in mutual and consensual acts of genital torture. The judges held that using whips, sandpaper and hot wax to satisfy sadomasochistic libidos constituted illegal violence, even when done in private. A civil rights organization denounced the verdict as one that "criminalizes a wide range of sexual practices and shows a level of intolerance which is unacceptable in a democratic society."*

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

LOS ANGELES—*Nine years in federal prison didn't look so hot on a job application, so Bruce Perlowin began his résumé with the headline* EX-MARIJUANA KINGPIN NEEDS A JOB. *The 41-year-old parolee then described the managerial skills he developed operating a fleet of 90 vessels that transported 500,000 pounds of cargo worth half a billion dollars. Such candor landed him a position as national sales manager for Rainforest Products, a Mill Valley, California, firm whose owner remarked, "He's shown that he's imaginative and can work on a large scale while keeping track of details at the same time."*

IRON MAN

WICHITA, KANSAS—*Emergency-room attendants were stumped by a visit from a man who had a seven-and-a-half-pound barbell weight stuck on his penis. The man said he had wondered if his appendage would fit through the weight. It did and, after becoming erect, it wouldn't come out. Twelve hours later, the fire department gave up on using bolt cutters to separate the two. A urologist was called in to make an incision to drain some blood from the engorged member.*



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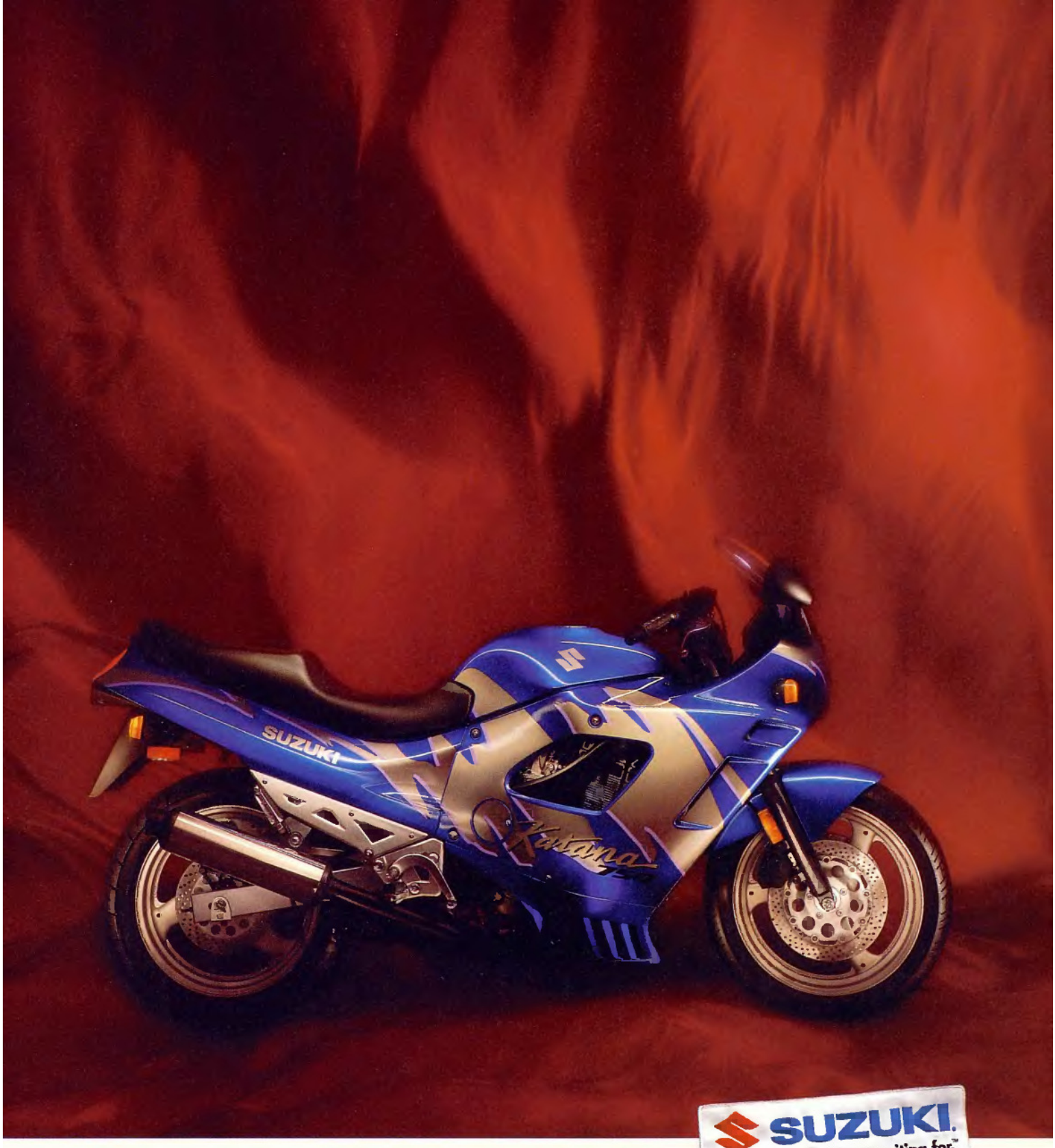

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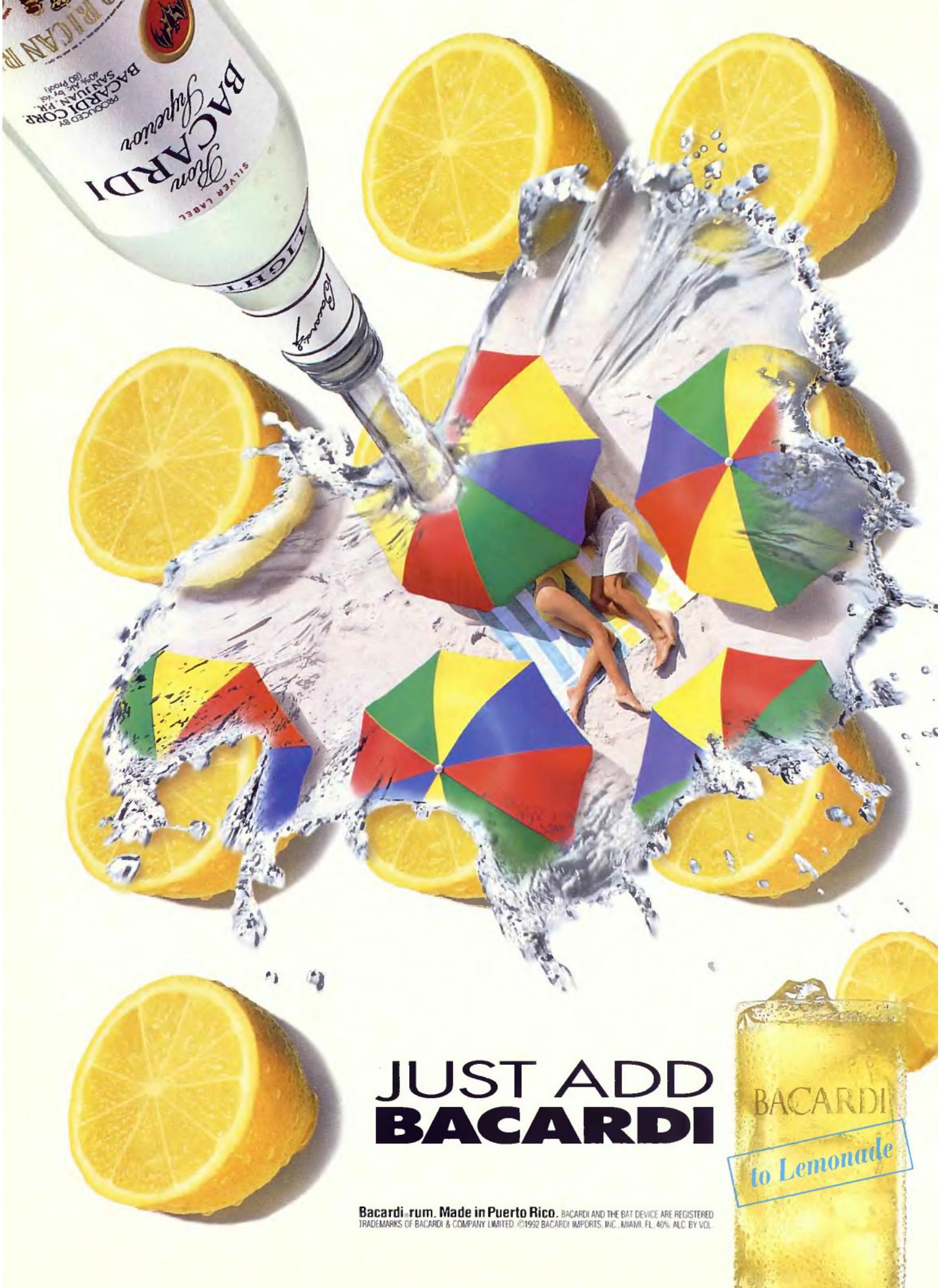

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WHY I CAN'T STAND PAT

pat buchanan, who scapegoats the poor and minorities to further enrich the rich, is the worst kind of conservative

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Sorry to report this, but Pat Buchanan, who was blown away by the indifference of Republican voters, will be back. The American economy is in permanent trouble and his America First appeals will surface once again, probably in 1996. The economy will remain troubled, and a conservative demagogue will always get some play by blaming our troubles on everyone but ourselves.

Which is why I'm hoping that Ross Perot will make good on his threat to be the conservative independent candidate. Finally, a conservative who has the guts to be for gun control and abortion rights. Instead of scapegoating women and minorities, he blames overblown government spending presided over by Republican Presidents.

Perot is a genuine conservative who avoids mean-spirited appeals to hate while concentrating on the real problems of an economy hobbled by the Reagan legacy—a four-trillion-dollar national debt. Buchanan, in the time-honored manner of rightist demagogues, targets social and racial issues so we will ignore the fact that the governments he served have hopelessly hocked our future.

Perot is a businessman populist who blasts top corporate executives for paying themselves "obscene salaries" while squeezing workers' pay. Buchanan, like his role model, David Duke, is the kind of phony populist who ignores the moneygrubbing of the rich while focusing his wrath on welfare recipients.

From the likes of Pat Buchanan, whose annual income was reported at over $800,000, you would never learn that the conservative Republican policies—spawned by what he fondly refers to as his conservative movement—made the rich richer and most other folks poorer. What kind of populist is this who ignores the fact that under Republican administrations that he helped elect and in which he served, the wealthiest one percent received 60 percent of the benefits of the past decade's boom, and that 94 percent went to the top fifth of Americans? Those figures come from the Congressional Budget Office. In blunt terms, they mean the remainder of us will be paying for the federal debt that financed that boom for the rest of our own and our children's lives. And that includes the bottom 40 percent of us, who suffered a net loss of real income during the boom.

Perot understands this and called for tying profit making to actual business performance rather than executive hustles. Buchanan's strategy is to shift the spotlight onto the most vulnerable among us. Pit the employed worker against the welfare recipient, even though the former can easily become the latter, thanks to Reaganomics.

So it was good to see Pat Buchanan cut down to size in the industrial Midwest states, where workers refused to heed the siren call of racism. Even Buchanan's media buddies in the Beltway playground abandoned him. In the end, he was reduced to demanding not to be treated as a right-wing nut. Don't demonize me, he thundered when the media stopped coddling him long enough to raise a few questions about his bizarre politics.

What Buchanan offered in defense of his voluminous and vituperative public record was the plaintive bleat of the charlatan who insists that though he was a demagogue, he never meant to get anybody killed. Hey, fellows, I was only making a living as a columnist and TV personality when I said "Negroes" were happier under segregation and that Jews were disloyal for criticizing Reagan's trip to a Bitburg, Germany, cemetery that honored Nazis.

There has been a lively debate over the years in some circles about whether or not Buchanan is an anti-Semite. Why else would someone spend time trying to prove that the diesel fuel used by the Nazis at Treblinka would not have produced fumes toxic enough to kill the hundreds of thousands who died there? Even conservative maven William F. Buckley, Jr., concluded that Buchanan sounded like an anti-Semite.

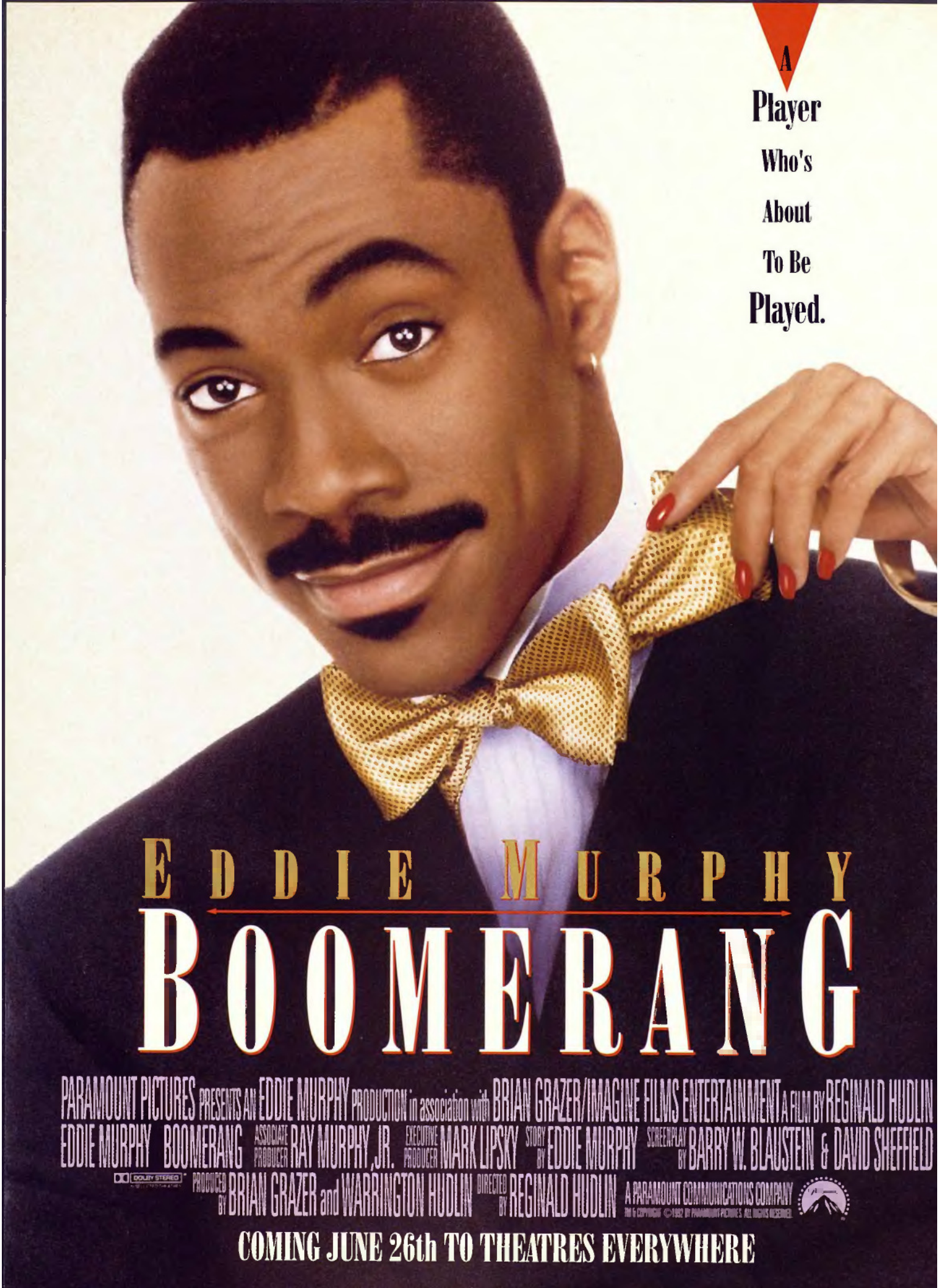
There is no doubt that he is a dangerous homophobe; in more than one column, he argued that the people he calls the "pederast proletariat" deserve to die of AIDS. Imagine, at a time when people of all sexual persuasions—and from cultures around the world—are dying from the AIDS plague, someone this contemptuous could be considered by his media peers to be a genial gadfly.

Buchanan gets away with it, maybe to the point of coming back as a true contender four years from now, because he is foremost a media personality. While we lionize such people for their celebrity, we do not actually take them seriously, even when we should. He will be back, and he is a serious force because he is stoking a fire started by far more respectable elements in the Republican Party who exploit racism as an issue. Ronald Reagan, a personally decent and moderate fellow, cynically railed against "welfare queens," and we all know about mainstream George Bush's election on the back of Willie Horton. Truth is, as Wade Henderson, director of the NAACP in Washington, D.C., pointed out, "The President will find difficulty in challenging the moral authority of Pat Buchanan to use the race issue because he has walked a similar path himself."

That was a sentiment echoed by John Frohnmayer, the man Bush made head of the National Endowment for the Arts and whom he ousted in February at Buchanan's request. Frohnmayer warned of a Nazi specter and called Buchanan "a Frankenstein monster that George Bush helped to create."

Nor are the Democrats willing to take on the Neanderthals of the Right. This season the Democrats have frantically attempted to ape the Republican assault on the poor while courting the middle class. The assumption is that somehow the 3.4 percent of state budgets that is spent on welfare, the worthless other, can be shifted to the hardworking taxpayers, the us. Bull. The assumption is that there is a good or pure America, and then there are the shirkers. But the recent rise in the poor, and the increase in welfare rolls, is made up of people who were working and lost their jobs because of the recession. The bad guys are not the poor or immigrants or even the Japanese, but rather the policymakers who put the economy into a tailspin.

Buchanan's America First sounds great until you realize that the right-wingers who have traditionally hidden behind the phrase would send most of us packing back to Poland, China or Africa, if not to some concentration camp.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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICHAEL KEATON

a candid conversation with america's most laid-back superstar about his wild childhood, the hollywood fast track and life inside the batsuit

Hollywood insiders figured it had to be a joke. After all, cinematic superheroes had to be as muscled as Schwarzenegger, as square-jawed as Stallone, as sensitive as Costner. What was Warner Bros. thinking when it cast a five-foot-ten, 160-pound goofball as the Caped Crusader? To make matters worse, even before the 1989 release of "Batman," film critics and fans of the beloved comic book cast their votes: There was no way Michael Keaton could convincingly play the title role. First of all, he had never offed a bad guy in his movies; furthermore, he was just a comedian.

But Keaton got the last laugh when "Batman" earned more than $400,000,000 worldwide, becoming the sixth-highest-grossing film in history. As a result, Keaton was catapulted into the ranks of Hollywood's heaviest hitters. It was only a matter of time before a sequel showed up in movie theaters, and that time has arrived. Opening nationwide this month, "Batman Returns"—starring Keaton, Michelle Pfeiffer as Catwoman and Danny DeVito as the Penguin—is expected to become another box-office bonanza.

There was no blatantly obvious reason for the success of "Batman." Despite the fiendishly comic capers of Jack Nicholson as the Joker and the drop-dead beauty of Keaton's leading lady, Kim Basinger, the film was dark and forbidding. And it was often depressing: Keaton chose to portray Batman—or, rather, multimillionaire Bruce Wayne—as a brooding eccentric in need of psychotherapy. Such characterizations usually don't make for a runaway hit, but moviegoers ate up Keaton's offbeat interpretation and so did most reviewers.

Amid the fanfare, Keaton's checkered film career was all but forgotten, which may have been to his advantage. Things were off to a good enough start in 1982, when Keaton played the world's strangest morgue attendant in Ron Howard's "Night Shift," co-starring Henry Winkler. Then, in 1983, he again won praise—and genuine stardom—with his deft and funny portrayal of an unemployed executive-turned-househusband (to Teri Garr) in "Mr. Mom." But then the well went dry: For five years, Keaton got bogged down in a series of undistinguished comedies. He also had trouble mastering the script-selection process that Hollywood reserves for proven box-office stars (he turned down the Tom Hanks role in "Splash"). He was even fired from Woody Allen's "The Purple Rose of Cairo." But in 1988, director Tim Burton cast Keaton as the satanically smarmy spook in his stylized horror-comedy "Beetlejuice," and the actor and director hit it off. Burton had intrigued moviegoers with his equally bizarre "Pee-wee's Big Adventure" (he would later direct "Edward Scissorhands"), and his unique style behind the camera seemed to blend perfectly with Keaton's singular manner in front of it. "Beetlejuice" was a hit, and Keaton was back on track.

Soon came "Clean and Sober." In his first dramatic role—Keaton played a cocaine abuser—he not only showcased his range as an actor but also reestablished himself as a bankable Hollywood headliner. The next year, Keaton and Burton were reunited with "Batman," and the actor hit superstardom. As Keaton himself might say (and did say in "Night Shift"): Is this a great country, or what?

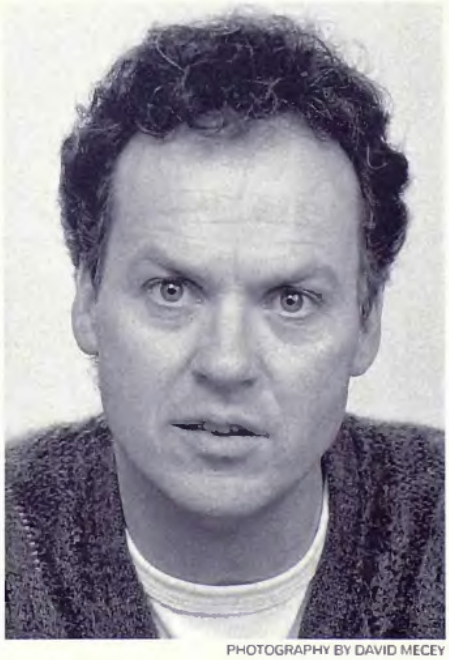
Born on September 5, 1951, as the youngest of George and Leona Douglas' seven children, Keaton grew up just outside of Pittsburgh. Always an audacious kid, he proved it his first day in high school when he was suspended for throwing a half-eaten apple into a garbage can in the school cafeteria. (Keaton claims the garbage can was 75 feet away from where he was standing, but the apple landed in it.)

After graduating from high school, Keaton put in brief stints at two colleges and soon made his way to Los Angeles. He quickly signed up for acting lessons, but most of his performing was done on the stage of the Comedy Store, where Keaton's fellow hopefuls included David Letterman, Garry Shandling and Richard Lewis.

In those days, Keaton was still known as

"I'm bolted, pasted, glued, strapped and tied all through the Batsuit. It's like being on the inside of a rubber band. But it's a safe suit. When I'm wearing it, I feel like I'm the poster boy for safe sex."

"Theater girls were notoriously easy. I had a friend who was doing plays, and theater girls were the only reason he did plays. He kept telling me that and I kept missing the point. I thought I saw some sort of art in it, so I acted."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY

"This has to be said carefully: The general perception that whites have about Native Americans is based on things like 'Dances with Wolves.' I really liked the movie, but it had nothing to do with the way things were or are."

Michael Douglas. But after he landed his first TV job, the Screen Actors Guild required him to change his professional name—there was already an actor named Michael Douglas. After unsuccessfully rifling the phone book, he settled on his current name when he opened the Los Angeles Times *and noticed a photo of Diane Keaton. "I thought, Yeah, Keaton's easy to pronounce and it has a good ring to it," he says. But he never officially changed his name. "I'm still Michael Douglas. I like being able to put the Keaton hat on when I go to work and take it off when I leave."*

After appearing in several short-lived TV series, including two with Mary Tyler Moore and one with Jim Belushi, Keaton landed "Night Shift," and that's when the roller-coaster ride began.

To interview the 40-year-old actor, Playboy *sent* **Lawrence Linderman** *to Warner Bros.' Burbank studios in California, where "Batman Returns" was in the final stages of filming. Linderman reports:*

"I had arranged to meet Keaton at his trailer, but he hadn't returned from lunch when I arrived. His assistant told me to make myself comfortable, and took off. As I wandered around the inside of the 50-foot vehicle, I couldn't help but notice Keaton's selection of reading material. It included a stack of scripts he'd been offered, a couple of novels he was considering optioning and copies of Sports Illustrated, Travel & Leisure, Mad *and* Men's Fitness.

"Keaton showed up about 20 minutes later and we got right to work. We'd met a couple of times before; getting him to agree to do the interview had taken more than three years. His reluctance, he said, was because he doesn't feel he's especially articulate and thinks he can be 'infuriatingly dull to talk with.' In fact, Keaton is an energized raconteur with an abundance of strong, carefully arrived-at opinions. He's also a guy who's never lost his disregard for authority: Although I'd been informed by the production unit that 'Batman Returns' was a closed set, late one afternoon Keaton invited me to come along and watch the filming of the movie's final scene. He handed me a parka—wintry scenes are now shot on refrigerated sets—and we walked over to the sound stage. Between takes, Keaton cast off the character of Batman as effortlessly as if he were taking off a pair of gloves. He seemed as comfortable entertaining the crew with wisecracks as he was portraying the film's title character.

"As for the film's ending, it came as a real surprise to me. To this day, I'll never understand why the producers decided to kill off Batman. . . .

"Just kidding."

PLAYBOY: You have defined yourself as an actor who has a side job as Batman. What do you mean by that?

KEATON: It's just that the productions are so huge and the experience is so unlike making other movies that Batman actually feels like a different job. One day on *Batman Returns*, I started working on a scene, then we broke—and it wasn't until a month later that I was asked to come back and finish it. The scene consisted of me walking around the Batmobile and looking down into an abyss where the Penguin—Danny DeVito—is supposed to be. Danny, meanwhile, was wandering around somewhere, wondering when he'd be coming back. All movies have a stop-start quality to them, but no movies are stop-start like this—with all the special effects required, all the technical intricacies. As an actor, I'm always trying to hang on to my character, and by now, that's become second nature—but I can't do it on a Batman movie.

On the first one, I had to learn really fast how to fit into what feels like an enormous painting. That's kind of difficult when you come into it cold. Michelle Pfeiffer told me, "This is the hardest thing I've ever done." In fact, when I first met with Danny and Michelle, I warned both of them to be ready for something a little different. I could see the look of confusion and fear in their eyes. They reminded me of Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis when they did *Beetlejuice*. It was tough for them because they never quite knew what [director] Tim Burton was going to have them do, or when. I didn't have that problem.

"I pictured Batman as one of these arms-akimbo superheroes. If he'd been written that way, I would have been the first to admit I was the wrong guy."

PLAYBOY: Why not?

KEATON: Probably because they had to maintain a sense of reality and I didn't. In *Beetlejuice*, I had such an unusual role to play, and I came in with a game plan that Tim liked. Within a couple days, we were rolling like tanks over a desert. He'd tell me what special effects he was going to put into a scene—my head was gonna spin, things like that—and I'd say, "OK, fine." In Tim, I saw a guy who had guts and imagination, and I was immediately on board. Even if I was out of sync with exactly what the movie was going to look like, I had the general notion.

PLAYBOY: Is that the mark of a Burton picture—organized chaos?

KEATON: Absolutely. Tim puts together a tapestry. His process may not be as fluid as other directors', but once you understand Tim and trust him, you realize that he's unique and original.

PLAYBOY: How is he unique?

KEATON: As a person. Tim has no choice but to be in touch with the child inside of himself. That's reflected in his movies. He likes things that are off balance and rough-edged, and I do, too. If Tim and Steven Spielberg were in the same class in school and it was class-project day, my guess is that Steven's project would be unbelievable. It would have tiny air compressors and little battery-operated things that worked on the money. Tim's would have glue hanging off the side, it might be held together by hair, it would come in late, and it would work—but not perfectly. Still, if I were in the class, I probably wouldn't be able to take my eyes off Tim's project.

PLAYBOY: *Batman Returns* is your third film collaboration with Burton. Do you anticipate others?

KEATON: Yeah. Some actor-director combinations work really well. Robert Redford and Sydney Pollack made several movies together. I think Tim and I are the twisted version of Pollack and Redford. I really feel best when I'm working with him. Tim looked rested and relaxed at the beginning of *Batman Returns*, and that made me a little nervous. But as we neared our deadline, he got totally pale, his hair stood out like electricity was shooting through it and his arms were flailing. He was pacing around, trying to explain what he wanted. Other people might have looked at him and worried. I figured I had him just where I wanted him. I thought, Here we go, now we're in the groove. This is the Tim I know and trust.

PLAYBOY: After working with you in *Beetlejuice*, Burton approached you to star in *Batman*, but you were reluctant about doing the movie. Why?

KEATON: I was dumbfounded when he first called me. I think I tapped the receiver a few times and said, "You sure you have the right number?" But that didn't last long because it was Tim, so I knew there must be something to it. I said, "Yeah, of course I'll read it," thinking no way would I do it. I pictured Batman as one of these arms-akimbo superheroes. If he'd been written that way, I would have been the first to admit I was the wrong guy. I was also really tired. I had done a few movies back to back and didn't want to be away from my son for four months. [Keaton is single with a son from a previous marriage.—*Ed.*] And one other thing: I had always wanted to work with Jack Nicholson, and I thought, Damn, if this is going to be my only shot, I don't know if I want to take it. I felt that it would be better to work with Jack where we're two people dressed in some sort of normal garb.

But when I read the script, it made sense to me—it was pretty damn good. When I talked to Tim again, I said, "I don't think you're going to agree with this, but here's my take on Bruce Wayne: He's essentially depressed and a little

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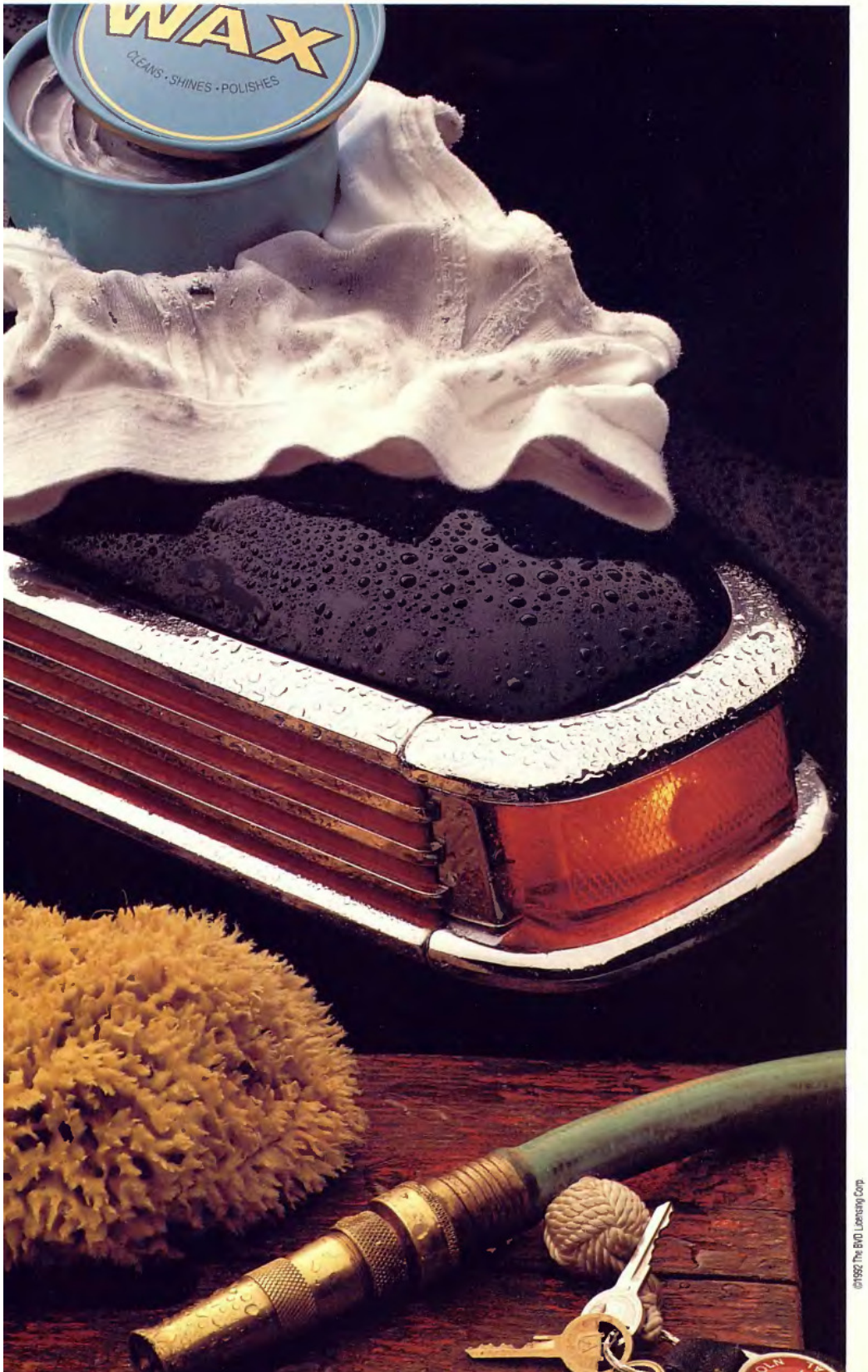

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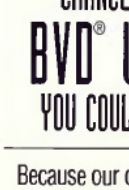

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nuts, real dark and a couple of steps off. Yet, at the same time, he's not off at all. And he's focused."

PLAYBOY: Focused on what?

KEATON: Bruce Wayne gets real focused when he sees a woman he's interested in. In the first movie it was Kim Basinger—Vicki Vale—and in this one it's Michelle, who plays Selina Kyle, the Catwoman. That focus doesn't always last because Bruce Wayne has a lot of other things on his plate, which is why he's always a little absentminded and preoccupied. Tim agreed with my take on Bruce Wayne. I saw that *Batman* had the potential to become a franchise, but the risk was that it might look really stupid, and I'm sure that Jack felt the same way.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you wait until after Nicholson signed to play the Joker before you agreed to become Batman?

KEATON: It was kind of simultaneous. I was holding out to see what he was doing. If Jack is doing the part, then it's a whole other movie.

PLAYBOY: Was that reassuring to you?

KEATON: Yeah. When Jack and I talked about the movie, I felt even better. You could see that he was thinking, formulating. Playing the Joker wasn't a casual choice on his part.

I'd met Jack only once before, years ago, real fast somewhere. He's probably the only person I've ever seen who literally knows how to sidle. I was at a party and he saw me looking at him. He kind of backed up to me on an angle, faked left, went right, threw me a compliment and then continued the conversation he was having.

PLAYBOY: Are any of Nicholson's acting choices casual?

KEATON: I'd bet you anything that they're not. Jack is so intelligent. I once heard him asking himself questions about the Joker: "How far does he go? What is he going to look like?" Jack knows so much about moviemaking that I figured he'd be a real important force in *Batman*. And he was. He added a lot to the mix. For every four things I added, Jack probably added eight. He was a big help, especially given the time, the budget and the insanity of that movie. Things were often very tense. People were risking their careers on *Batman*. We were in London and executives were flying back and forth and making big deals. We worked under a lot of pressure.

PLAYBOY: A good deal of that pressure was on you. After Warner Bros. announced that you were going to play *Batman*, approximately fifty thousand fans of the comic strip wrote letters of protest——

KEATON: Do you know how I found out about that? We were probably halfway through shooting *Batman* when I took the Concorde from London back to Los Angeles for a quick visit. On the plane, I started reading *The Wall Street Journal*, and there on the front page was my picture—I still wonder how those little drawings are done—and an article about how Batman fans wanted somebody like Sylvester Stallone or Clint Eastwood to play the character. The fact was, a lot rode on this choice. After that, I went back and finished the movie knowing it was out there. I just kind of dug in.

PLAYBOY: When it was released, *Batman* pulled in a quarter-billion dollars in the U.S. and Canada alone. Were you surprised by its success?

KEATON: I didn't know because I couldn't tell what kind of movie it was. I was almost as surprised as anyone else when I first saw it. I had no idea about some of the things that were in there. There are scenes in *Batman Returns* that I haven't seen, either. While we're working, the second unit is off filming Batmobile shots, special effects and explosions. There will be a ton of things in *Batman Returns* that I won't know about until I see the first cut. So in that sense, I feel disconnected. Working on these movies is like being in the middle of some huge machine.

PLAYBOY: Did the success of *Batman* change your life?

KEATON: I'm going to say something that I've never said in an interview before: I'm so tired of this fucking question, I can't stand it. [*Laughs*] Look, anytime you're in a hit, it changes your life in the sense that people who don't necessarily have any taste become aware of the amount of money the movie made. They associate a lot of that with you. Consequently, their desire to work with you goes up proportionately. Dig it? If it made a hundred million, they like me a lot. A hundred and fifty million, they love me. Two fifty? Well, if I said, "Come and hold up my house for a week on your shoulders," they would figure out a way to do it. So you have to know that.

PLAYBOY: Why did *Batman* work?

KEATON: Well, first of all, the character—Bruce Wayne—is powerful. He has power because he has money and because he saw his parents killed, which sent him into serious introspection and illness. But he still functions as a major force in society. You have to be powerful from that. It finally comes down to the whole look of the picture, especially the look of the damn Batsuit. It just emanates power.

PLAYBOY: According to various press reports, working in that suit wasn't a picnic for you. True?

KEATON: It *was* difficult. I'm bolted, pasted, glued, strapped and tied all through the Batsuit. It's made out of neoprene, latex and rubber, and it also has some metal parts. Mostly, it's like being on the inside of a rubber band: It gives, but there's this constant pulling. If I get too thin, I rattle around in it. If I put on a few pounds, it becomes too tight and everything takes twice the exertion. I also sweat a lot in it. And I can't drink any coffee when I'm in it—and I truly have a caffeine addiction—because they didn't build it with a fly and zipper. They put what amounts to a portable bathroom in there. But it's a safe suit. When I'm wearing it, I feel like I'm the poster boy for safe sex. It also makes me feel isolated, which is perfect for the character.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried that by playing *Batman* you might get identified with the character in the same way that Christopher Reeve became identified with Superman?

KEATON: Well, to start with, I didn't sign a sequel deal, and I don't know if Reeve did, either. I think the real problem Reeve had is that he hadn't done many other things people had seen, so they knew him only as Superman. I say that in his defense. However, I remember Reeve being interviewed on the set of the fourth *Superman* movie, and he made a big point of saying, "I'm tired of being identified as Superman." I thought, Really? You know what, Chris? Unless you signed a sequel deal, you never had to make four of them.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you won't make four *Batman* movies?

KEATON: I don't know what I'll do. The way I'm feeling right now, if somebody says, "Hey, by the way, Tim and I are going to do another one in two or three years and you've got to tell us if you're going to do it," I'd say, "Yeah, I'll be there." But two years down the road, if I look at a script and it's awful, or if Tim's not around, or if some key elements aren't in it, I'm going to say I'm out. From a business standpoint, sequels make absolute sense, but so many movies are being made with sequels in mind that the whole thing's getting stupid. *Gandhi 2* would have been in big trouble: "We put him on intravenous—and *he's back*!"

In any case, there's hope for us sequel folks: Harrison Ford did the *Star Wars* films without hurting himself, and now he's going to make movies based on Tom Clancy's novels.

PLAYBOY: One more item about *Batman Returns*: You originally wanted Annette Bening to play Catwoman. Why?

KEATON: She has this really great off-center quality, and I'd just seen her in *The Grifters*. So when Tim said to me, "We've got to think about Catwoman," I mentioned Annette and he said, "What a good idea." It was that simple. No one else was discussed. But then Annette became pregnant and had to drop out.

PLAYBOY: From what we've heard, the hunt for her replacement didn't exactly rival David O. Selznick's search for Scarlett O'Hara, but it certainly had its dramatic moments.

KEATON: Oh, boy, talk about really knowing you're in Hollywood. One day after Annette was out of the running, I was talking to Mark Canton, who was then in charge at Warner Bros. and heading up the *Batman* project. We were in his office

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and he said, "I'm getting calls about Catwoman from every actress you can name." He began going down the list for me when his phone rang. He picked it up and said, "Yes, fine, but no, I can't right now. I'm busy." Just as we started talking again, there was another phone call. "Please do me a favor," he said. "Tell her I can't see her now. I'm in a meeting." About thirty seconds later, the door flew open and in walked Sean Young, who was a woman on a mission—but on a level the likes of which I'd never seen before.

PLAYBOY: What did she do?

KEATON: Sean came in and said, "How could I *not* be Catwoman? It's so obvious that I'm supposed to be Catwoman." It was so strange and bizarre. Sean was dressed catlike. No actual fur was involved, but I recall her hair being tied up with a ribbon that kind of picked her hair up. At a fast glance, it looked like she had ears on the back of her head. She was dressed all in black—big high boots, leotard and shorts.

PLAYBOY: And she made her pitch for the role right then?

KEATON: Yeah, on the move. She went on for about two and a half minutes with what seemed like one sentence. It was a lot like Bob Dylan's book *Tarantula*. While Sean was talking, I noticed that she had a metallic object in her hand. I flashed on it for a second and prayed to God it wasn't a gun. I wasn't alone in that—Mark had the same feeling. But it wasn't a gun, it was a walkie-talkie. I thought I would diffuse the situation by bringing her back to earth. I said, "Hey, first of all, how you doing? I haven't seen you for a long time, and you look great"—which was true. That threw her for a couple seconds, and then she went on again. I asked her what she was doing with the walkie-talkie. She said—nicely, she wasn't mean—"I'm talking to somebody." The walkie-talkie was crackling, and I heard things like "Roger." I said, "Why don't you shut it off? Let's have a conversation." And I think she did shut it off. For a moment, I felt that might straighten her up. I said, "Hey, do me a favor, I'm talking to Mark about something. Let me finish up here—we're just about done—and then I'll leave and you guys can have your meeting." Sean talked for another minute and then went out and waited. I left and she came back in and talked with Mark. I don't know what happened after that. But it was wild and totally eccentric and great fun. I'll tell you something: If the woman could bottle that drive with a sense of humor, she'd be unstoppable.

PLAYBOY: Is the sense of humor missing?

KEATON: For the most part, yes. She's talented, but talent notwithstanding, I laughed very hard after that. It was one of those great Hollywood moments.

PLAYBOY: Young's campaign to become Catwoman—she dressed the part on Joan Rivers' TV show—received a good deal of attention. Did she do anything beyond that?

KEATON: Lots, yes, but I didn't really see it, so I'm not gonna say what it was.

PLAYBOY: How did Michelle Pfeiffer feel when finally asked to do the role?

KEATON: At the time, she was preparing to do a movie. I'm sure that what happened—I haven't actually asked her—was that Michelle said, "OK, send me the script," read it and felt it was not to be passed up. Her name could have popped up just as easily and just as fast as Annette Bening's. In a weird way, she was the most obvious choice, if you think of it. I think it's going to end up being one of those cases where Michelle turns out to be the only actress who could have played Catwoman. She's so good.

PLAYBOY: It's difficult to recognize you beneath all the makeup and costuming in *Batman* and *Beetlejuice*. Do you like being unrecognizable?

KEATON: No, not consciously, but there's great fun in that. On a very primary level, dressing up wild is kind of where it all starts. When I was five or six, I began doing things like putting on silly hats, making faces, combing my hair crazy and walking in ways that looked stupid. I cut out Hershey-bar wrappers because they were just the right tone for Elvis sideburns. I used to lick them and stick them on and perform for the family.

PLAYBOY: Was that your role as a child?

KEATON: Only in the sense that when I was a kid, I received a lot of attention because I was the youngest of four brothers and three sisters. Early on, I established that I was pretty imaginative and funny. Families always look to the youngest child for that. All my brothers and sisters were quick-witted and creative, but they all knew that, ultimately, they were going to have to find jobs. They never had the opportunity to follow a looser lifestyle like I did. While I was growing up, they were moving out of the house, which made the financial burden on my parents lighter. As a result, I didn't grow up telling myself, "I better forget about any fun aspirations I have. Eventually, I'll have to think about a job."

PLAYBOY: When did you become aware of that?

KEATON: By the time I was eight years old, I knew I'd never have a straight job. And I always assumed I'd live in New York City. I would watch old gangster movies on television, and New York is where gangsters all seemed to live. I used to think that crime made more sense for me. I figured that what Jimmy Cagney did was a lot smarter than getting up, going to work, coming home and having dinner. And sometimes what I do feels criminal, so I guess I kind of achieved that.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you first sense that performing might someday become part of your life?

KEATON: Probably when I was about thirteen and attending Saint Malachy's, a classic Catholic grade school full of colorful, funny guys. I'd watch things on TV and compare notes with my buddies. The next day we'd do *Get Smart* or imitate Richard Pryor, which usually got us in trouble with the nuns. But I recognized that something was happening there.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

KEATON: When the nuns punished us, I knew they thought we were funny and that a lot of them liked us. Not the older sisters—they didn't have a clue about what was going on. But the younger sisters were kind of hip to us, and that was encouraging. And their punishments weren't meanspirited. They would ask us to come up in front of the class and sing a song. The first few times I did that, I got embarrassed and my face turned beet red. But I remember that at some point I said to myself, "I have to sing *Mary Had a Little Lamb*? Fine, but don't expect me to hang my head and mumble." I belted that sucker out.

PLAYBOY: Were you a defiant kid?

KEATON: Yeah, there was some defiance there. But I wasn't nearly as gutsy as some of the other guys. They would yell and scream at the nuns and actually push them around. Which wasn't too smart: The nuns would kick their asses.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a tough school. Did you get into a lot of fights?

KEATON: Actually, yes, but I wasn't necessarily all that tough. I was scrappy and I established my position.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in a poor town just outside of Pittsburgh. Was your childhood especially severe?

KEATON: Oh, no, in most ways Robinson Township was a terrific place to grow up because there was so much going on. My dad, for instance, always hunted when he was a kid, so my brothers and I all hunted. After school, with a couple of hours of light left on those fall afternoons, I'd throw on a hunting jacket that was handed down through three other brothers—the kind you can now buy in Ralph Lauren for about four hundred dollars. My shotguns were also hand-me-downs. I started out with a little .410 single-barreled shotgun and then graduated to a .20-gauge double-barrel. I'd grab my gun and a bloodstained game bag and take off, sometimes with a dog, usually not. I still remember what the sun looked like, what the ground felt like, what the leaves smelled like in the woods. You can hunt legally in Pennsylvania when you're twelve years old, and when I was thirteen or so, my dad would let me go out by myself. I think I was one lucky dude—not too many kids have that. All of that started to end as I was growing up. It seemed like the whole area became a development. But there are still some things about it that haven't changed.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

KEATON: About seven years ago, I went back to see some of my friends from high school. Mostly, we played basketball and went drinking. One night we went to a private after-hours place called the Polish Falcon's Club. Me and some of the guys were in there late, drinking and talking, and there's old Father O'Connor in there with us—doing shots, pouring 'em back. I started drinking straight whiskey when I was fifteen, and I could drink far more of it then than I can now. My friends and I drank a lot; you come from Pittsburgh, that's what you do.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you spent your high school years—drinking and getting into trouble?

KEATON: Yeah, but we were never malicious. We were just running around being guys. At fifteen, I quit playing sports and started chasing girls, which is all fine. That's OK. I just wish I could have had somebody around to say, "Everything you're doing is totally cool, but there are all these other things you can be good at, like school." To this day, if I have one major resentment, it's about teachers. When I look back at my high school years, I feel totally cheated. I think all kids are cheated. Most of the teachers were a joke, and I think most of the teachers across the country are in it because they can't do anything else. Yet we still ask kids to be enthusiastic—based on what? We still ask kids to be good students—based on what?

PLAYBOY: You didn't have any teachers who fired up your imagination?

KEATON: When I was fourteen—by then I was already spiraling downward—I had a wonderful English teacher named Mr. Whitehead who liked a short story I wrote for his class. One day he called me over and said, "You know that story you wrote? I sent it to a youth magazine to see if I can get it published for you." Well, let me tell you: My fucking world changed for the next two weeks. I couldn't believe it! Nothing ever happened with the story, but he was the first guy who got me even close to the idea of drama. And then I forgot about it until I was nineteen.

PLAYBOY: What happened then?

KEATON: I was going to Robert Morris College in Pittsburgh and took a course called Introduction to Drama, taught by a man named Tom Gaydos. Mr. Gaydos spoke with a commanding voice and taught us how to read drama. That sounds simple, but I'd never read anything before that was strictly dialog.

PLAYBOY: Did you do any performing in class?

KEATON: No, I wasn't ready for that. To me, that was all part of the arty, bullshit group my friends and I made fun of. The next year, I went off to Kent State and was in a little play there, but I still didn't accept the theater crowd or become a part of it. The theater kids—people always referred to us as kids, which right away bothered me—were nice enough, but they weren't my kind of people.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

KEATON: A lot of the guys were gay. I'm not proud of this at all, but the truth of the matter is that we ridiculed the whole group. Even the women weren't interesting to me, and what's odd about that was that theater girls were notoriously easy. I had a friend who was doing plays, and theater girls were the only reason he did plays. He kept telling me that and I kept missing the point. I thought I saw some sort of art in it, so I acted.

PLAYBOY: Did you like being onstage?

KEATON: Yeah, but there was no magical thing that I understand happens to certain people. At that time, I was as interested in writing as I was in performing, and that's when a lot of stuff started kicking in. At that point, I quit school, began working for a public TV station in Pittsburgh and started hanging around some theater groups in town.

PLAYBOY: Did you finally begin going out with theater girls?

KEATON: Absolutely! You want me to wear tights? Will it get me laid? Bring me the tights! I was in some plays and musical reviews and did standup comedy in a couple clubs in Pittsburgh. It was an interesting time for me.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel as though you were making your move?

KEATON: You know when I really knew that? When I was twenty-two, I spent a summer at Chinle, Arizona, on the Navaho reservation. A girl in this review had a boyfriend who had worked in a school out there. I remember her telling me about it backstage and I found it a very interesting thing to do. I called the school, got a summer job teaching drama out there, quit the show and flew to Farmington, New Mexico. When I got there, I was picked up in a jeep by a big Navaho guy named Percy Joe. I'd never been West before and I wasn't ready for the amount of physical space out there, so a sense of agoraphobia immediately set in. I arrived late in the afternoon, and by the time we got to the school, it was dark—and the sky had lit up. I honestly didn't know there were that many stars in the sky. I was overwhelmed and noticed that my heart was beating a lot faster. Turned out to be one of the single greatest things I ever did in my life.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KEATON: A couple of reasons, one being that I learned firsthand what it's like to be a minority, which was a strong experience. The Navahos didn't give a shit that we were there, and good for them. Their reaction to the Anglo teachers who showed up—most were missionary types—was, "This is all very nice, but do you expect us to thank God you're here?" I ran into some reverse prejudice, but I also got into long conversations with the Navahos and came away knowing that we have to allow these people to regain the self-esteem that we helped to fuck up and take away. It's just a matter of understanding and then moving on, as opposed to doing this patronizing thing that drives me crazy.

PLAYBOY: What patronizing thing are you referring to?

KEATON: The idea that Native Americans are enlightened beings more in tune with nature and the earth than anybody else. This has to be said carefully: The general perception that whites now have about Native Americans is based on things like *Dances with Wolves*. I really liked the movie, but it had nothing to do with the way things were or are. The reality of the Navahos' lives is that they live in poverty that's as bad as anything I've ever seen in Mexico or Ireland. That's what we have to concentrate on, and not the whole fucking white liberal myth we have about them.

PLAYBOY: What was the other reason that that summer was so valuable to you?

KEATON: I got totally blown away walking around these mesas and the desert for the summer. All the usual stimuli were gone. I was out in the middle of nowhere with nothing to do and nowhere to go except inside myself. That's when things started to come into focus for me. I started to tell myself that I had to follow my heart. When I came back to Pittsburgh, I had a clear view of what I wanted to do: I knew I was going to be an actor and I was excited about having a goal. I worked two jobs and saved up my money because I realized that I was going to move.

PLAYBOY: To Hollywood?

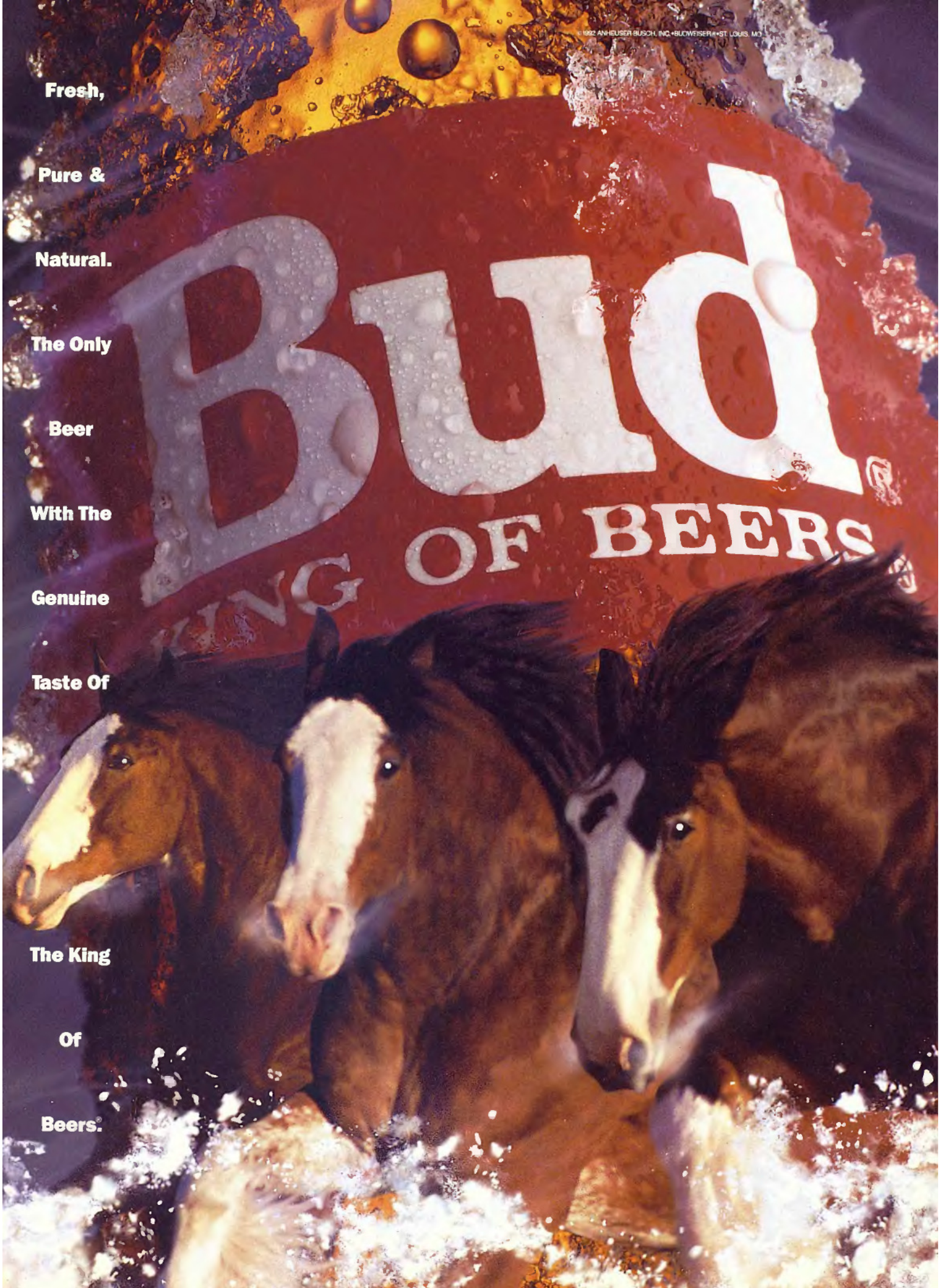
KEATON: No, the logical thing for me was to go to New York, study acting during the day and work the comedy clubs at night. For most of the next year, I ran up there on weekends, stayed with actor friends from Pittsburgh and got onstage a couple of times at the Improv and Catch a Rising Star. I still think that plan could have worked, but then a buddy who had moved to Los Angeles convinced me there were more opportunities for me there than in New York. So in 1975, I went West.

PLAYBOY: How long after that did your career begin to take off?

KEATON: I started getting some television work a little more than a year after I got out here. I played a hip joke writer for the President on a sitcom called *All's Fair*. By then, I was part of a couple of comedy workshops—Betty Thomas of Second City ran a good one—and I started doing standup at the Comedy Store.

PLAYBOY: Care to tell us about Louis the Incredible Dancing Chicken?

KEATON: You know, people often come up to me and say, "Excuse me, please explain Louis the Incredible Dancing Chicken to me." Actually, no, they don't. When I first started out, I went through a period of using props, including a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rubber chicken. To be honest with you, I can't remember what that bit was—I've probably blocked it. Louis the Incredible Dancing Chicken lasted fifteen or twenty seconds onstage one night and then I threw it out—it was really pretty stupid. The worst thing about being a prop comedian, I discovered from that one experience, is that if you die—and the odds are certainly in your favor of dying—you have to stay onstage that much longer to gather up all your props while the audience stares at you in silence. I've seen it happen to many a prop comedian. So I concentrated on set pieces.

PLAYBOY: How did you do as a standup comic?

KEATON: For a while, the word on me was that I was "too hip for the room," so I started making it work for a broader audience. Most of the things I did were conceptual pieces that were really tiny one-act plays with a few jokes thrown in. One of the first was a piece on the auditions for *Taxi Driver*, which gave me the chance to play three or four characters, as opposed to saying, "I need a joke here, I need a joke there." I love great jokes. If I had one that I thought was a little gem, I'd pepper it, as they say. But I don't think I ever believed I was in standup for the long run, though the more I did it, the more I loved it and the better I got at it. But I never did it long enough to get *great* at it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

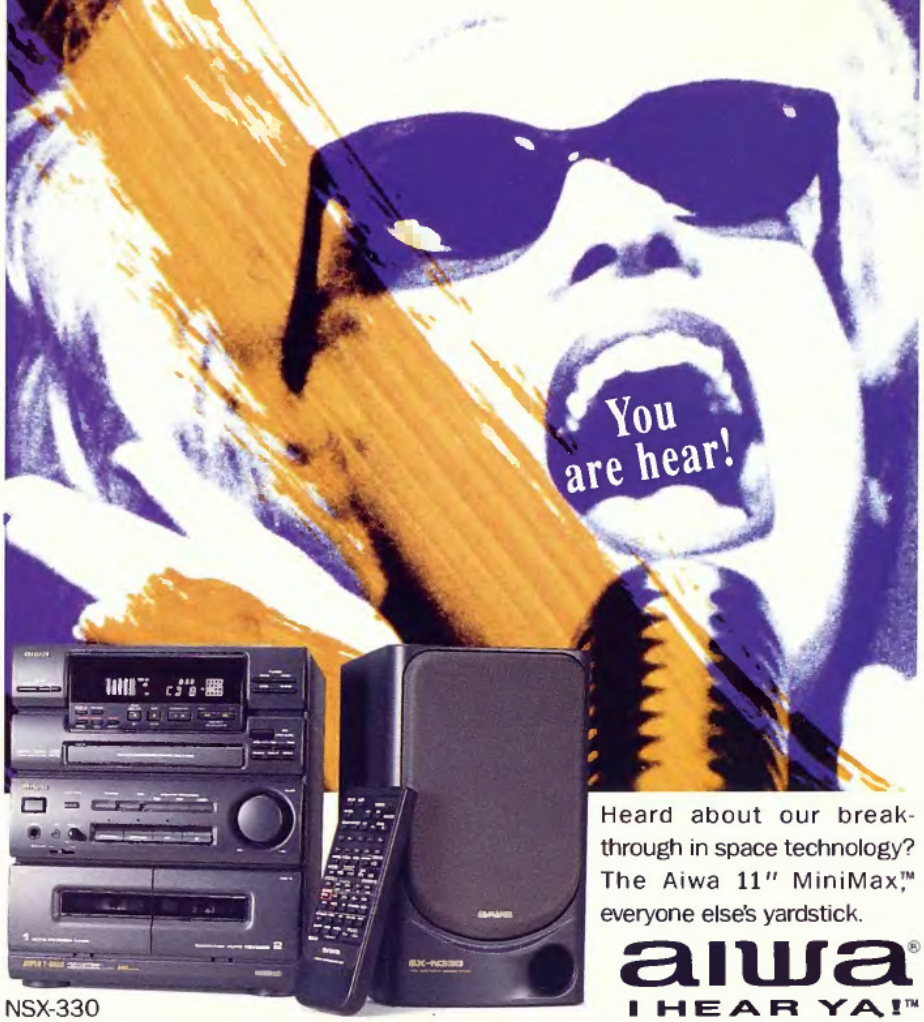
KEATON: I consciously removed myself from that scene and that world. I didn't want to be identified as a comedian-actor. I wanted to be perceived as an actor, period. I guess I really wanted to be taken seriously. Boy, do I hate that expression, but that's all I wanted at its most basic level, to be taken seriously. In retrospect, it worked, but sometimes I think I could have done all the standup I wanted and my career wouldn't have been affected in any way.

PLAYBOY: In the late Seventies, you were in a string of TV series that bombed, including two Mary Tyler Moore shows and *Working Stiffs*, in which you and Jim Belushi played janitors. How discouraging was all that?

KEATON: I didn't get frustrated until I did a series called *Report to Murphy*, because that was my own show and I owned a piece of it. Before that, it didn't matter to me. But if *Report to Murphy* had been a hit, I could have made a ton of money and I would have become a household name. I was a little shattered when it was canceled, but by then, *Night Shift* was ready to come out. I wanted to do both, to have my own TV series and also do movies.

PLAYBOY: What kind of expectations did you have for *Night Shift*?

KEATON: Oh, I was psyched and thought what everybody thinks in that situation: I'm in a movie! I sure hope I'm good in



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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it so I can be in other movies! Really that simple.

PLAYBOY: Was doing it that simple?

KEATON: Mmmm . . . no. When we started filming, the producers wanted to fire me. They didn't get what I was doing the first few days. I was kind of wild and appeared to be unfocused, but that was because the character I played, Billy Blaze, was hyperactive and unfocused. They were used to a conventional kind of rhythm, and I was doing rock-and-roll comedy. I thought I was on the right road so I stuck to it, and then I started getting a lot of good feedback from them and from [director] Ron Howard. *Night Shift* wasn't a major-major movie—it was an infield hit as opposed to a clean single—but it made a profit and I was offered a lot of movies as a result of it.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall any movies that you turned down?

KEATON: Ron Howard wanted me for the role Tom Hanks did in *Splash*, but I wasn't interested in playing that particular character. I also turned down the Richard Dreyfuss part in *Stakeout*. It was shot in Vancouver and I didn't want to be away from my son. Let me say that I think that Dreyfuss is probably one of our most intelligent actors, which is one reason he's so good. I liked the *Stakeout* script a lot, and I think I would have kicked that role right in the ass, but I just had to give it up. At the time I thought I was missing out on something. Anyway, I did *Mr. Mom*, and that movie really put me up there.

PLAYBOY: Was that easier for you to do than *Night Shift*?

KEATON: No, it was much, much harder. I wasn't working with people whom I related to as well or as easily. There was a lot of fighting and disagreeing, and they wanted to get rid of me on that one, too. I think [producer] Aaron Spelling wanted to make a kind of TV movie version of an ineffective, asexual kind of guy hanging around the house doing silly things. It was bullshit, and people wouldn't have gone to see it. I was *sure* there was a funny movie in there, and I knew I was right in not allowing my character to be a bumbling househusband. Having said that, I can tell you that when we finished it, I had no idea the movie would become a big hit.

PLAYBOY: In combination with *Night Shift*, *Mr. Mom* made you the hottest comedy actor in Hollywood. But after those two, you appeared in a string of losers. Were you worried that you might turn out to be a flash in the pan?

KEATON: No, not at all, probably because I wasn't too career conscious back then. I was just going from one movie to the next, making a lot of money and living great. When something failed, it was disappointing, but it didn't throw me.

PLAYBOY: Were you thrown when Woody Allen fired you from *The Purple Rose of Cairo*?

KEATON: I was a little bit embarrassed, but something like that will always feel embarrassing. I was clearly seduced by what Woody Allen had previously done because, truthfully, the *Purple Rose* character wasn't very interesting on paper. But I took the part of the matinee idol—the one Jeff Daniels wound up playing—because I thought something would come of it. Several weeks after I started working on the picture, we got to a point where it looked like I wasn't going to be very good—and that's what I was thinking. Apparently, Allen was feeling this more strongly than I was, because he called and he was very nice about it. Woody Allen doesn't talk a lot. He told me, "I really feel icky about this whole situation, but I don't think this is working out." I don't know what he said next because I was still working on "icky." I could hear a cheerleader in Fort Worth saying, "This field is just too icky to cheer on." He was uncomfortable and genuinely seemed to feel badly, and that was that. But it didn't crush me as it might have if I thought I was in something terrific.

PLAYBOY: Did you go see *The Purple Rose of Cairo*?

KEATON: Yes, I did. Not a great movie. I felt a whole lot of sweat dry up on my forehead, but I honestly didn't shout "See!" Had I felt mistreated, I would have said a lot more to the screen and to the world than "See!"

PLAYBOY: What were you saying to yourself when your next several movies didn't go anywhere?

KEATON: I told myself I had to go about choosing them differently. After *Johnny Dangerously*, *Gung Ho*, *Touch and Go* and *The Squeeze*, things pretty much dried up for me. I was still getting offers, but they just weren't as good, and I started backing away from pictures. I had to pick carefully now, and I was catching on to what happens: Do a couple of bombs and you don't get the good offers, so you really have to watch what you say yes to. And then I started falling into *that* particular trap where somebody would say, "Hey, wanna do this movie?" and I'd go, "Uh, let me look at it. Wait a minute—let me look at it again. I don't know. I don't think so." I was too nervous about the whole thing. What I finally did, thank God, was tell myself, "Hey, throw all this stuff out the window. You think *Beetlejuice*"—that was the next movie I was considering—"will be really good? Then do it. True, you may fail again, but you may not. Forget about success or failure. Just get back to what you do, which is acting."

But the selection process is harder now than it's ever been. And it'll keep getting harder because so much attention is put on how much money a movie makes. That's a legitimate concern. And if you're an actor, it transfers to you in how responsible you're going to be for the success or failure of a movie. So I have to think about that, and that ain't much fun. But I've decided not to make it a pain in the ass; I've developed a

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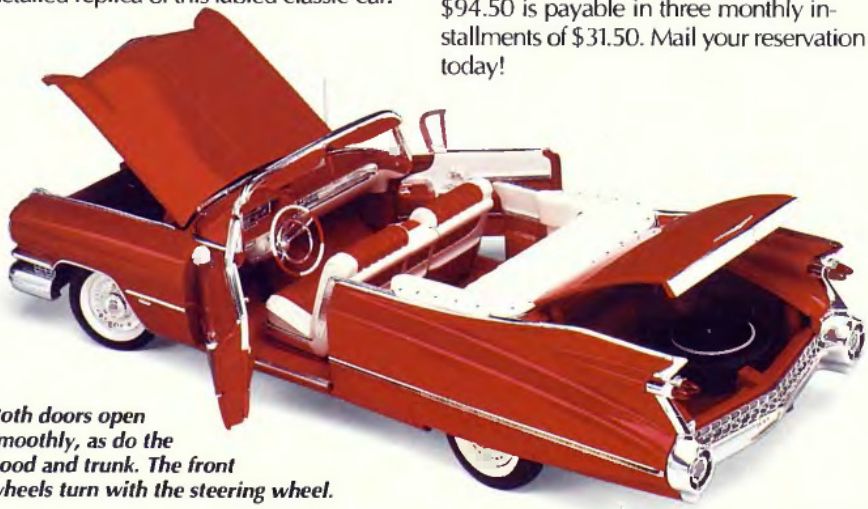

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certain amount of perspective.

So after *Beetlejuice*, I was offered *Clean and Sober* and went for it, even though I knew that if I didn't do it correctly, I'd be a dead man.

PLAYBOY: Before playing a yuppie coke freak in that film, every movie you'd made—with the exception of *Touch and Go*, a love story—was a comedy. What attracted you to do *Clean and Sober*?

KEATON: It was like a big hunk of meat on my plate. I felt like a cartoon wolf seated at a table with a napkin tied around my neck, a fork in one hand, a knife in the other, and with my tongue hanging down and a little drop of saliva flying off to the side. When I read the script, I said, "I can really dig into this thing." There was just so much to sit down to. But I was still trying to be too careful about my choices, and at first I didn't want to play a guy whom I didn't really like. But then I realized I was thinking the wrong way, so I just dove in.

PLAYBOY: You received the National Society of Film Critics Award for best actor after doing *Clean and Sober*. Did that encourage you to go after other dramatic roles?

KEATON: Sure it did, but that was always my plan. I think I'm capable of becoming a great actor, but mostly I think I'm just a very good actor who's been lucky. I love my career because I'm also technically a movie star. Yet I don't feel like a movie star in the sense that Tom Cruise, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Kevin Costner are movie stars. And I'm not. I think if early on I'd picked some more movie-star-type pictures, maybe there would have been more of that.

PLAYBOY: In *Pacific Heights*, you played a villainous psychopath. Do you think you have a special aptitude for that?

KEATON: Well, I hadn't played evil and heartless before, and any actor will tell you that's always fun. But it was also frightening and it scared me. It made me sit down and think about myself long and hard. I'm proud of my heritage, which is essentially Scotch-Irish with some German and maybe a little English thrown in somewhere. Unfortunately, that part of the world also passes on something very dark and cold. The Irish are a people of words and spirit, but they have a thing about shame that's sent itself down through generations. I grew up with a certain amount of that, and I hate it. There's some meanness in my heritage, and as proud as I am of the Irish, I'll be the first to tell you they can make you sick with their indulgence. Ever see *The Field*, a movie with Richard Harris? Every frame is filled with angst, suffering and people weeping and screaming. The Irish revel in that kind of excess. You could probably trace that back to some wild Viking who landed on the shores of Scotland or Ireland.

PLAYBOY: Let's stay with *Pacific Heights* for another minute. Aside from allowing you to play your first bad guy, what else did that movie do for you?

KEATON: It was the first time I experimented with going to work relaxed and just letting it happen. I'd never done that before, and something told me it was time to try it. I didn't have a lot of experience really internalizing a performance, and to a certain degree it worked. I really respect actors who do that well. The best example I can give you is Jeremy Irons in *Reversal of Fortune*. I aspire to that kind of grace. Again, it comes down to that question of choosing pictures. So with *Batman Returns*, once more I find myself in a position that I really like and also wonder about, which is: Now what?

PLAYBOY: Ever since the cameras started rolling on *Batman Returns*, Hollywood observers have been predicting that it will be the biggest movie of the summer and maybe of the year. Do you agree?

KEATON: Well, I can tell you that there's a lot more of everything in this one than there was in *Batman* and that the Penguin is far more evil than the Joker was. But other than that, I really don't know. One of the reasons I hesitate to talk a lot about what I do and the medium in which I work is that I honestly don't know much about them. And I'm not being humble here, because there are things I *do* know a lot about and don't feel at all constrained to discuss. But I just don't know that much about acting and movies. Most people who've done the amount of work I've done think they know a lot about it. Usually, when I read what they have to say, I find them totally pretentious and incorrect, so I hesitate to say anything because I think I'm still figuring out a lot of things.

PLAYBOY: What things?

KEATON: I don't think I've done enough movies to say wholeheartedly, specifically and unequivocally certain things about acting. I don't know enough about it. Some areas I do. I trust my instincts and my intelligence to figure out the best way to portray a character, but a lot of times I know I don't have definitive answers. There's only a handful—probably *less* than a handful—of people who do. Talk to guys like Coppola, Scorsese and Fellini, they'll tell you all about film making. Most everybody else is full of shit.

PLAYBOY: It's now been ten years since you appeared in your first movie. Did you ever imagine you would come so far so fast?

KEATON: Oh, man, I'm light-years ahead of where I thought I'd be. I'll let you in on something: If, in the beginning, someone had said to me, "You're going to play a heroic character from pulp fiction, and while you'll be popular and successful in America, the rest of the world will know you only as Batman. Can you live with that?" I'd have said, "Yeah, I can handle it." And I can.

The only part I don't like is what happened when I went fishing in Patagonia, on the southern tip of South America just before you hit Tierra del Fuego. It takes about fifteen hours—not counting stops in Miami and Buenos Aires—to fly down there. After the plane lands, there's an hour-and-a-half drive to a hotel, and then another forty-minute drive to the place where you're going to fish—great trout-fishing there. You get the picture? Not a lot of folks around. Patagonia is probably one of the most deserted sections of civilized land mass in the world. Anyway, I was fishing on the river, watching my fly float on the water, and time was passing. I saw this trout working its way upstream and I was trying to catch him. A couple of hours went by and then I started to *feel* something. I looked back, and there were eleven kids standing behind me on the riverbank—they'd heard I was in town. It was kind of sweet, but it was also a little disappointing. It's pretty hard for me to get lost, but in another ten years, if I go fishing again in Patagonia and I don't see anybody on the riverbank, I'll probably turn around and yell, "Hey, where *are* you guys?"

PLAYBOY: Aside from acting—and fishing in Patagonia—are there any other things you would prefer to be doing?

KEATON: Periodically, there are about a hundred things I'd rather be doing, and that's one of my problems. I'm so bad at managing my time that I miss a lot of opportunities. But I keep myself real busy because I figure I'm here for about a flash. One of the things I like to do best is to stare at the moon. I'm totally in love with it, but not on any scientific level. It's sexy, it's mysterious, it's beautiful, it only comes out at night: The moon is all the great things that the sun isn't. I have a ranch in Montana and the last time I was there, I was driving home at night on this gravel road, and the sky was filled with stars on top of stars. Some of them were actually telling other stars, "Can you get out of the way for a minute? I can't see the earth from here." Above them all was a full moon. When I came across a rise that looks down into an enormous valley, I stopped my truck. I told myself I'd be a fool not to relax for five minutes and take a peek at all that, so I parked the truck, climbed up on the roof and just laid there looking up at the sky. I'm not always this homey and earthy and swell. And what really happened when I looked up was that I saw the face of God looking down at me. He said, "What the hell are you doing on the roof of your truck? Go home and go to bed!" So I did.

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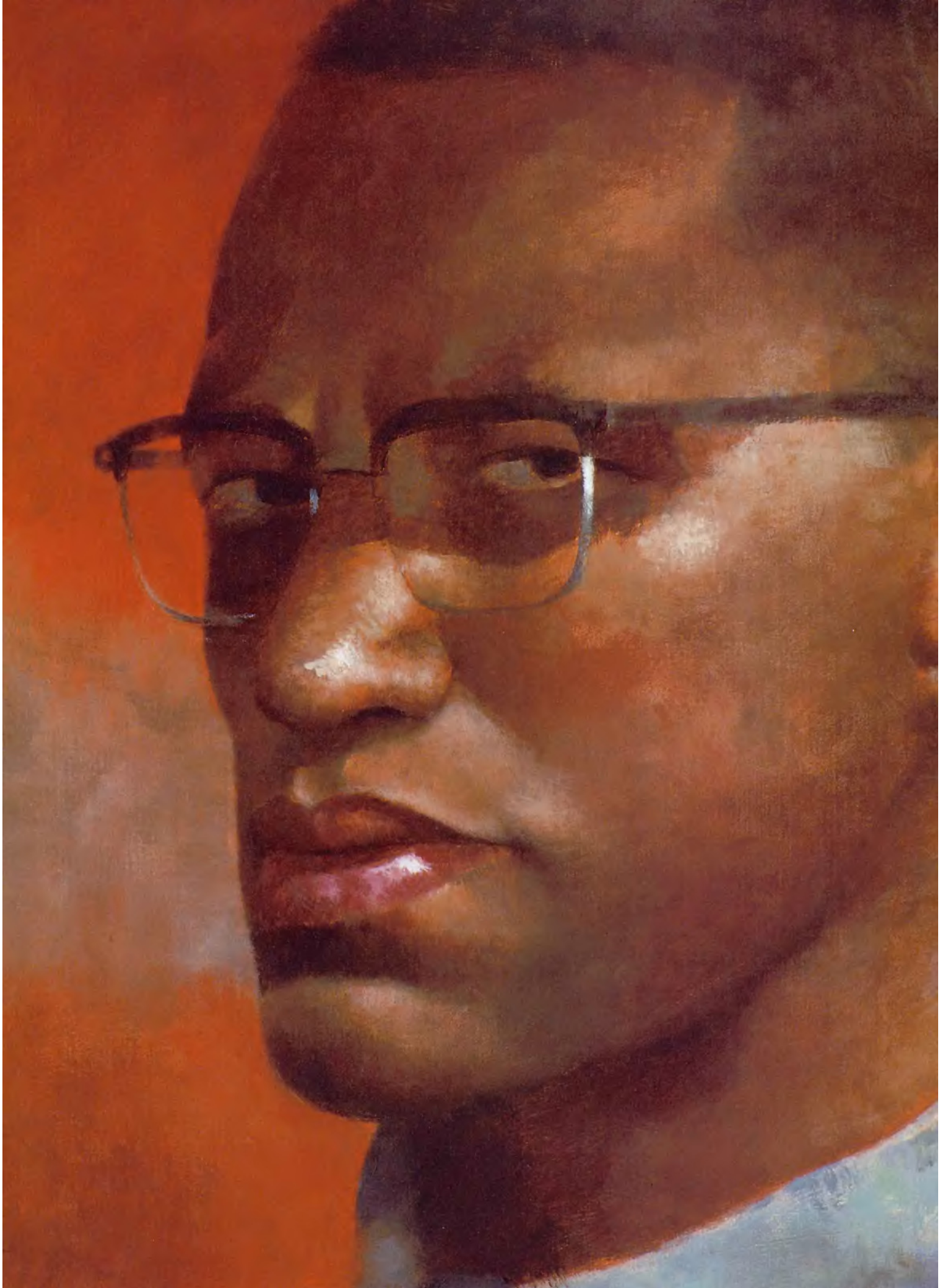

MALCOLM X REMEMBERED

as rappers, historians and spike lee lay claim to the martyred black leader, his late friend and biographer recalls the man

In the summer of 1991, Playboy *commissioned Alex Haley to write a memoir about Malcolm X. Haley was the ideal candidate for the assignment. He had ghostwritten "The Autobiography of Malcolm X" and conducted* Playboy*'s historic 1963 interview with him.*

As always, Haley delivered his manuscript to us letter-perfect and on time. He died six months later (see "In Memoriam: Alex Haley," page 159). Here, then, is the Pulitzer Prize–winning author's final contribution to Playboy*, a fitting remembrance both of the author and of his subject.*

It was a cold gray day in February 1965, and I was trudging along a grimy sidewalk in the heart of Harlem, one among 20,000 mourners who would pay their last respects to the man who lay in state on a flower-decked bier several blocks away inside the Faith Temple Church of God in Christ. The news of his assassination by at least three black gunmen during a speech at the Audubon Ballroom sent shock waves through black America, sparked threats of race rioting and rumors of conspiracy.

As I finally gazed inside the bronze coffin, I realized that I had never met anyone who had been quite so vividly alive as the man whose body now

article by

ALEX HALEY

PAINTING BY BRAD HOLLAND

lay before me. I found myself reliving the unforgettable moment when we had met five years before.

The Lost-Found Nation of Islam, an extremist religious sect headed by Messenger Elijah Muhammad, had been winning converts in the black community for its militant embrace of racial separatism and self-reliance—and also alienating the white community with its confrontational hostility. The media had discovered the Black Muslims, and I was assigned by *Reader's Digest* to write an article about them. The man I would have to see was their fearsome chief of staff who called himself minister Malcolm X. I was told he didn't have an office or a listed telephone number, but that I'd probably find him at the Muslim restaurant next door to Harlem's Temple Seven.

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When I walked into the restaurant and explained my business, I didn't have to wait long. Within a few moments, a tall, tightly coiled man with reddish-brown hair and skin loomed beside my table, his brown eyes skewering me from behind horn-rimmed glasses. "I am minister Malcolm X," he said coldly. "You say you are a journalist, but we both know you're nothing more than a tool for the white man, sent here to spy." It was pointless to protest, so I showed him my letter of assignment, assuring him that the piece I wrote would be balanced and objective. Laughing, he said, "No white man's promise is worth the paper it's printed on." He then told me that I would have to be personally approved by Elijah Muhammad at Muhammad's home in Chicago before he would consider extending his cooperation.

I went and apparently I passed muster, because approval was granted. My story was printed the way I wrote it, and Elijah Muhammad sent me a letter expressing his appreciation that I had kept my promise to be fair. I also received a call from Malcolm X, who seemed pleasantly surprised that I hadn't betrayed them. But when I called back several months later with a request from *Playboy* for an interview with him, Malcolm X was reluctant to take the spotlight. He consented only on the condition that the editors understand he would speak not as a so-called celebrity but simply as a humble witness to the wisdom of his spiritual leader. Malcolm also demanded that the magazine print whatever he said without expurgation. The editors' reply: Agreed, as long as Malcolm answered every question he was asked. Fair enough, Malcolm said, and we had a deal.

The interviews were conducted over a two-week period, mostly at a secluded table in the Muslim restaurant. Serious-looking black men with close-cropped hair and wearing white shirts and black bow ties sat at nearby tables listening intently to every word. Our talk sessions crackled like electricity as I picked my way through the minefield of Malcolm's mind, trying to ask tough questions without antagonizing him to the point of jeopardizing the interviews. I knew without asking that even the sight of a tape recorder would terminate the assignment, and the discovery of one on my person could terminate my career, so I copied down in longhand every word that Malcolm said—as fast as I could go, unable to believe what I was hearing or that *Playboy* would dare to print it. A typical excerpt from the transcript:

PLAYBOY: How do you justify the announcement you made last year that Allah had brought you "the good news" that one hundred and twenty white Atlantans had just been killed in an air crash en route to America from Paris?

MALCOLM X: Sir, as I see the law of justice, it says as you sow, so shall you reap. The white man has reveled as the rope snapped black men's necks. He has reveled around the lynching fire. It's only right for the black man's true God, Allah, to defend us—and for us to be joyous because our God manifests his ability to inflict pain on our enemy. We Muslims believe that the white race, which is guilty of having oppressed and exploited and enslaved our people here in America, should be and will be the victims of God's divine wrath.

PLAYBOY: Then you consider it impossible for the white man to be anything but an exploiter in his relations with the Negro?

MALCOLM X: White people are born devils by nature. They don't become so by deeds. If you never put popcorn in a skillet, it will still be popcorn. Put the heat to it, it will pop.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe white people are genetically inferior to black people?

MALCOLM X: Thoughtful white people know they are inferior to black people. Anyone who has studied the genetic phase of biology knows that white is considered recessive and black is considered dominant. When you want strong coffee, you ask for black coffee. If you want it light, you want it weak, integrated with white milk. Just like these Negroes who weaken themselves and their race by integrating and intermixing with whites. If you want bread with no nutritional value, you ask for white bread. All the good that was in it has been bleached out of it and it will constipate you. If you want pure flour, you ask for dark flour, whole-wheat flour. If you want pure sugar, you want dark sugar.

PLAYBOY: If all whites are devilish by nature, do you view all black men—with the exception of their non-Muslim leaders—as fundamentally angelic?

MALCOLM X: No, there is plenty wrong with Negroes. They have no society. They're robots, automatons. No minds of their own. I hate to say that, but it's the truth. They are a black body with a white brain. Like Frankenstein's monster. The top part is your bourgeois Negro. He's your integrator. He's not interested in his poor black brothers. This class to us are the fence sitters. They have one eye on the white man and the other eye on the Muslims. They'll jump whichever way they see the wind blowing.

Then there's the middle class of the Negro masses, the ones not in the ghetto, who realize that life is a struggle. They're ready to take some stand against everything that's against them.

At the bottom of the social heap is the black man in the big-city ghetto. He lives night and day with the rats and cockroaches and drowns himself with alcohol and anesthetizes himself with dope to try to forget where and what he is. That Negro has given up all hope. He's the hardest one for us to reach because he's deepest in the mud. But when you get him, you get the best kind of Muslim. Because he makes the most drastic change. He's the most fearless. He will stand the longest. He has nothing to lose, even his life, because he didn't have that in the first place. I look upon myself, sir, as a prime example of this category—and as graphic an example as you could find of the salvation of the black man.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything, in your opinion, that could be done to expedite the social and economic progress of the Negro?

MALCOLM X: First of all, the white

"Hi, dear. You're home early. How was your day?"

man must finally realize that he's the one who has committed the crimes that have produced the miserable condition our people are in. Elijah Muhammad is warning this generation of white people that they, too, face a time of harvest in which they will have to pay for the crimes committed when their forefathers made slaves of us.

But there is something the white man can do to avert this fate. He must atone. This can only be done by allowing black men to leave this land of bondage and go to a land of their own. But if he doesn't want a mass movement of our people away from this house of bondage, then he should separate this country. He should give us several states here on American soil where we can set up our own government, our own economic system, our own civilization. Since we have given over three hundred years of our slave labor to the white man's America, helped to build it up for him, it's only right that white America should give us everything we need in finance and materials for the next twenty-five years, until our own nation is able to stand on its feet. In the white world there has been nothing but slavery, suffering, death and colonialism. In the black world of tomorrow, there will be true freedom, justice and equality for all. And that day is coming, sooner than you think.

PLAYBOY: If Muslims ultimately gain control, as you predict, do you plan to bestow "true freedom" on white people?

MALCOLM X: It's not a case of what we would do, it's a case of what God would do with whites. What does a judge do with the guilty? Either the guilty atone, or God executes judgment.

The interview was incendiary stuff, but *Playboy* published it in May 1963, just the way Malcolm had given it to me. It was the most controversial interview that *Playboy* had run up to that time, and readers reacted with shock and outrage. Perhaps more importantly, the interview propelled Malcolm X—almost overnight—into the national limelight, where he proceeded to command the stage as if to the manner born.

Within months Malcolm had accepted an offer to tell his life story in a book—"to help people appreciate better how Mr. Muhammad salvages black people"—and he wanted me to help him write it. Me, not only a writer for the white press but also a practicing Christian—another Muslim anathema. Malcolm had never shown the slightest warmth toward me, nor had he volunteered a shred of information about his personal life. But perhaps after working together on a couple projects, he felt enough trust to begin telling the truth about himself.

No such luck. "I don't completely trust anyone, not even myself," he told me one night early on in the book collaboration. "You I trust about twenty-five percent." But that was before he passed a white friend of mine leaving my Greenwich Village apartment as he was coming in one evening for an interview session with me. From then on, the moment he arrived, Malcolm—convinced that the FBI was bugging us—would announce sarcastically: "Testing, one, two, three, four." He would then proceed to pace the room like a caged tiger, haranguing me nonstop for the next three or four hours while I filled my notebooks with scalding Muslim rhetoric and worshipful praise of "the Honorable Elijah Muhammad." This went on four nights a week for a month or more, with Malcolm addressing me as "Sir" and bristling with irritation whenever I tried to remind him that the book was supposed to be about him. I was almost ready to call the publisher to suggest that they either abandon the project or hire another writer, when the night arrived when we both became fed up at the same time. I had been pressing him particularly hard to open up about anything, when he threw on his coat, jerked open the front door and stormed out into the hall, his hand on the knob to slam the door shut, probably for the last time. I heard myself saying, mostly in desperation, "Mr. Malcolm, I wonder if you could tell me anything about your mother."

Malcolm stopped in his tracks and slowly came back inside. He began walking and talking almost dreamily. "It's funny you should ask me that," he said. "I remember the kind of dresses she used to wear. They were always old and gray and faded. I remember how she was always bent over the stove, trying to stretch what little we had. We stayed so hungry we were half dizzy all the time." Pure poetry. He went on that way until daybreak. I didn't have to say another word. From that night on, and for the next two years, it all came pouring out of him, the whole amazing story of his life.

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In 1929, four years after Malcolm was born to Baptist minister Earl Little and his wife, Louise, the family's home in Lansing, Michigan, was burned to the ground by white racists in retaliation for Reverend Little's involvement in Marcus Garvey's pan-African black independence movement. Two years later, Malcolm told me, Reverend Little was run over and killed in a trolley-car "accident." Mrs. Little struggled for six years to fend for herself and her eight children but finally suffered a breakdown. When she was institutionalized, the family fell apart and the children were split up.

Twelve-year-old Malcolm, living with family friends, was elected class president of his predominantly white junior high school and graduated with highest honors. But when he told a teacher he wanted to be a lawyer, the man said, "You've got to be realistic about being a nigger," and Malcolm dropped out of school.

And into a life of crime. After drifting through a series of menial jobs, he emerged with a new persona as "Detroit Red," a street hustler in Boston's black Roxbury district. From Roxbury he graduated to pimp and drug dealer in Harlem. He had moved into the big time as head of his own burglary ring, when he was arrested and sent to prison in 1946. It was during his six-year sentence that he underwent a spiritual rebirth. He gave up "the evils of tobacco, liquor, drugs, crime and the flesh of the swine" and joined the Black Muslims, abandoning his "slave name" Little and adopting a new identity as Malcolm X, minister of Islam.

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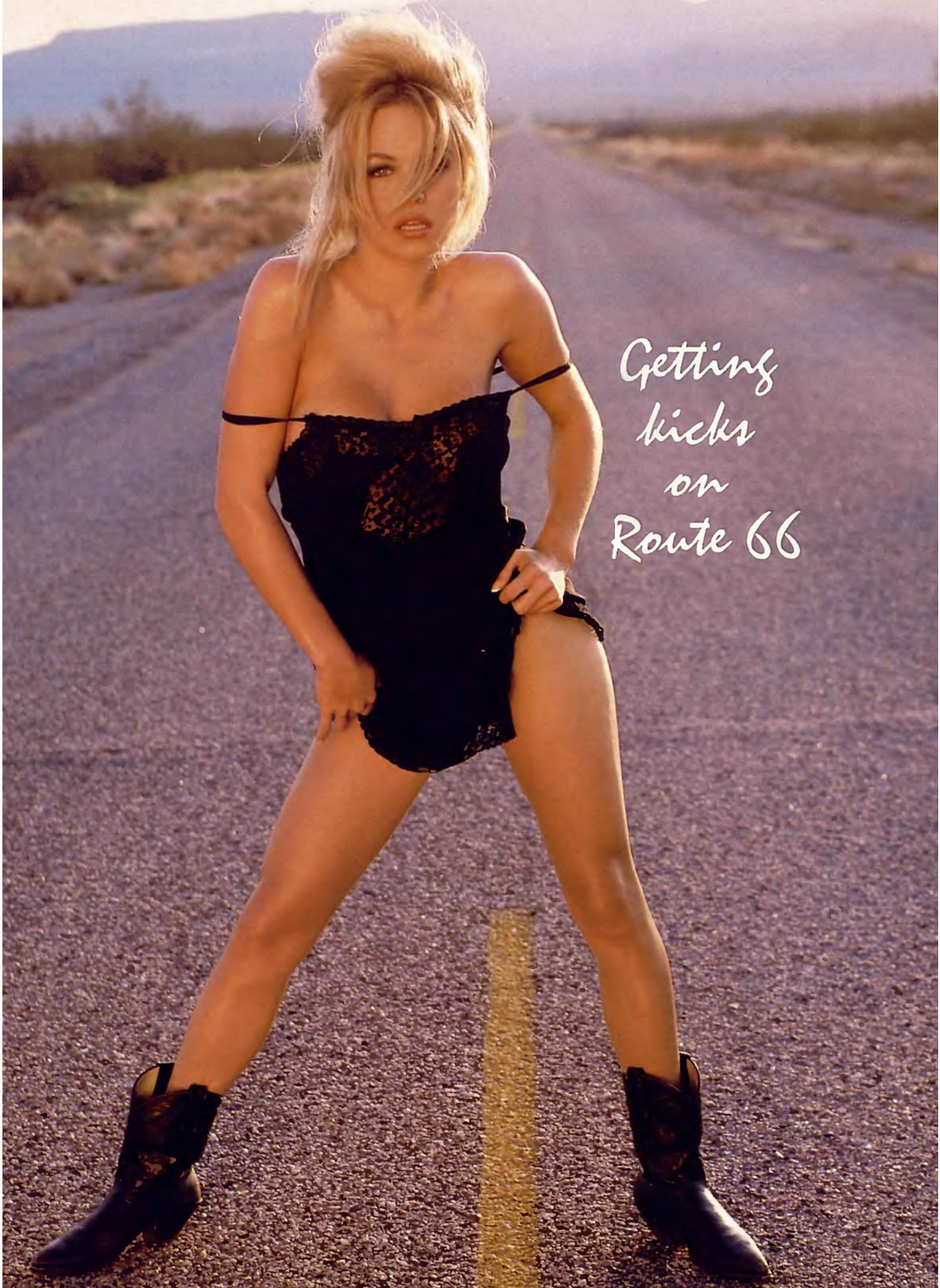
He had been preaching the gospel to a rapidly multiplying flock ever since. I didn't fully grasp how many were in the flock, or how deeply they cared about Malcolm, until he began to take me along on what he called his "daily rounds" of the Harlem streets. A matinee idol, a homeboy among his own people, Malcolm strode along the sidewalks greeting everyone he met, that angry glower he wore for the cameras softening into a boyish grin. "Brother," he told a wino amiably, "Whitey likes you drunk so he'll have an excuse to put a club upside your head." Or, "Sisters," he said with courtly charm to a group of ladies sitting on a stoop, "let me ask you something. Have you ever known one white man who didn't do something to you or take something from you?"

"I sure ain't!" one of the ladies replied, and the others burst out in laughter.

I also remember passing a raggedy

(continued on page 160)


Getting
kicks
on
Route 66

move over, thelma. look out, louise. we're going for a wild ride with *home improvement*'s pamela anderson

ONCE UPON a windswept highway on a Southwestern patch of nowhere, a woman rode her steel stallion into the orange glow of the sun. Sound mythic? Romantic? *Hollywood?* As you feast your eyes on these and the following pages, know that the woman in question is Pamela Anderson—a *Playboy* Playmate of the Month, star of a *Playboy* video and now the hottest fixture in ABC's hit sitcom *Home Improvement*. Know that the beautiful Pamela is a student of myths and fairy tales (her bookshelf boasts several well-thumbed volumes, including *Bulfinch's Mythology* and Joseph Campbell's *The Power of Myth*), an incense-and-candles romantic and a member of Hollywood's inner circles. For a few days this spring, the former small-town girl from British Columbia traveled a desert strip of Route 66—soaking up rays and giving passing motorists a roadside attraction from the land of dreams.

We hate to say we told you so, so let's just say we *showed* you. Pomelo first appeared in *Playboy* as Miss February 1990 (left); at the time, she noted that being a Playmate was "the start of something big!" Prophetic words. Shortly afterward, Miss Feb was cast as Lisa the Tool Girl (with the show's star, Tim Allen, right) in *Home Improvement*, which zoomed right to the top of the Nielsens. Pamela recently signed to co-star in *Baywatch*, which means she'll have two series running this fall. Talk about hot.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

CITY OF KINGMAN
POLICE

Autophiles will recognize Pamelo's fiery ride (left) as a 1959 Coddy—sporty, luxurious, with classic lines and plenty of power. Ditto for the turbocharged beauty we liberated from reheorsal holls ond studio sound stoges for a lost weekend in the desert. The saxophone she's toting (far right) is no mere prop: TV's Liso the Tool Girl blew a mean reed when she was growing up in western Conoda.

LUBRICATION

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ARIZONA
US
66
ARIZONA
US
66
ARIZONA
US
66

On these pages: scenes from Motel 66 in Needles, California. When she's at home in Los Angeles, Pamela studies Eastern religion, shops flea markets, cooks gourmet meals and rides a Harley. "I'm a very sexual person," she says. "Sexuality is an expression of our spirituality. Sex makes you get real."

ARIZONA
US
66

ADVENTURES IN SAFE SEX

fresh from his second divorce, our chickenhearted hero tests the sexual waters and finds he may have to settle for the breaststroke

article by

DAN GREENBURG

WHEN MY FIRST marriage ended in 1973, I found that the sexual revolution had started without me. It took me a couple of months to figure out the rules.

My second marriage ended about a year ago, and though I find that the sexual counterrevolution has started without me, I'm still not sure what the rules are. On one of my first dates as a born-again single person, I went to dinner with a woman whom I shall call Pat, who is 40, has an M.B.A. from Harvard and works as a loan officer at a midtown bank.

We had known each other previously and there seemed to be chemistry between us. At dinner we both consumed a great deal more vodka than I am usually able to handle without slumping forward into my blackened redfish. She invited me back to her place for drinks that neither of us needed.

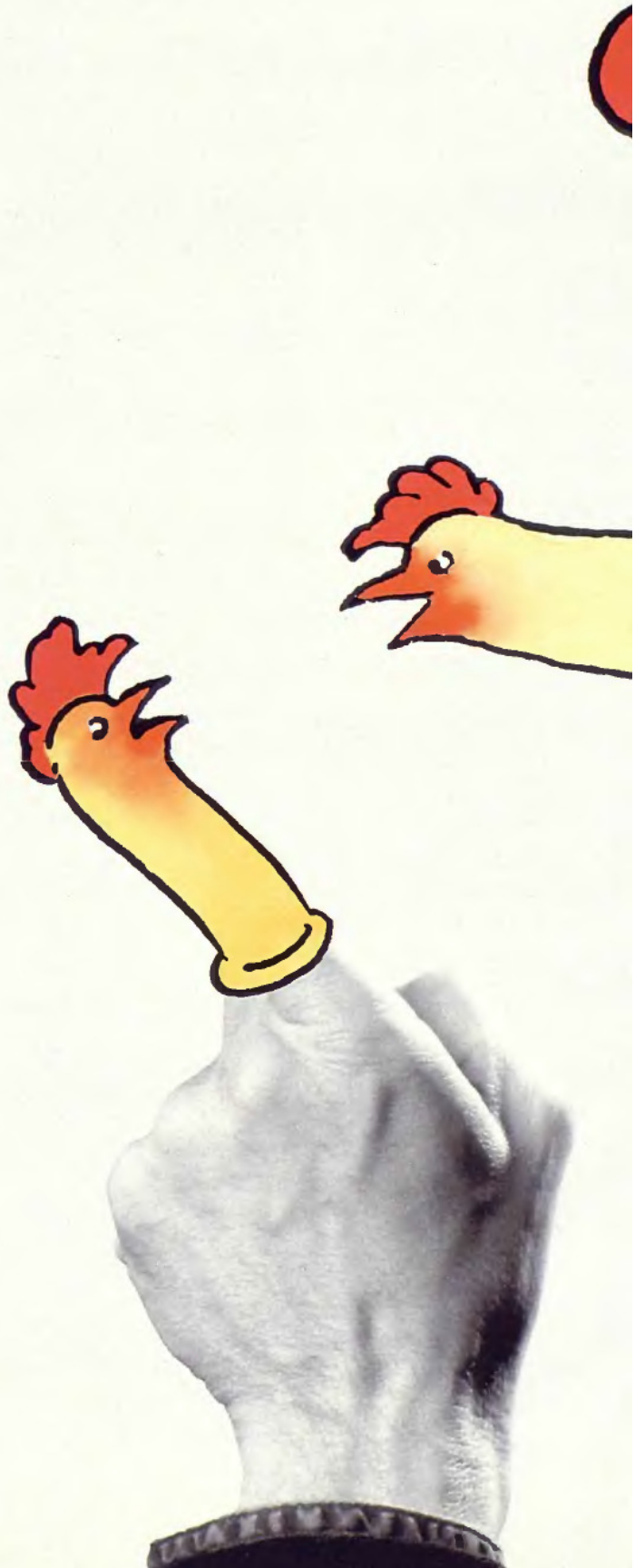
Kissing hungrily on her living-room couch, I paused for the breathless-but-seemingly-nonchalant, obligatory safe-sex conversation:

"So tell me," I asked, "have you been, um, practicing safe sex?"

"Mmm-hmm," she replied.

"Oh, good," I said.

More frenzied and breathless kissing.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANOY O'ROURKE

"And you're safe, right?"

"Yes, of course I'm safe," she said.

More activity.

"And how do you know you're safe?" I asked.

"Well," she said with a touch of irritation, "I haven't had sex for about two years. And before that I had only three lovers in about a five-year period."

"OK, good," I said.

We proceeded to complete the act on the couch. Foolishly and irresponsibly, I opted not to put on the condom I'd brought. Why? Partly because I didn't want to seem presumptuous enough to have brought one in the first place. Partly because I feared a condom might compromise my degree of rigidity, particularly with all the alcohol I had consumed. Partly because I have the same notion most men have that a condom limits sensation. And partly, I must admit, because condoms have always embarrassed me.

Relaxing afterward, I resumed the conversation.

"The, uh, three guys you had sex with so many years ago, though, are safe, too, right?"

"Right. In fact, two of them are married and I was their only . . . dalliance."

"And the third?"

"And the third we *know* is safe."

"How do we know he's safe?"

"He just had a blood test because he was worried, and it was negative."

"He was *worried*? Excuse me, but why was he worried?"

"Well, he'd been experiencing some AIDS-related symptoms and he's had a sort of bad history with women."

"A bad history with women? What do you mean a bad history with women?"

"Well, he'd, you know, hump anything that moved. But he went for the test just a short time ago and, as I say, it was negative."

It seemed pointless to bring up the fact that many people initially test negative and that a positive result can take years to surface. I recalled hearing that when you sleep with someone nowadays, you sleep with everyone they've ever slept with. I'd just found out our group had slept with a guy who'd hump anything that moved, and I wanted to transfer out of the group.

"Tell me, when you had sex with this guy, did he use a condom?"

"I didn't think it was necessary at the time."

"Would you be willing to take a blood test now?"

"Absolutely not."

"Why not?"

"I just told you. I'm safe."

When I got home, I telephoned my internist for an appointment to have a blood test. Since it was three in the morning, I got his answering service.

The next day I went to see kindly Dr. Baker and took the blood test for HIV. I asked him what he felt my chances were of contracting AIDS.

"Well," he said carefully, "assuming you avoid sex with homosexuals and intravenous-drug users, I'd say your chances of contracting AIDS are equivalent to those of being killed by bricks falling off your roof as you exit your home."

I had a fleeting worry about bricks falling off my roof. Within a few days my test came back. It was negative.

•

I began to ask everyone I met how they felt about safe sex. All of the friends, acquaintances, colleagues and potential lovers I queried were sophisticated New Yorkers—college graduates, accomplished men and women in the fields of publishing, banking, law and academia. Nearly all expressed fear of AIDS. Nearly all confessed to practicing safe sex hardly at all.

Here is a sampling of two dozen taped conversations. If you find them disturbing, don't blame me. That's what's out there.

Rick, 45, separated:

"Rick, are you worried about AIDS?"

"Yes."

"Do you practice safe sex?"

"To me safe sex means using condoms, and I don't."

"Why don't you use condoms?"

"I hate putting them on, I have trouble putting them on. It just doesn't feel anywhere near as good. There can't be any other reason—it's not that I have a death wish. I don't bring up the subject of using a condom; the women beat me to it."

"And what do you tell them?"

"I say 'I don't feel I'm a risk, how about you?'"

"Have you become more concerned about AIDS since Magic Johnson's announcement?"

"Slightly more concerned."

"If you're concerned, why don't you use condoms?"

"I'm doing my ostrich imitation."

Barbara, 52, single:

"Are you worried about AIDS?"

"No. I feel I'm not in a high-risk group."

"Do you practice safe sex?"

"A lover who's been in my life for a few years got scared and decided we'd better have safe sex, so one night he brought condoms along. We used them; it was a crashing bore and after that it never came up again. Regarding the other people I've had sex with, it doesn't even come up. If I were to have sex with someone I was nervous about, I'd insist on condoms. I used to carry a diaphragm. I now carry two condoms, but I don't use them. If the man doesn't have one, I'm too mortified to suggest them.

"There was one person I wasn't sure about and I was bold enough to ask if he'd use one. He said, 'Are you kidding me?' I backed right off and said, 'Fine.' I use condoms about five percent of the time, usually because the man insists."

"Have you had a blood test?"

"No. I'm much more fearful of herpes."

"Why?"

"Because with herpes you have it for *life*."

I guess Barbara's right—with AIDS you have it only for about two or three years.

Marty, 38, single:

"Are you worried about AIDS?"

"No, because I'm only having sex with one woman. I'm concerned, but I'm not worried. I'm worried, but I'm not paranoid."

"Do you practice safe sex?"

"Yeah."

"What form does your safe sex take?"

"Monogamy. But if the opportunity came up and I wasn't monogamous, I probably wouldn't use a rubber. The last time I wasn't monogamous was in a threesome with my girlfriend and another girl, and I didn't use a rubber."

"Why didn't you?"

"I guess because my girlfriend knew her and she trusted her, so, you know, I thought it was safe."

"Have you been tested for HIV?"

"No, I'm certain I'm clean. [*Self-mocking dramatic tone*] Denial! The first time my girlfriend and I went out three or four years ago, we did it without a rubber. It concerned me that she wasn't concerned about safe sex. I made her take a blood test."

"It concerned you that *she* wasn't concerned?"

"Yeah."

"How come you made *her* take a blood test?"

"I figured if she had it, I'd get tested. Actually, it was because I found out she'd been with a guy about five years before who was bisexual."

"Do you use condoms?"

"Never. I do have some in case a woman insists, but they're so cheap and old, they'd probably break."

Catherine, 37, single:

"Are you worried about AIDS?"

"Yes."

"Do you practice safe sex?"

"Yes, but the preferred term now is 'safer sex.'"

"Well, what form does your safer sex take?"

"I'd want to know someone's sexual history, I'd want there to be a waiting

period of six months during which we'd use condoms, and after we were tested, I wouldn't want to use condoms because I don't like them."

"You told me that when you had sex with your last boyfriend, you never used a condom."

"That was because I knew he hadn't had sex in the six months before I began seeing him and that he'd had a blood test and tested negative."

"You also told me that you didn't use condoms with the boyfriend before him. Why not?"

"Because I knew he wasn't very sexually experienced."

Dwight, 48, divorced:

"Are you worried about AIDS?"

"No. I don't take intravenous drugs, I'm not homosexual and I don't practice anal intercourse. Therefore, I'm virtually immune."

"What makes you think so?"

"There's some doubt whether or not a true case of transmission from a female to a male has yet occurred."

"So you don't practice safe sex?"

"Of *course* I practice safe sex, because there are many common venereal diseases that are transmitted in heterosexual intercourse. But AIDS is not one of them."

"So what do you do?"

"I either use condoms or both of us go to a gynecologist to make sure we don't have a venereal disease."

"Have you had a blood test for HIV?"

"No, why do I need a blood test? It would be unfair for me to have a blood test when there are people in high-risk groups who need a hospital's facilities more."

"Did Magic Johnson's announcement affect you?"

"Certainly. I felt compassion for the man. I also felt we're very far from learning the truth of his infection, and because of the sensitivity of the issue, we'll probably never learn.

"Most people will lie about how they contracted the disease. It can't be contracted by saliva, sweat or contact. It is not airborne. It has an incredibly short life span out of the body. Blood that is HIV-positive must get into the bloodstream of someone who doesn't have it in order for it to pass. If you conducted your life on the basis of avoiding events that had the same statistical probability as contracting AIDS heterosexually, you would never leave your room."

Most people I talked with are worried about AIDS, but they don't use condoms. Dwight uses them, but he isn't worried.

Natalie, 47, divorced:

"How many lovers have you had since you've been divorced?"

"Two."

"And did you practice safe sex with them?"

"With one of them I did. He was married and I was the only other woman he was sleeping with. He wanted to use condoms, so we did."

"What about the other guy?"

"He probably had a lot of other women, but he told me he'd had a blood test and he was safe, so I figured we didn't need to use anything."

"Why did you believe him?"

"Well, he really seemed to care about me, so I figured he wouldn't do anything to hurt me."

Mel, 31, single:

"Are you worried about AIDS?"

"Yeah, I guess I am. I've had the AIDS test a couple times. The first time was a year ago. I just met this girl and we made love in a hot tub. Then I realized how easy it was to have sex with her, so I got worried. In the hot tub it was like AIDS soup."

"Do you practice safe sex?"

"Yes. I'd say about ninety-eight percent of the time. I use unlubricated condoms because the other kind gives me a rash."

"Do you worry about cunnilingus?"

"I used to be, but I asked a couple friends and they said, 'No, no, it's cool,' so I'm not anymore."

"Do you think it's easier or harder to find sex partners now?"

"I don't think it's changed that much."

Mort, 39, single:

"Do you practice safe sex?"

"Yes. Safe for me but not for my partners."

"How does that work?"

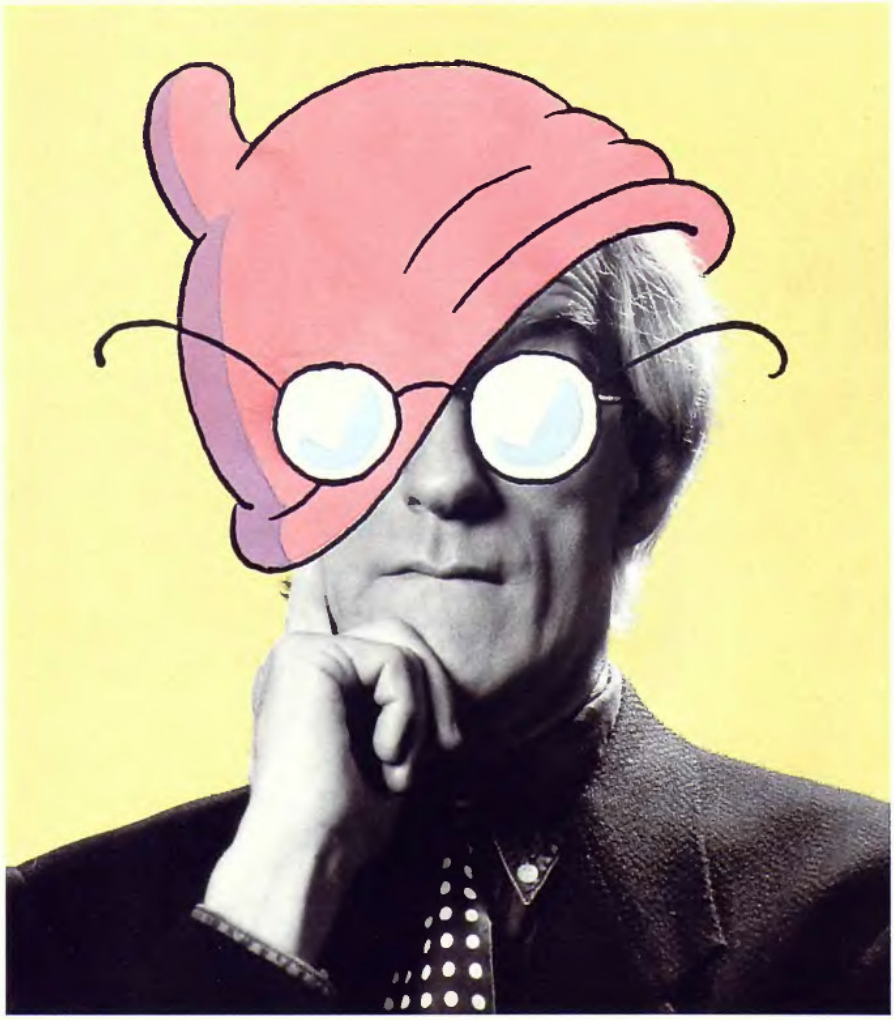
"I use condoms except when my partners perform oral sex on me."

"Are you worried about AIDS?"

[*A wry laugh.*] "Every time I begin the act, I'm aware that we're having a little ménage à trois—me, my compliant partner and . . . death."

•

I decide to seek counseling about safe sex. In the Manhattan directory, under New York City Government Offices, Health, Dept. of, are many telephone numbers. I call several under such headings as Sexually Transmitted Disease Control and VD Hotline and ask if there's *(continued on page 144)*



traps aren't the only peril when lotte tees off with her ex

fiction by
KEVIN COOK

RESTON'S RAT

THE SUN was a smudge in the fog. The clubhouse was fogged in. Crows pecked grass seed off the practice green. I watched a crow tug a worm until the worm, a gray wire, snapped.

Reston, waiting at the first tee, grunted when he saw me. "Welcome, snot," he said. "Tell me. How long can you swim?"

"Good morning," I said.

Reston lit a smoke. "If your life depended, I mean," he growled. Reston smoked unfiltered cigarettes; over the years they had tarred his voice. "On the one hand, life. On the other, the deep," he said, aiming his cigarette at the bay.

"Is this one of your quizzes, Jack?"

"It's a simple question. How long can you swim?"

"Do I still get to play if I answer wrong?"

"No." He yanked the one-iron from his golf bag and took a practice swing. Reston swings hard, even on practice swings, ruddy hands snapping past his shoulder to the back of his neck. He wore red cleats, black pants and a black sweater with a golden bear over his heart. "Swim or sink. Sink and croak," he said. "Drowning is a slow death, snot. The brain dies last, you know. What thoughts

PAINTING BY CHUCK WALKER

a drowning man may have I do not know, but I bet they ain't . . . fun. Sink and you slip to the mud, snot. You're food for fish and sea lice."

"A mile," I said.

"What? What?"

"I think I could swim a mile."

Reston shook his head like I was hopeless. "Duration. *Duration*, not distance," he said. "If I wanted distance, snot, I'd ask Diana Nyad. How *long* can you swim?" He italicized with a clenched fist.

"An hour, then. I can swim an hour."

"You go under. You suck salt and it scares you. Crap leaks out of your butt, that's how bad it scares you. Up you come and you're slapping that surf now."

"Nothing leaks out of my butt," I said. "I never eat before I swim."

"Slapping that surf. But for how long?"

"I really don't know, Jack. Suppose you tell me the answer and we play golf."

He planted a ball and hit a long, low one-iron at the first fairway. I whistled. I said it wasn't bad for an old man. Reston said my head was like a Top-Flite: dimpled on the outside, hard and featureless inside. "A rat can swim for seven days," he said.

"A rat."

"Damn right a rat."

I hit my Top-Flite past his ball. "You're senile," I said, but Reston wasn't finished. He wanted more than an insult, he wanted shock. Half the things he says—learn this in a hurry if you want to play golf with him—prove something. Every nugget will change your life if you grok its importance. One morning Reston told me that women who live together synchronize their menstrual cycles; when I failed to fall over in awe, he shook his head and said, as slowly as a dog trainer, that it proved they're in league against us.

"A rat in a trap will eat his own legs off," Reston said. "He'll chew a hole in a hog's gut and get his dinner that way if that's what it takes. To win. A rat is smart. Stick him in the middle of the ocean, where he knows he can't possibly win, and he drowns in an hour. Give him a chance, though—in a flooded culvert with the water level sinking a little every hour—and he swims for seven days."

"I hope he doesn't eat his legs before he swims. He'll get a cramp," I said.

Reston shouldered his golf bag and started for the green. "Why do I play with you?"

"Jack?"

"Yes, snot?"

"Shouldn't we wait for Lotte?"

"What time is it?"

"I don't know. Five after?"

"Fuck her. She's late."

We played Tuesdays and Thursdays at dawn at Monarch Bay; Reston, Lotte and me. We never phoned one another to confirm our tee time. It was understood, be there or be excommunicated. Reston was always early. I was usually on time. Lotte was usually late.

I often tried to talk Reston into waiting for her, but Reston did not wait. If you were late, you could catch up to him on the second hole, but don't expect credit for your putt on the first. Reston would not accept your score unless he witnessed every shot, and if you were putting for par on the first green, he would shut his eyes. You got an X on the first hole and started the day five dollars down.

He and I matched fives on the first hole that day. Lotte came clattering to the second tee, dragging her pull cart.

Reston waved a scorecard. "What on the first hole, Lotto?"

"Three," Lotte lied.

Reston marked the card. "Looks like an X here, darlin'."

"Fuck you so much," Lotte said. She was small, maybe five foot two, with wide hips she balanced on piano legs. Lotte wore white cleats, a red skirt and a white sweater, her golf uniform. She wore a visor with a doughnut on the bill. Her red hair was going gray. Her skin was browned by too much sun and, like me, she smelled faintly of powdered sugar. Reston pointed at her cart. "Training wheels again," he said.

"You know that I have a bad back," she said.

"I ignore mine," Reston said. Hitting his second drive of the day at a fairway trap, he said, "Do you know what makes my back worse, Lotto? Looking at you and that cart. If you can't lug your sticks like a man, don't play."

"Are there men in this group?" she asked.

Reston, shaking his head at his tee shot, said, "Not so's you'd notice."

"So there." Lotte teed a ball. She took two smooth practice swings that bore no resemblance to her true swing. She wrapped her driver around her neck, aimed her chin at the sky and jabbed the ball out of bounds. "Quiet. Say nothing," she said.

"The shot," Reston said, "she speaks for herself."

"'Fuck you' is what she says." Lotte bounced a penalty ball off the ladies' tee. She and Reston had forgotten me. I hit my ball, grabbed my bag and left them squabbling at the tee. I heard Lotte say Reston had no idea of golf etiquette.

"*Etiquette*," he said. "That's a French word, I think. The language of losers. The lingua franca of pussies."

"Fuck *toi*," she said.

We crisscrossed the links at Monarch Bay as the sun turned white; the butcher, the baker and the snot. I was the snot because I was less than half their ages.

Lotte, the baker, was Reston's ex-wife. He called her Lotto because, as he put it, "I bet on her in the lottery of life and I lost. Ten years I lost. Ten years of marriage. We'll say, liberally, ten good nights in her bed. No tots, though, no heir for old Jack. No, she was as barren as the rocks by the ninth green. Ten years and a life of court-ordered checks, my ransom." Sometimes, in keeping with his lottery theme, fingering a scar on his cheek, he called her the Scratcher.

Reston and Lotte's divorce settlement had financed her business, which is where I came in.

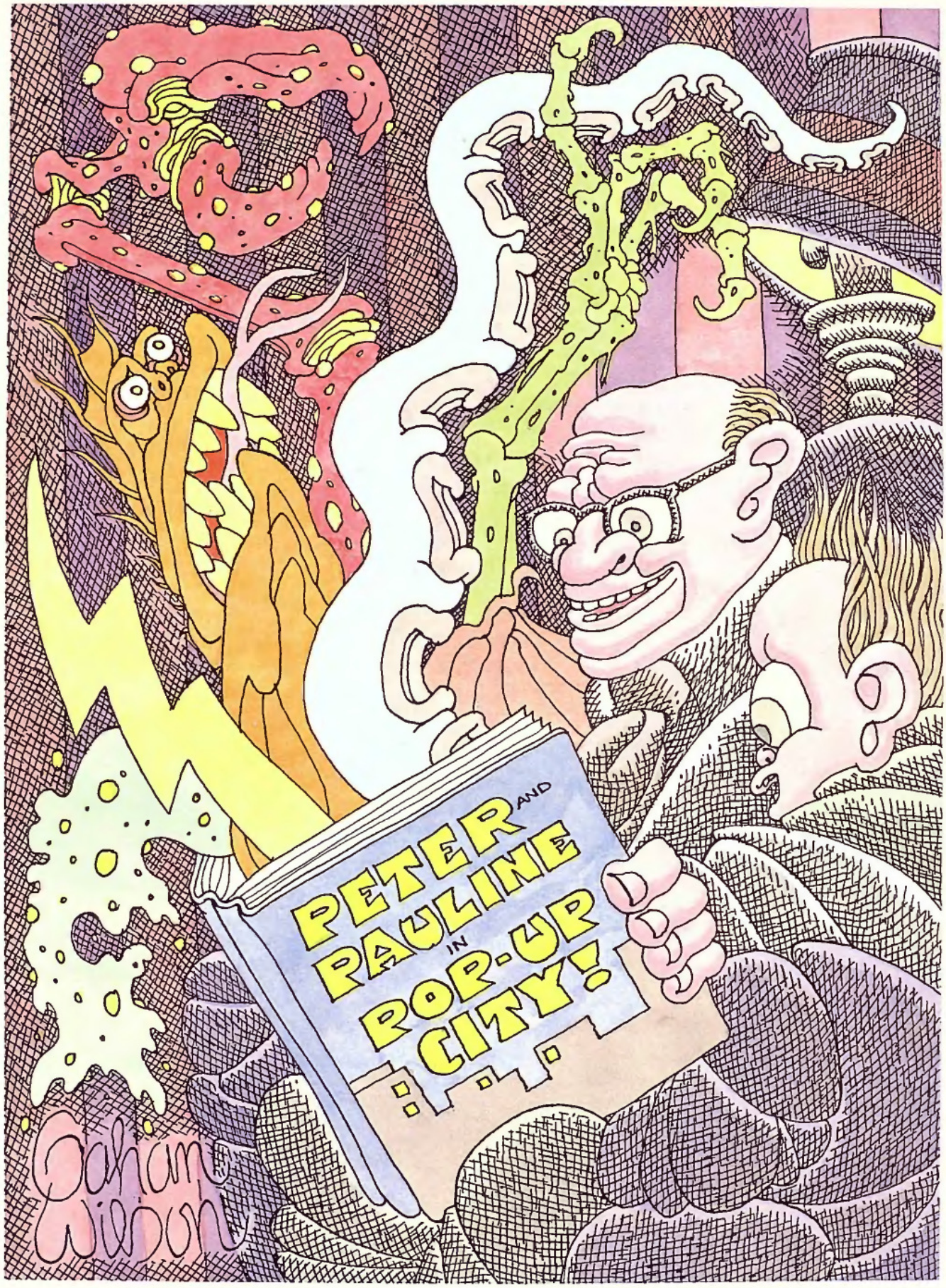
She owned a 20-store chain of doughnut shops, Dippity Donuts, with outlets in Irvine, Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach. Lotte was locally famous for her late-night TV ads in which she and a dozen cowboys did the Texas two-step on a map of California. They sang "Dippity Donuts, Dippity yay, my, oh my, what a wonderful day." I managed one of Lotte's Irvine shops. I was a lean, starving business student at UC-Irvine night school. I wore jeans and a visor with a doughnut on the bill and had fantasies of seeing Lotte tumble off the ninth green into the bay, leaving me in charge.

Reston owned J&R Meats, a firm that supplied nearly 200 groceries, delis and *carnicerias* in Orange County. He was, in his words, the county's butcher *di tutti* butchers. According to him, he had dropped out of UCLA med school "back in the Mesozoic" on the day he realized that the meat that doctors tended was no different from the chorizos his old dad sold to the Mexes in Santa Ana. In fact, Reston said, sick people were worse than meat. They were meat with relatives. He had left the human meat to his classmates, "little bookworms with unjustified God complexes." He took over the family business in 1958, quintupled its grosses in five years and settled into a life of "business glory and wedded blitz." Still, Reston said, he never forgot the most vital lesson students learn at med school: Keep your head down and swing through the ball.

I knew why Reston played golf with Lotte. He always won. He loved taking $20 or $30 from her twice a week. He always said, "Ten thousand years of this and I'll be even."

I never decided why Lotte played with him. Maybe she enjoyed paying her golf debts with portions of her

(continued on page 164)



"Well, sir, it looks like things are getting pretty serious for Peter and Pauline."

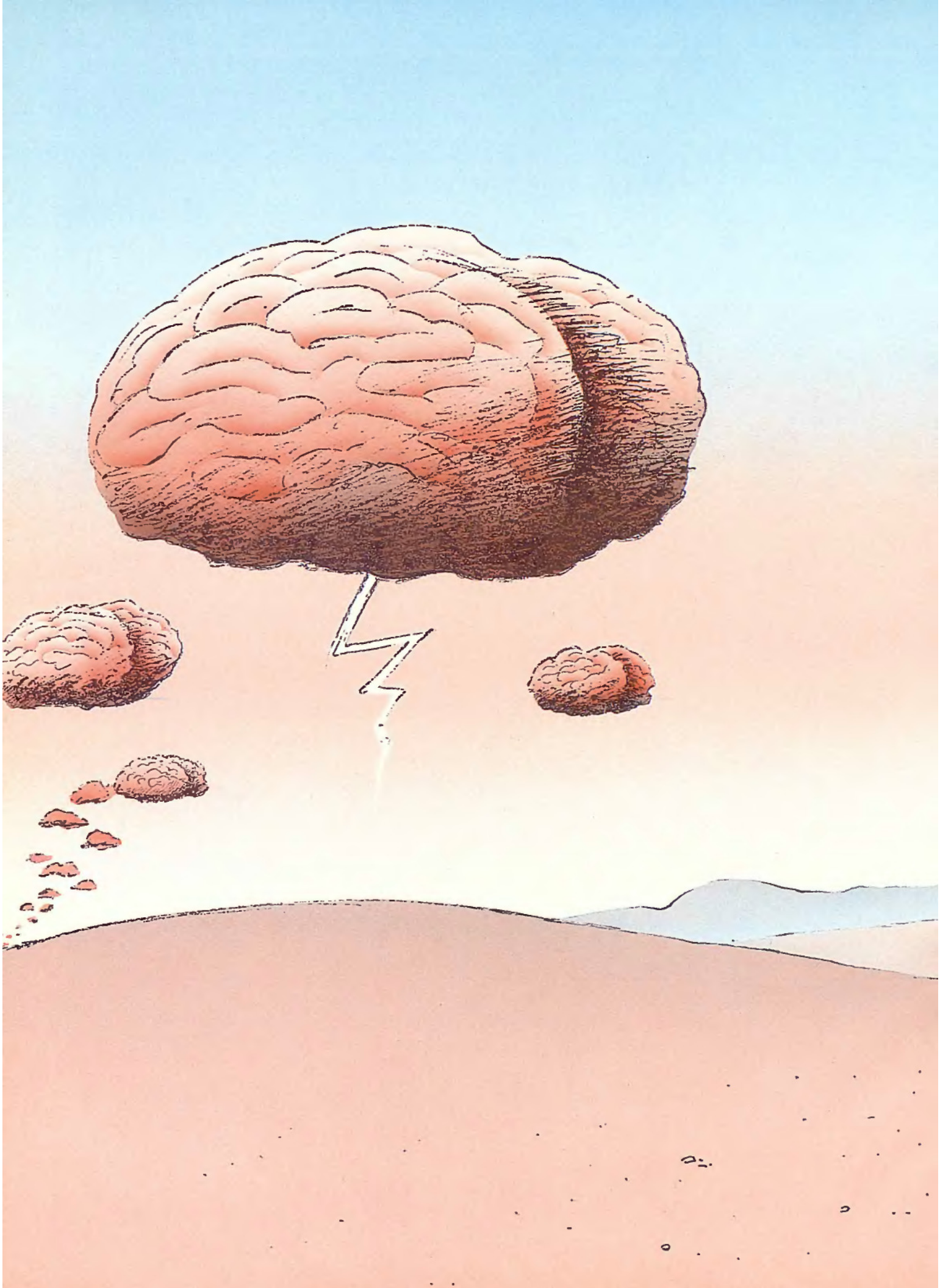
BLOND EXHIBITION

in the sweltering sun, madonna justifies her lust

Apparently, the Material Girl has a new recipe for success. Call it Madonna on the half shell: equal parts sun, surf and nudity, sprinkled with a dash of Botticelli à la Miami. We usually think of fantasies in the context of dimly lit bedrooms, but Madonna is about to change all that—*again*. If you haven't heard that Ms. Ciccone was making waves in Miami Beach by acting out her erotic dreams in the buff for a book shot by her favorite fashion photographer, Steven Meisel, you've either had your head in the sand or been stranded on a Soviet space station for the past ten months. Reports first trickled in from the tabloids before making it into the stuffier newsweeklies: Madonna and Meisel hit the beach with fashion-runway voguer Naomi Campbell; Madonna strikes a pose in public view, stripped down to stiletto heels, long gloves, panties and—huh?—a cottontail on her stern; the newly bronzed blonde then recruits rappers Vanilla Ice and Big Daddy Kane to join in her graphic tableaux. Meisel's pictures (according to "insider" gossip, which is almost certainly a well-timed leak designed to make headlines) gave pause to publisher Warner Books because the pictures, said the proverbial spokesperson, go "beyond erotica." We know that place well: It lies somewhere twixt the land of hype and the realm of flackery. And it sells. Remember when MTV, squirming over Madonna's video *Justify My Love*, banned it from the network? Madonna turned the video into a hit single. And now, with her latest antics, the bottle-fondling star of *Truth or Dare* is doing more for coffee-table books than Clarence Thomas did for Coca-Cola. Which should come as no surprise. This is the woman who grossed upwards of $24,000,000 last year, and more than $500,000,000 over the span of her career. She is, by her own admission, a studio singer and an energetic dancer—but her live shows set a new standard for concert spectaculars. She is not the world's most beautiful lady, nor the smartest, yet she has unsparingly applied her entrepreneurial acumen to become the world's most famous woman. With Meisel as her latest girl toy, she is yet again upping the ante for those who would follow, making other so-called sex stars look like Barbara Bush. The Miami Beach book project is just one part of the American crotch-grabbing champ's multimedia assault. Did you know that Madonna appears in two current movies, one (*Shadows and Fog*) by Woody Allen and one (*A League of Their Own*) about female hardballers? That she has been filming a third flick, a kinky thriller called *Body of Evidence*, co-starring Willem Dafoe, in which she plays a woman who so loves receiving and giving pain that she asks lovers to slap her and pours hot wax on naked men? And that she's working on a new album on which she reportedly takes another look at bondage and homosexuality? These are not new interests for Madonna. Her clothing or hair color can vary the way Malibu Barbie differs from Wedding Day Barbie—each incarnation achieving a certain plastic perfection—but her basic instincts remain tried and true. From her concert homilies that celebrate the oft unprintable to her sexual interpretation of religious iconography, the divine M seems intent on sharing precisely what turns her on. The marketing principle is simple: People will pay to see and hear in public the same stuff that they're doing, or want to do, in private. Madonna, though, brings earnestness to her bag of tricks. You get the sense that she's actually doing what she wants, not to shock us, but because it's fun. We shall see. The album, the book of fantasies and the S/M movie are tentatively scheduled for release within weeks of one another, all part of what the Madonna camp calls *The Body of Evidence Project*. For this year's climax, the queen of the dare is contemplating another tour. How she will outdo last year's performance—which included mimed masturbation and fellatio—is beyond us. But if these shots of a beautiful beach bum are the beginning of a trend, we can't wait for her next move.

Ace fashion photographer Steven Meisel gets down to shooting Madonna on a pink recliner. This erotic fantasy must be the one in which Madonna imagines what it would be like to be married to Pee-wee Herman.

Last year, Madonna titled her world tour Blond Ambition. Guess that explains the formidable golden-tressed wig she's wearing. On these pages, the Material One communes on the beach with Meisel, Campbell and company.



article by jerry stahl

invasion of the brain people

THEY CLAIM SPECIAL PILLS, POWDERS AND DRINKS MAKE THEM SMARTER. NOW THEY WANT YOU TO JUST SAY YES

MMMM! Oooh! Yes! Yes! Oh, God, *yes*! My mind, it feels so—I hate to gloat, but you ought to know, right off the bat—my mind feels so *enhanced*. Majorly enhanced. I feel great. I feel productive. I feel like an intellectual titan operating at the absolute peak of my cognitive and creative powers.

Of course, I'm on drugs right now. Lots of drugs. I've been consuming large quantities for weeks. But it's OK. It's research. We're not talking about any nasty, illicit and old-fashioned *dumb* drugs. No brain-shrinking cocaine, hemp, speed or opiate derivatives—your so-called recreationals. Who has time for recreation? The party's over, folks. Fun was for the Eighties. The Nineties are about survival. And to survive, you have to be smart.

It's true. No sooner did we hit the Nineties than brains became hip. Right out of the chute, the President dubbed this the Decade of the Brain. Bush even called his favorite weapons smart bombs. Lugs who had spent the last decade packing on lats and acting like Rambo started wearing wire-rims and trying to pass themselves off as Michael Kinsley. Even the Marines, not known as a font of jumbo intellect, traded in their

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

blood-and-brio pitch for an appeal to patriotic cognition. "To compete, you have to be strong. To win, you have to be smart."

Lucky for us, here at the dawn of the Enhanced-IQ Era, some of the planet's best entrepreneurs have found an answer to America's yen for bigger brains. That answer is smart drugs.

Smart drugs, for those who haven't succumbed to the egghead rage, is the term for a vast new breed of cerebral aids. Some are high-powered pharmaceuticals; others are vitamins and nutrients, often served as beverages at smart bars set up at the hippest clubs and parties in San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York. They all aim to empower a populace as hell-bent on boosting brainpower as it once was on pumping iron. Say goodbye to rippling muscles, say hello to a souped-up cerebellum. It's enough to make Nancy Reagan just say yes.

Of course, Nancy would be pleased. Some of the mainstays of the brain-maker buffet are nootropic drugs, pharmaceuticals prescribed domestically for that rumored ex-presidential malady, creeping senility.

Although nootropics—the word means "acting on the mind"—are a new breed of pharmacological treats, their legacy can be traced back to Nazi Germany. Hitler was rumored to have put his finest scientists to work on substances that fired up Aryan alertness. (Interestingly, methadone, originally called dolophine after Adolf himself, was developed at this time as a morphine substitute.) But not until the late Forties did the Swiss drug combine Sandoz stumble onto a substance that could actually make you smarter.

Hydergine, as the wonder stuff was dubbed, originates from its own freakish source—ergot, the same cereal fungus that gave us LSD. It was discovered by the same scientist, Albert Hoffman, a man known and revered forever by heads as the Daddy of Acid.

You're probably asking yourself how these miracle mind expanders actually work. Let me just imbibe a little of this tasty brain fodder and I'll tell you.

Your brain operates as a sort of intracranial Western Union. Messages zap over the wires carried by chemicals called neurotransmitters. What smart pills supposedly do is stimulate such communication by mimicking naturally occurring substances known as nerve growth factors. These spark connections between Mr. Brain's nerve cells that are essential to learning and memory. Improved neurotransmission allows for enhanced gray-matter metabolism and, equally fortunate, protection of brain cells from all manner of pollutants—both internal and external. (Don't I sound smart?)

So far, American doctors restrict the use of brain boosters to sufferers of Alzheimer's disease, dementia or serious head injuries. On this side of the Atlantic, it's not considered kosher to prescribe medicine to fix things that aren't broken. American physicians prefer to restrict their work to curing ills. European docs, by contrast, may prescribe mind enhancers to perfectly healthy and mentally sound patients who wish to become even more perfect and more mentally sound.

Not surprisingly, the prospect of a whole new batch of potential customers—the already well—has pharmaceutical outfits rubbing their hands with glee. Hoffman-LaRoche, Smith Kline Beecham, Ciba-Geigy, Parke Davis and the rest of the drug companies are investing heavily in nootropic research and development. *Fortune* magazine has even predicted that the biz could be worth more than $40 billion by 1994.

•

Smart products fit into two basic modes: pharmaceuticals and health foods. The former require sending off to Europe for exotic nootropic treats or slipping south of the border to score busloads of IQ igniters in Nogales or Tijuana. (In a 1988 directive, the FDA permitted plain folks to import their own prescription pills, provided they don't bring in more than a three-month supply. We wouldn't want some Ivy Leaguer peddling illicit skull fuel outside chess tournaments, would we?)

Happily, the second part of the smart revolution involves nothing so crass or potentially dangerous as drugs. Those who want to supplement their psyches sans the anti-Alzheimer's pharmaceuticals can consume what are known as nutrients. In their trendiest incarnations, these are packaged and pedaled as smart drinks, since many of the nonmedical neurotransmitter enhancers come in powdered form to be mixed in beverages.

Unlike those smart drugs with somber monikers like hydergine or piracetam, smart drinks sport nonmedicinal cute names. Does anything sound more stimulating than Energy Elickshure, Psuper Psonic Psyber Tonic or Fast Blast?

Whether makers opt to color their creations electric yellow or plain old mauve, what unites these neurorefreshers are their ingredients, a combo of vitamins and amino acids, plus, occasionally, a sizable dose of caffeine.

Somewhere along the way, a schism developed among the ranks of smarties. At the square end, "cool"-wise versus "uncool"-wise, are your traditional entrepreneurs, the get-a-leg-up-in-the-marketplace guys. Call these people the slavers: the suit-and-tie wing of the smart drugs movement. For the slavers, the whole point of these chemicals is to help earnest yupsters get ahead in job land.

Helming this bankable breed is young John Morganthaler. With an ex-Navy gerontologist named Ward Dean, Morganthaler wrote the movement bible, *Smart Drugs and Nutrients: How to Improve Your Memory and Increase Your Intelligence Using the Latest Discoveries in Neuroscience*. As the visionary who personally dreamed up the term smart drug, Morganthaler bears as much resemblance to a drug guru as Dan Quayle does to Charlie Manson.

Morganthaler, in fact, looks like a Young Republican. His hair is parted Beaver Cleaver–style, his buttondown shirt is pressed just so. Sitting behind his computer in his San Francisco condo, Morganthaler even keeps his socks neatly balled up and stuffed, side by side, in his Reeboks. He's the Ralph Nader of mental technology. His life has been devoted to the singular proposition that stupidity, like polio or shingles, is a disease and he's been put on earth to help obliterate it.

"Our athletes have been into this for a while," he claims, his voice ringing with conviction. "I'm not just talking about steroids. There are lots of drugs that increase red-blood-cell production. It's common for athletes to use megavitamin therapy. Anything they can use to enhance their performance, to get just a little bit of edge, is critical. What we are talking about is making ourselves better than what is considered normal."

Edible mind fertilizers attract eager devotees. Take Mark Rennie, a nightclub owner, attorney and entrepreneur. Rennie is the man behind Smart Products, Incorporated, one of San Francisco's premiere nutrient companies. San Francisco (or New Brainia, as smarties call it) is the hub of the smart cosmos.

"When I think of taking smart drugs," says Rennie, who appears on the chat-show circuit in a kind of Brainiac tag team with Morganthaler, "I feel like I'm upgrading a computer. Like going from a 286 chip to a 386."

Most days, Rennie can be found silhouetted against the window of his top-floor office working deals and thoughtfully gulping down handfuls of pills and powders. Indeed, minutes into an interview, it's clear that Rennie is the embodiment of one man's enhanced ability to fulfill his potential. He's the

(continued on page 148)

"It's always good to get out of the kitchen, isn't it?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BYRON NEWMAN

AMANDA HOPE settles back onto a large green duffel bag in the middle of a sidewalk in London's Chelsea district. It is not even eight A.M.—damp fog still hangs in the air, a milk delivery truck roars by—but Amanda is already going a mile a minute. "My life's a dadgum circus," says Miss July in her native Texan drawl—and there is some truth to that. Twelve hours earlier, Amanda had been in Germany, where she plays music for a living; at the moment, she sits outside a London photo studio, waiting patiently for it to open. By noon, she will be gloriously naked in front of *Playboy* cameras. All that is missing is the ringmaster.

Amanda is in the U.S. Army, with the rank of specialist. She is stationed at Bad Kreuznach, Germany—40 miles from Frankfurt, in the heart of vineyard country—where she is a clarinetist with the First Armored Division band. Admittedly, this is not your typical photo shoot (soldiers on leave usually don't spend precious R&R hours beneath hot studio lamps). Amanda, though, takes it all in stride. In fact, she insists, there's a certain

ten-hut! eyes right for amanda hope—the pride of the u.s. army

SOLDIER GIRL

"The Army teaches you about equal opportunity," says Amanda Hope (on the job, right). "It lets us know we're all green. So it doesn't matter what nationality you are or what rank is on your collar: You still have to act like a soldier. As for being a woman in the Army," adds Amanda, "you have to do a good job—just like the guys. But that doesn't mean you can't be feminine. Military doesn't mean male."

similarity to being a soldier and being a Playmate. "For both, you need discipline, pride and confidence," she says. "You also have to maintain a high standard of appearance, do a good job and pay attention to detail. And, yes, you have to be all that you can be." Amanda Hope was born on August 23, 1969, in Austin, Texas, but was raised in the tiny city of Cameron. The eighth of nine foster children, Amanda says her adoption almost didn't happen. "Right before I came along, my parents decided to stop taking in foster kids, mainly because it was so hard to give them up. Then one day, they got a phone call from someone at the agency who said, 'We have a little girl here who needs a whole lot of love.' My parents said, 'OK, bring her over.' Dad tells me it was love at first sight." Her childhood in Cameron, says Amanda, was uneventful and wholesome. "I was churchgoing, kind of an oddball and very shy." And dating? Amanda just laughs. "I was Miss Stay-at-home-and-wait-for-the-phone-to-ring. But then I found music." Having played the piano since the fourth grade, Amanda officially became a "band weirdo" when she was 11,

Despite her globe-trotting, Amanda is still a Texan at heart. Why the love affair with the Lone Star State? "Oh, man, you gatta be from Texas to understand it. It's always warm there—the weather and the people." Meanwhile, Amanda has warmed nicely to her new career as a model. "When I was a kid, nobody saw the person inside of me—a person who was pretty and maybe even sexy. I guess *Playboy* saw her." Right.

joining her school's ensemble. The clarinet was her instrument of choice ("We had one in the attic"). It was after graduation from high school that Amanda and the Army found each other. "A friend from the school band gave my name to an Army recruiter, who tracked me down at the public library. I was reading fashion magazines. He suggested I try out for the Army band." Amanda breezed through the audition, enlisted in the Army and took to each new adventure with her trademark enthusiasm—from basic training at Fort Jackson in South Carolina ("It was the kind of fitness training I never had in high school. I always skipped gym *(text concluded on page 158)*

CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Stripes
Amanda Hope

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: AMANDA HOPE

BUST: 35 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 37

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/4" WEIGHT: 133 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 23 Aug 69 BIRTHPLACE: Austin, Texas

AMBITIONS: To have lots of fun and lots of love, keep an open heart and mind, and have beautiful (on the inside) kids one day.

TURN-ONS: men with good voices, warm days and warm people, having doors opened for me, sweet foods (see below) and hot music

TURN-OFFS: people who abuse drugs, men who don't care about using protection, cold rooms, climates and people, cynics and liars

FAVORITE SWEETS: Blue Bell homemade vanilla, triple choc, choc. decadence ice cream, Ritter Sport (Halb Bitter, Rum Trauben nuss, Nougat), hot chocalate, hot home made cookies, creme de menthe wafers

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Duran Duran, Chic, Black Box, Soul II Soul, Marvin Gaye (on auto reverse!), some jazz, classical, and yes, even marches

BEST THINGS ABOUT THE U.S. ARMY: Free entertainment from other soldiers en route to gigs, free health club membership, All-You-Can-Eat for $1.90 at the chow hall, and LEAVE TIME!!!

IDEAL MAN: He sounds great, is fun to watch and adores me.

Having a blast! w/ Best Friend Kelita

How do you like my military millinery?

"Where's the Beach Party?"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How do you go about seeing the official bird of New York City? Cut somebody off.

A young man went into a drugstore to shop for condoms for the first time. The druggist suggested the economy pack—three for a dollar. The kid agreed. The druggist rang up the sale. "That'll be one dollar and eight cents."

"You said three for a dollar," the kid complained. "What's the eight cents for?"

"Tax," replied the druggist.

This confused the kid even more. He finally asked, "Don't they stay on by themselves?"

What's the difference between a lawyer and a hooker? A hooker will stop screwing you once you're dead.

Two golfing buddies, one an ophthalmologist, had been playing together for years. One day, as a joke, the eye doctor gave his friend a pair of sports glasses with one concave and one convex lens. In spite of seeing two of everything—one big and one small—his friend played better than usual by simply hitting the small ball with the big club.

After nine holes, the spectacled player went to the rest room. When he returned, the front of his pants was wet. "What happened, old buddy?" the doctor asked.

"Well, there I was with one big dick and one small one," he explained, "so I just put the small one back, 'cause I knew it wasn't mine."

What do you get when you play New Age music backward? New Age music.

At the conclusion of services, only the two rabbis and the janitor remained in the temple. The men of the cloth sat quietly in meditation while the janitor swept up. "I, Rabbi Abrams, am the chief rabbi here," one said softly, "but in the eyes of God, I am nothing."

In a moment, the other rabbi also spoke. "I, Rabbi Goldman, am the assistant rabbi here," he said, "but in the eyes of God, I am nothing."

The janitor stopped sweeping. "I, Juan Gonzales, am the janitor here," he said, "but in the eyes of God, I am nothing."

The two rabbis glanced up. "Look," said one, nudging the other, "who thinks he's nothing."

A brunette, a redhead and a blonde were waiting to see their obstetrician. Trying to make conversation, the brunette said, "I'm going to have a boy. I'm sure of it because I was on top."

The redhead said, "I know I'm going to have a girl. I'm sure because I was on the bottom."

The blonde suddenly burst into tears. The other women tried to comfort her and asked what was wrong.

"I think I'm going to have puppies," she sobbed.

The mothers of four priests were boasting of their sons' accomplishments. "My son is a monsignor," said the first. "When he enters a room, people say, 'Hello, Monsignor.'"

"Well, my son is a bishop," added the second. "When he enters a room, people say, 'Hello, Your Excellency.'"

"Ah, but mine is a cardinal," said the third. "When he enters a room, people say, 'Hello, Your Eminence.'"

The fourth woman thought for a moment. "My son is six foot ten and three hundred pounds!" she proudly exclaimed. "When he enters a room, people say, 'Oh, my God.'"

LeRoy Neiman

A drunk was hunched over the bar, trying to spear the olive in his martini with a toothpick. A dozen times he poked, a dozen times the olive eluded him. Finally, another patron who had been watching from the next stool grabbed the toothpick.

"Here, this is how you do it," he said as he easily skewered the olive.

"Big deal," muttered the drunk. "I already had him so tired he couldn't get away."

The young lady was obviously displeased with her new lover's performance. "You must be the world's worst lay," she scolded.

"I think not," he replied. "That would be too great a coincidence."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

SURFER'S NIGHTMARE Nº134 'SUMO SURF'

The Slip

her eyes found yours and you smiled. so did she. you had a little game going

fiction

By Gary Smith

THERE YOU WERE, celebrating your seventh wedding anniversary in a restaurant uptown. Your wife, who could not have looked better with her freshly cut hair and rose-petal complexion, had been describing her day at school, where she teaches Far East Asian history at one of the city's universities. Not yet 30 and already tenured, she has advanced remarkably fast. You, on the other hand, have lost momentum. You work for one of the big auction houses, an expert in the Chinese department, where you have been ensconced longer than you have been married. The job may appear glamourous, but the pay is a disgrace. You had intended to stay only long enough to learn your trade and develop a rapport with important collectors and dealers. By now you should have established a gallery of your own, you should have been flying to Hong Kong every three or four weeks to buy rare objects. Anniversaries remind you that time does not stand still, even if you do.

But you were not thinking such thoughts as you sat in the restaurant and happily listened to your wife tell you about her day. You had just ordered and were waiting for drinks when you noticed a striking young woman being led by the maître d' to a nearby table. The woman was Thai or possibly Vietnamese. She was alone. She studied the menu for several minutes, and when she finally looked up, her eyes met yours and you knew you had been caught staring. The woman smiled as if amused. You smiled, too, though your smile was different from hers. You felt misunderstood. Granted, the woman was stunning. Her straight black hair framed a face as flawless as a Qing monochrome. But the reason you were staring had less to do with the woman's allure than with how she was dressed. In fact, you had wanted to tell your wife, whose back was to the woman, to turn around and look at *that*—the celadon-green slip-dress the woman was wearing. The dress was elegant and understated and really quite short, but more to the point, it was identical to your wife's dress. That's right, the same dress, indistinguishable from the one you gave your wife as an anniversary present, the one you bought on impulse and that cost more than a month's rent.

Anyway, your staring had a purpose.

Your wife, meanwhile, had moved on to another topic of conversation. You did not mention the dress. The moment had passed. You listened politely, but as you listened, your gaze imperceptibly shifted. It was quite easy to look at your wife and at the same time to look past her shoulder. You waited for the other woman, the celadon lady, to see you. Contact, even if misunderstood, had already been made, and when her eyes found your own, you smiled. So did she. There, now you had a little game going. You sipped your drink, which had finally arrived, and could not help observing the celadon lady's legs beneath the table. She may not have realized that from your vantage, you could see her dress riding high on her thighs.

"Anyone home?" your wife asked.

"Sorry," you said. "I was thinking about work. Please, go on."

Apparently, there had been an article in the morning paper about the resurgence of necromancy in rural China. This was a subject your wife was familiar with, having lectured on necromancers and their place in the hierarchy of the Han dynasty. Necromancy, she reminded you, for China was your province, too, was an ancient method of forecasting the future. You nodded and meant to pay closer attention, but as fate would have it, the celadon lady crossed her legs and her dress drifted higher. This may not have been the most comfortable position, for almost immediately, she uncrossed her legs and the dress shot higher still and your eyes widened.

You were delighted with the view, yet at the same time felt unsettled. The celadon lady seemed to be exposing herself to you. Might this have been accidental? You thought not. She was showing too much in too calculated a way. You did not know whether to look into her eyes or to peek at her long legs. In either case, she had you.

But you did not have her. The notion came to you that you were being challenged. You might possess the celadon lady if only you could figure out how to get her. When you were certain you had her eye, you gestured, ever so slightly, with your head. Your gesture said, Meet me over *there*.

You told your wife you would be right back, that you had to use the bathroom. You walked toward the bar, turned left and headed down the corridor to the lavatory. Any second now, you would hear the celadon lady's heels clicking on the hardwood floor. This is crazy, you thought, but you were grinning.

Five minutes later, your buoyant mood had taken on ballast. The woman had not materialized and your hopes were fading fast. Would your hands never touch what your eyes had seen? Would your lips never kiss the delicate fold between the celadon lady's legs? Something had gone wrong. Why, you wondered, would she display herself in such a provocative fashion, only to leave you stranded in a dark corridor beside a bathroom door? Maybe she had been annoyed that your wife wore a dress that was identical to her own. Or maybe there had been a misunderstanding.

Minutes passed and you remembered with sudden panic that your wife was waiting. It was then that a wave of shame passed through you. Here you had been perfectly content with the woman you married on this date seven years ago, an accomplished woman who also happened to be attractive and stylish in her own right. A stranger appeared from out of nowhere, an Asian beauty who may or may not have deliberately hiked her dress, and your brain got an erection, you lost your head.

So you returned to your table, chastened by your bad behavior. The celadon lady could have stood on top of her chair and pulled up her dress to her throat and you would not have risen to the occasion. You felt dead down below. You felt dead all over.

It is your wife who brings you back to life, an hour later, in the seclusion of your apartment. Perfumed and eager, she leads you to bed and slips the knot from your tie with a practiced hand. You unzip her dress and gather her in, your face nuzzled in the soft fleshy pocket between her neck and shoulder. You are already forgetting the celadon lady. Here in the bedroom you begin again, and by caressing the familiar, you find what you had never lost.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN RUSH

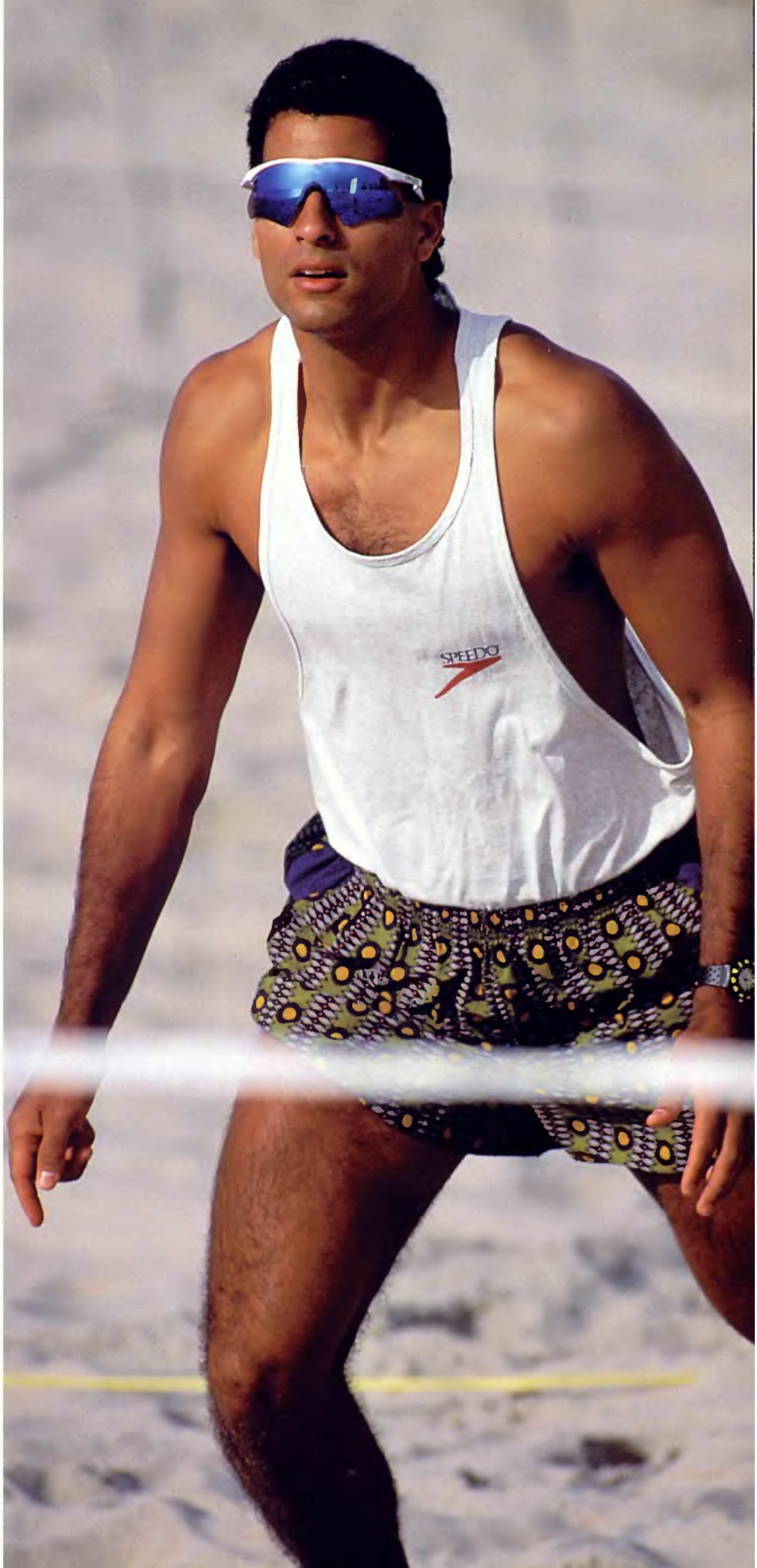
John Rush

HIT MEN!

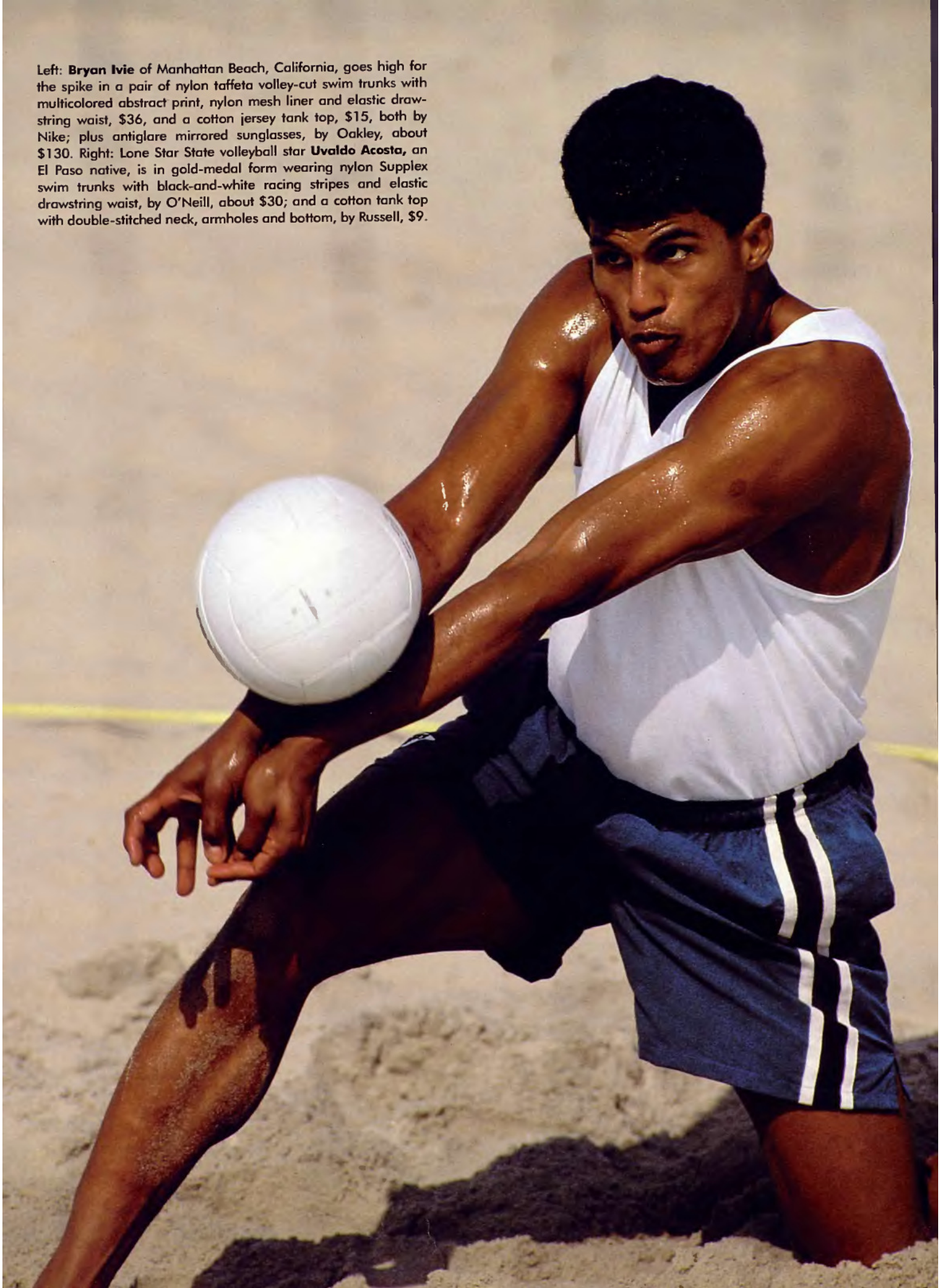
fashion
By HOLLIS WAYNE

OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALISTS SCORE BIG FASHION POINTS ON THE BEACH

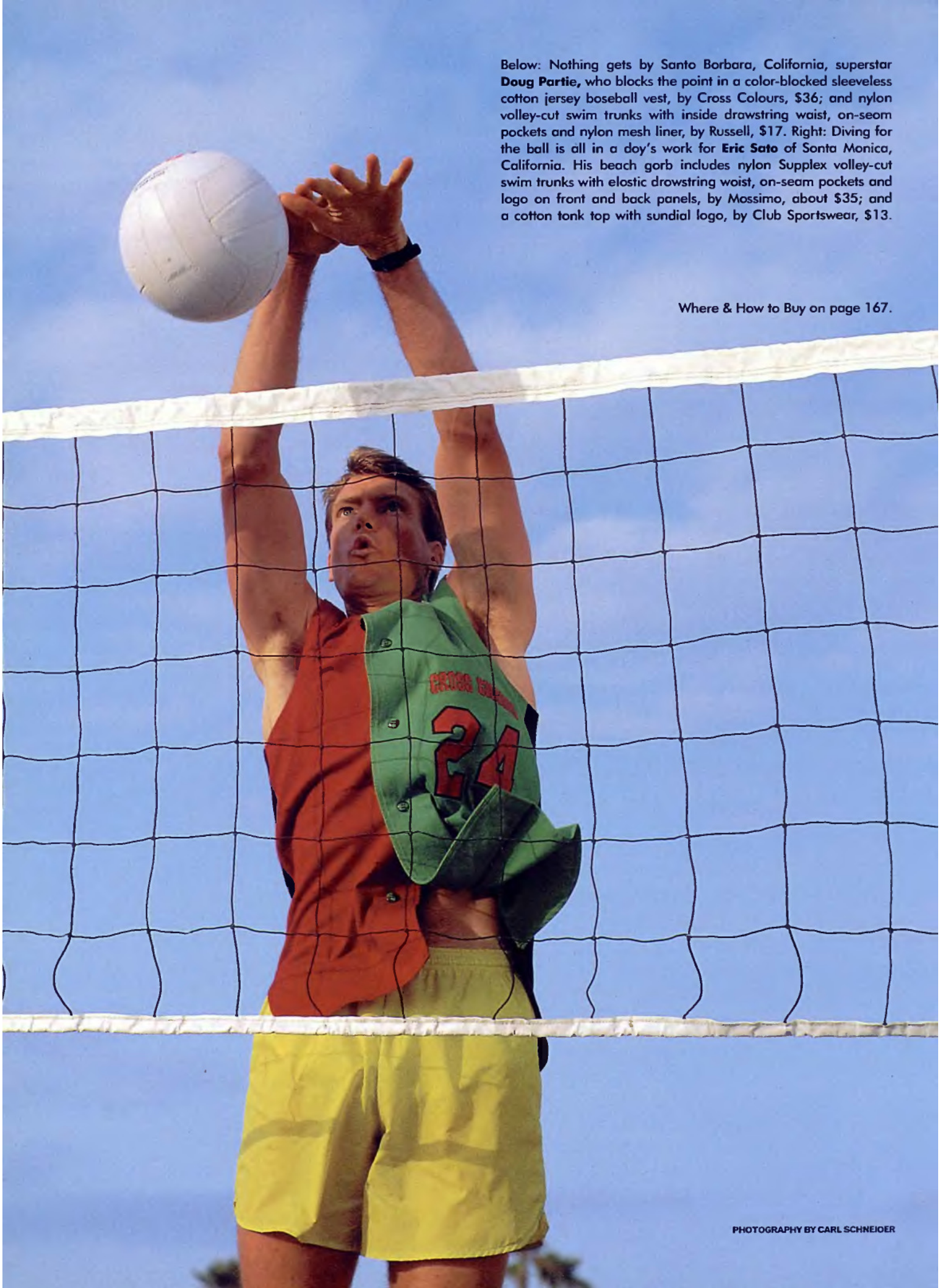
YOU WON'T FIND any cheeky "check me out" thongs in this collection of swimwear—these suits are built to perform. To prove just how tough and practical they are, we brought 1988 gold-medal winners Scott Fortune, Doug Partie and Eric Sato, plus three members of the U.S. national men's volleyball team, to the net in Mission Beach, California. Here and on the next four pages, these 1992 gold-medal hopefuls bump, set and spike their way into peak fashion form. The trunks they're wearing are the latest look: mid-thigh length with a gathered waist, pleated front and extra-wide legs for better movement. Most are made of a sturdy fabric called Supplex, which feels as soft as cotton yet dries more quickly. Colors are bright but not as jazzy as last year's neon. And prints have a cool retro appeal. Wear a pair with a loose tank top. Your serve.



Left: Taking on two of his teammates is **Scott Fortune** (center) of Laguna Beach, California, wearing Supplex swim trunks with a retro fish print, by Club Sportswear, $35; a cotton tank top, by Russell, about $10; and a cotton twill baseball cap, by Lids, $26. His opponents (far and near left) are sporting turquoise Supplex swim trunks, by Jantzen, $27; and Supplex swim trunks, by Jimmy'Z, $32; with a cotton jersey, by Jockey International, about $7. Right: **Carlos Briceno,** from California's Fountain Valley area, guards the net in nylon Tactel swim trunks, by Body Glove, $26; and a cotton tank top, by Speedo America, $18; plus sunglasses, by Oakley, $125; and a diving watch, by Swatch, $50.



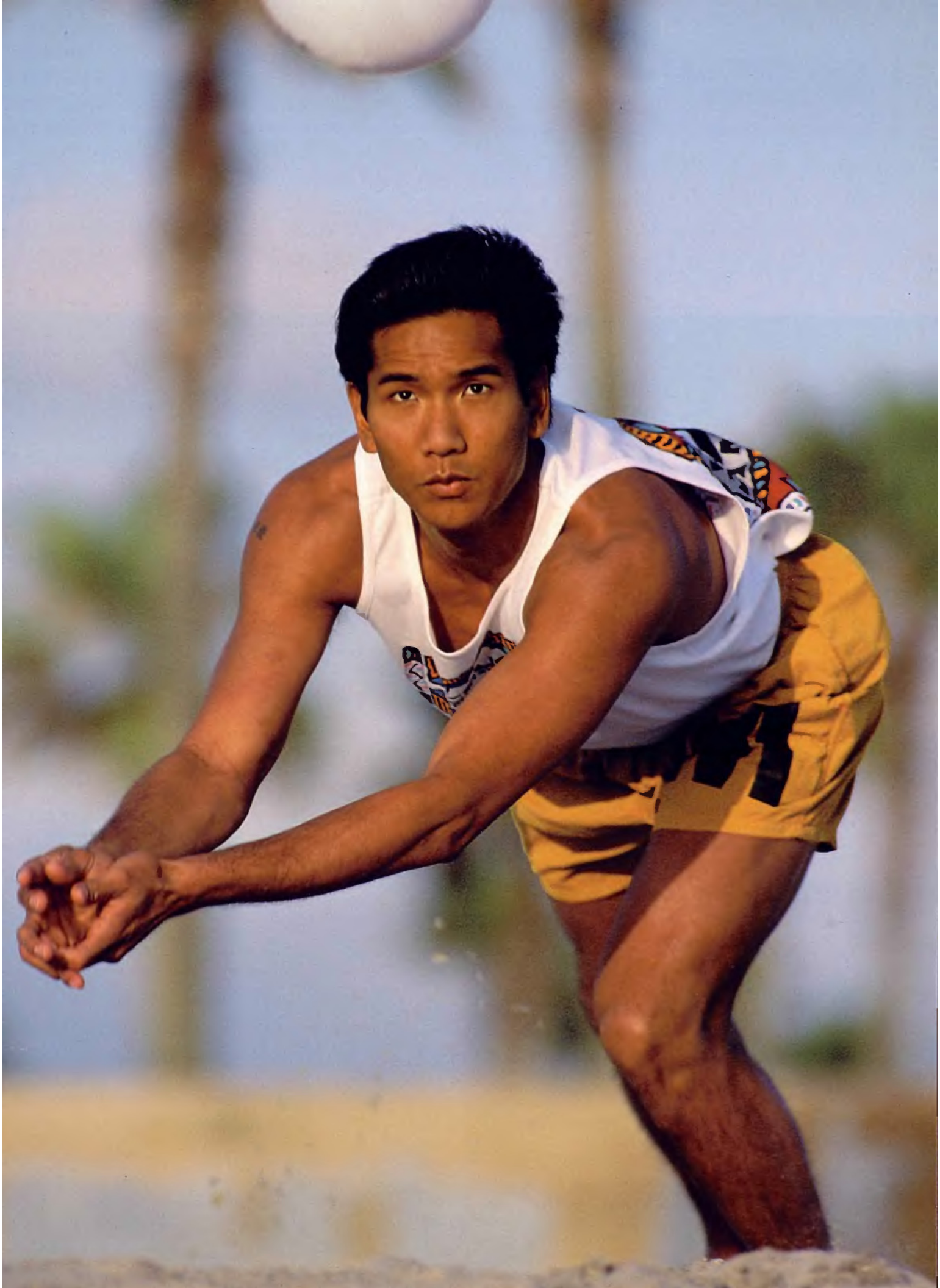
Left: **Bryan Ivie** of Manhattan Beach, California, goes high for the spike in a pair of nylon taffeta volley-cut swim trunks with multicolored abstract print, nylon mesh liner and elastic drawstring waist, $36, and a cotton jersey tank top, $15, both by Nike; plus antiglare mirrored sunglasses, by Oakley, about $130. Right: Lone Star State volleyball star **Uvaldo Acosta,** an El Paso native, is in gold-medal form wearing nylon Supplex swim trunks with black-and-white racing stripes and elastic drawstring waist, by O'Neill, about $30; and a cotton tank top with double-stitched neck, armholes and bottom, by Russell, $9.



Below: Nothing gets by Santo Borbara, California, superstar **Doug Partie,** who blocks the point in a color-blocked sleeveless cotton jersey boseball vest, by Cross Colours, $36; and nylon volley-cut swim trunks with inside drawstring waist, on-seam pockets and nylon mesh liner, by Russell, $17. Right: Diving for the ball is all in a doy's work for **Eric Sato** of Sonta Monica, California. His beach gorb includes nylon Supplex volley-cut swim trunks with elostic drowstring woist, on-seam pockets and logo on front and back panels, by Mossimo, about $35; and a cotton tonk top with sundial logo, by Club Sportswear, $13.

Where & How to Buy on page 167.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL SCHNEIDER



PLAYBOY PROFILE

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT RUN

he could have been a contender, but the remarkable mario cuomo has something else on his mind

By Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

HE WAS, perfectly, himself. The chartered planes were fueled and ready to take the governor of New York to New Hampshire when, bruised and weary, citing his obligation to solve his state's fiscal crisis, the man many regarded as the last best hope of the Democratic Party said no. "I wish I could see it another way," he said. "This is not a comfortable analysis for me, to be honest with you—and I can make a case for about anything. I tried to make myself come out better on this. I just didn't succeed."

There it was—*I can make a case for about anything. I just didn't succeed*—the hint of self-mockery, the self-effacement so closely braided with self-assertiveness that it is sometimes hard to tell them apart. He spoke, in his hour of renunciation, with eloquence for "the big steelworker with the thick fingers," for the "disoriented, disadvantaged, disaffected, the poor," whom he has always seemed to understand, having come from their ranks, better than other men in public life. He spoke with the vivid wit, the passion and parrying that have been for him a double-edged sword. His eloquence had purchased the love of idealists and the admiration of pragmatists. It had brought him to this place of eminence from which he spoke, with frankness uncharacteristic of a politician, of his failure to solve New York's problems and of his stern decision not to run away to seek "a still higher perch. You fail at that level—OK, you failed."

"If I had stayed . . . I keep thinking that if I had stayed in baseball. . . . I wonder if I'd have made money." It was an odd moment. He was musing aloud, almost as if he were in an empty room. "What you need," he said, "is a message. There are plenty of messages out there to deliver. What you need is someone who can deliver the good message. They have at least six good potential . . . messengers."

Between the word potential and the word messengers there was a long pause—I counted eight seconds—as he appeared to be gazing inwardly, perhaps regarding the qualities of the "messengers," disregarding the audience whose pulse he usually takes so expertly. I was reminded of the time he told a reporter that life would be much easier if one could, like Saint Paul, who brought the Gospel to the gentiles, be visited blindingly by God and set on his path.

A reporter asked him a question unlikely to be put to a politician of another stripe: What did you read last night to help you make your decision? A little bit of Saint Francis de Sales, he said, and Teilhard de Chardin, and a book of quotes and *Grolier's Encyclopedia*—"which I recommend to you if you're tired of the *Britannica*, if you don't like the British spelling, if you don't like small print, if you don't like exotic birds, and you want to get closer to the heart of the matter."

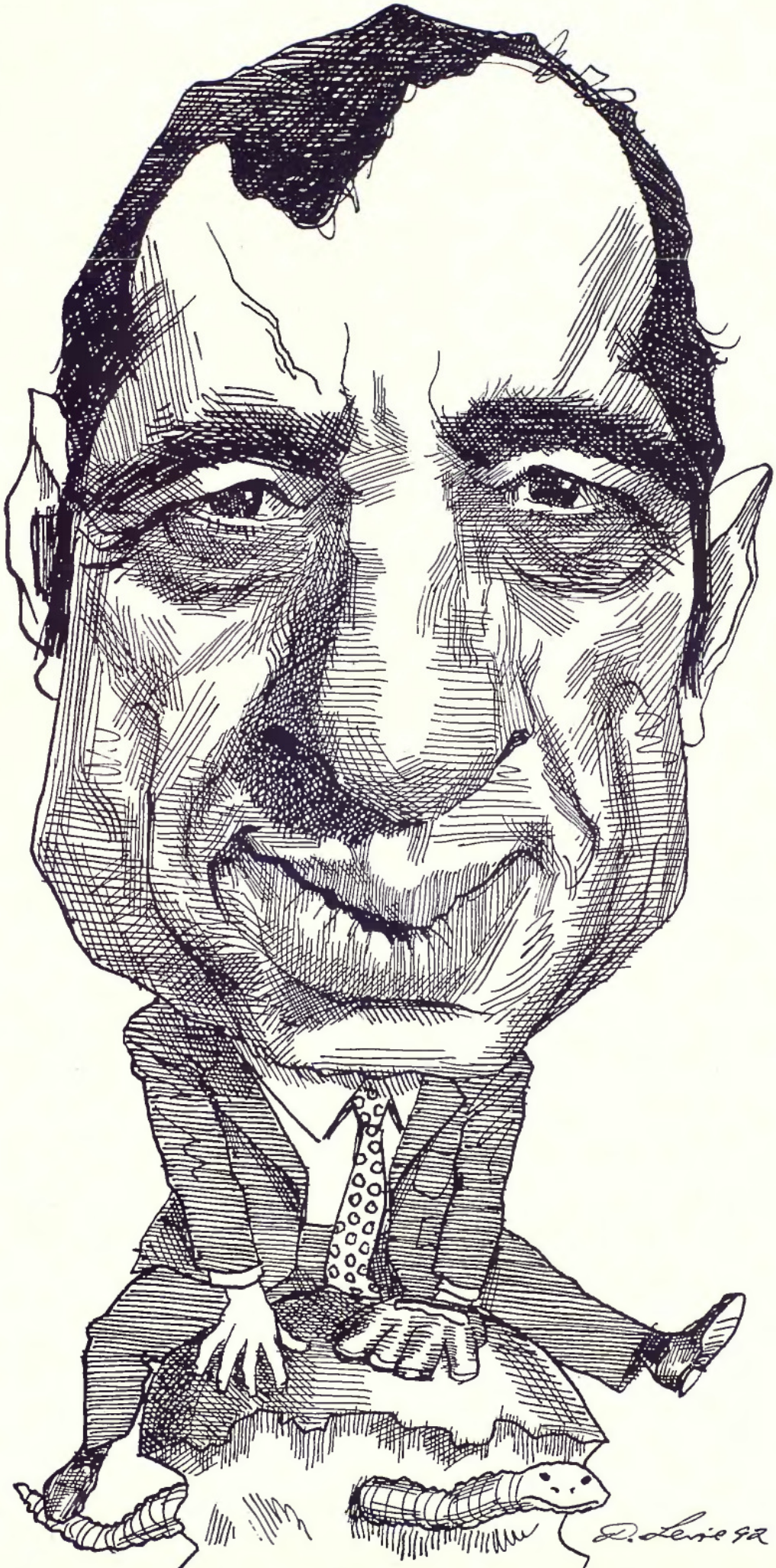
The greatest fear of Saint Francis de Sales was that he would be misunderstood. "Do not wish to be anything but what you are—but be that perfectly," he wrote.

I wondered what, in particular, Cuomo had read from Teilhard de Chardin, his spiritual mentor, a Jesuit who was also a scientist, a paleontologist who loved the world. I settled on this passage from *The Divine Milieu*:

> The task assigned to us is to climb toward the light. . . . That which is good, sanctifying and spiritual for my brother below or beside me on the mountainside can be material, misleading or bad for me. What I rightly allowed myself yesterday, I must perhaps deny myself today. . . . In other words, the soul can only rejoin God after having traversed *a specific path* through matter. . . . Each one of us has his Jacob's ladder.

Among members of the press, the search for meaning beyond the apparent and evident meaning of the governor's words goes on and on. I believe what he says, and I believe he felt that Friday

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



that he was on the rung of the ladder where duty and responsibility had obliged him to stop.

All in all, on a day that brought me no joy, he exercised what Teilhard calls "that precise concentrated particularity which makes up so much of the warm charm of human persons."

•

That charm was much in evidence when I met him several months before his announcement on Black Friday.

He was thinking aloud about Sophia Loren. The governor of New York—in whom asceticism and love of the sensible world, ceremoniousness and sarcasm, are nicely wedded—is sitting behind his desk in the state capitol. The spatulate fingers of his enormous, well-groomed baseball player's hands are splayed out on the desk that used to belong to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He is putting a problem to a visiting photographer. Why is it, Mario Cuomo wants to know, that a woman whose features are almost disfiguringly large—"her nose is too big, her mouth is too big, she has a man's hands"—looks perfect in photographs, and is in fact so beautiful. Taken separately, her features don't work. Together they add up to something remarkable. He might almost have been holding the mirror to himself.

Cuomo's own gestures are large. His nose is large and his mouth is large and his deep-set, large, dark, baggy eyes are dramatically hooded. The defining lines of his fleshy 60-year-old face are so deeply etched one feels one could read him like braille. He owns a whole lot of oversized character and personality traits that ought to cancel one another out, but that alchemized together in him are something remarkable.

He is the most formidable and the most glamourous man I have ever met.

It would almost certainly surprise him to be described in this way. He says women like his face "because I'm safe. I was the perfect guy to marry. Yes sir. I look like somebody's uncle. Maybe everybody has a good face but me. I have a good hook shot. Forget about it."

It surprises me to be describing an elected official in this way. I am not alone in finding it impossible to be in Mario Cuomo's company without actively desiring his approval. He inspires a desire to know him and to be known by him, which may be one of the reasons members of the press act personally aggrieved when they think the governor is less than forthcoming. "The single best rule for the intelligent conduct of life and society is love," he once wrote. The conviction that this politician actually lives by this dictum is irresistible—you can't help wanting a piece of it.

•

Da-da-da-da-da-da-dum-dum. Cuomo is humming a jingle. "What's that?" he says. "*Mary Noble, Backstage Wife* or *Helen Trent*? *Dida-ling-ding-ding-ding.* Who was that? *Just Plain Bill* or *Lorenzo Jones and His Wife Belle*? 'Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows.' Who drove the car for the Shadow? Who was his girlfriend? Margot. Lamont Cranston and Margot. I'm an expert on the radio soaps. Jack Armstrong. The a-a-a-l-l-American boy. 'Have you tried Wheaties?'" A kid in Queens, he was listening to *The Shadow* when Pearl Harbor was bombed.

•

I grew up in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn. The governor grew up in Jamaica, Queens. I am Italian. He is Italian. I read his gestures with enormous pleasure. They are the language of my childhood, the language my father spoke, the language my brother speaks. Cuomo's appetite for religious meaning and tradition speak to me, too: God doesn't appear in dinner conversations very often. Later it will be suggested that he manipulated me, making much of my Italianness, his Italianness. I don't think so (in any case, it takes two to play this game). I think his charm is intuitive, not calculated. I don't feel manipulated. After all, it's a nice human instinct to meet a person on grounds where you think you stand the greatest chance of connecting. He touches you at that point where you will feel individually acknowledged and enriched. He addresses himself to what is unique in you.

•

As a writer, he is admirably precise. His speeches, at once lofty and colloquial, are models of lucidity and immediacy that speak to the heart and to the viscera as well as to the cultivated mind. His published diaries are used as textbooks in urban-affairs classes. He wrote his own television commercials during the gubernatorial campaign. But he is singularly easy to misquote because his words owe everything to context. Cuomo often talks in semantic arabesques—if you don't actually *see* the commas and the quotation marks that indicate he has set up a dialog with an imaginary Other for your edification, it's easy to distort his meaning or to hang him with his own words. His voice, a beautiful, expressive instrument, often contradicts his words, as an actor's will, to make a point. This can be confounding if you're not paying close attention. His razzle-dazzle speaking style and his verbal ellipses are jam for the press. But he retreats, when you least expect it, into sudden reticence. An iron curtain of introversion shuts over his personality; like many people who talk a lot, he is less accessible than his manner suggests. A very private public man, he is contemplative and meditative, as often high on silence as he is on gab.

He prides himself on being prudent in action, judicious. He is also combative and—his detractors say—prickly and impatient. He is clothed in power, yet he says he has always been an outsider, a man who "takes power too seriously to be totally comfortable with it . . . always feels out of place . . . just a little incongruous: a baseball player, professor, campaigner, politician, father, husband—always a little too round for a square opening, or a little too square."

He once said, "I don't enjoy waving at strangers—I feel as though I'm presuming on them." Try to imagine another politician saying that.

•

"Madonna? What do I think of Madonna? She's nice if you like Madonna. Me, I like Merle Oberon. Robert Mapplethorpe, who's Mapplethorpe, what am I supposed to think of him? *That's what I think.*" He shrugs and scratches the underside of his chin and extends his palm in an Italian gesture both economic and symphonic, usually accompanied by a sound that is half-grunt, half-sigh: "Do me a favor. People think I'm cursing when I do that. 'I saw you on television. You did that to curse someone.'

"Tell them"—his press aide, Tom Conroy, and a photographer, Harry Benson—"what it means." Untranslatable, it means (roughly) *So what? Do I care?*

"What does this mean?" He makes a gesture with his forefinger and little finger extended. I think it signifies the evil eye. "No. No. *Cornuto.* Now you're gonna learn something, now you're gonna thank me; after all this is over, you're gonna say, 'One thing this guy did for me, he taught me something I never knew and I should have known because I was from Bensonhurst. This is *cornuto*, horns. You are the horned one, you are the goat, you are the cuckolded one, you have been made a fool of.'

"The men's movement, what's that? There's a men's movement? As in male/female? Hey, Tom, did you know there was a men's movement? What the hell is a men's movement? Ask me another question. How the hell did I miss the men's movement?" He looks pleased as punch to have missed it.

"What century would I like to have lived in? The Nineteenth. Why? Because it's the only one I know. You

(continued on page 132)

"The most incredible piece of luck, Karen—Ms. Bixby is a marriage counselor!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

CHILL OUT

when things heat up, cool down with a classic summer thirst quencher

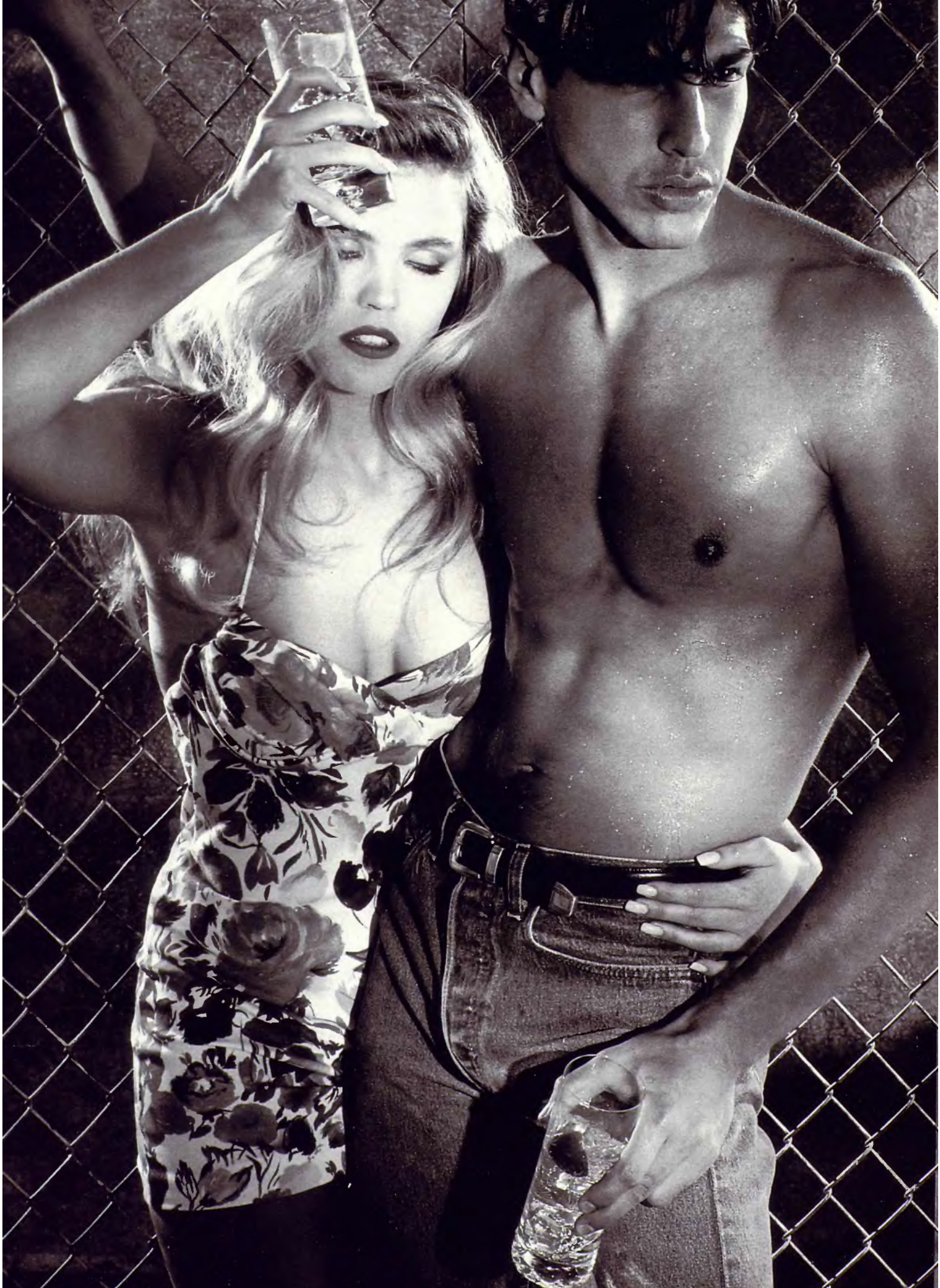
drink by F. PAUL PACULT

THERE'S NO mistaking July, the zenith of summer. Baseball takes its All-Star break. Heat waves penetrate the sand, turning beachgoers into *Club MTV* dancers. And you frequently fill your tall collins glass with an ice-cold mixed drink. But whether you choose vodka, gin, light rum or tequila—or even bourbon or dark rum—as your base, keep one mixing rule of thumb in mind: the better the spirit, the better the result. For a few extra dollars, the top-of-the-line brands will intensify the flavor of such summer sips as gin and tonic, rum and Coke and the assorted daiquiris, coladas and margaritas. For example, two ounces of a superpremium tequila, such as Cuervo 1800 or Sauza Conmemorativo, mixed with one and a half ounces of lime juice and a half ounce of triple sec and served in a glass liberally rimmed with coarse salt will result in a margarita *legendaria*.

Tropical drinks are as eye-catching as they are refreshing. One can only imagine how some of their names, such as Trader Vic's famous Suffering Bastard, came about. For example, Swimming Ashore for the Songs of Sunrise is made by blending three ounces of grapefruit juice, half-ounce portions each of orange juice and triple sec, one and a half ounces of dark rum and two teaspoons of grenadine. Another drink, created at the Grand Hyatt Wailea Resort and Spa's Humuhumunukunukuapua'a restaurant (try saying that after two), is the Beach Bummin', which combines three quarters of an ounce each of vodka and Chambord with three to four ounces of passion-fruit juice and lots of ice.

The venerable gin and tonic has been a warm-weather choice since the days when the sun never set on the Union Jack. G & Ts are dramatically improved by the herbal flavors of top London dry gins such as Beefeater's, Tanqueray or Bombay Sapphire. The original Singapore sling, a gin-based long drink appreciated around the globe, contains one ounce each of gin, cherry brandy and Benedictine and four ounces of club soda over ice. It's perfect for that slow boat to Catalina on a sunny day.

Vodka, eastern Europe's crystalline calling card, has gained deserved fame as the foundation of such summertime standards as screwdrivers and bloody marys. But an adventurous new generation of vodka aficionados has given rise to this bone-dry crowd pleaser: Mix a premium or *(concluded on page 146)*



video and computer action is back with a vengeance. this time the big boys are playing, too

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

VIDEO GAMES have made more comebacks than the Terminator. They soared in 1980 and came crashing down like a dud Scud three years later because of a glut of boring choices. Now they're back, in a multibillion-dollar-a-year way, and the new generation of titles is anything but kid stuff. In fact, the 16-bit game systems (more powerful than the original eight-bit versions), as well as many computer games, bring you as close to arcade action as possible without the need for a bucketful of quarters. Thanks to expanded computing power, game programmers can now choose more colors, design amazingly intricate obstacles, add increased levels of difficulty and create screen images that look almost three-dimensional. The sound quality is better, too. Voices, crashes and crowd roars are much more

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN KURTZ

realistically rendered.

Currently, there are three 16-bit video-game systems available for hookup to TV sets: Super Nintendo (SNES), Sega Genesis and NEC TurboGrafx. Also available is SNK's Neo-Geo. This 24-bit system has the most overwhelming graphics, but at $600 (compared with less than $200 for the competition), it's also the most expensive. Neo-Geo game titles are priced higher as well, at about $180 versus $30 to $70.

In terms of computer games, prices range from $50 to $95 for CD-ROM entries. For the best experience, get at least a 386 central-processing unit equipped with one megabyte of RAM, VGA graphics, a mouse (or joystick) and a sound board (such as the Sound Blaster included in *Winning Gear* on page 140).

In general, video games today tend to be faster-paced and more engaging. You start playing Joe Montana II and, three hours later, you're still tossing touchdown passes. They're also less intimidating. You don't have to be a computer whiz to play video games. Just pop the cartridge into the console and you're off. Controllers are easier to master, too. With computers, you either buy an optional joystick, use the keyboard (and move at a snail's pace) or maneuver the mouse—a challenge in itself. On the other hand, the large memory capacity of computers allows for incredibly complex, lifelike games. Flight simulators, for example, are remarkably realistic—you actually feel like you're in the cockpit of a Stealth bomber. And while computer games tend to slow down the system, you have the option of installing them and then deleting them after you've finished playing.

Still, selecting a system is the easy part. The tricky part is sorting through all the games. Since the packaging is often much more exciting than the games themselves, the following guide to video-PC action should help you separate the men from the toys.

SPORTS

Of the dozens of games introduced every month, sports titles are by far the biggest sellers. Among the best is Sega's Joe Montana II: Sports Talk Football for Genesis. Although it's graphically similar to other 16-bit football titles, Montana II stands helmets above the competition thanks to an announcer who reviews all the action. When the quarterback drops back to pass, for example, the digitized voice describes the play you've called and the outcome (completion, interception and so on). The game lets you choose teams, weather, turf and strategy, as well as the length of each quarter. It even shows close-ups during instant replays. John Madden Football for SNES and John Madden Football '92 for Genesis (both from Electronic Arts) also offer great action. And Accolade's Mike Ditka Power Football for Genesis and Mike Ditka Ultimate Football for IBM compatibles have terrific sound tracks filled with crunching tackles.

In a league all its own is 2020 Super Baseball. Available for Neo-Geo, it's a futuristic game played by men, women and robots. The characters are huge (like armor-clad Jose Cansecos). Realistic crowd noises add to the fun. There's no competition here—the rest of the baseball games are strictly little league.

Hockey fans can gear up for the Stanley Cup with NHL Hockey from Electronic Arts for Genesis. This one- or two-player game offers a choice of 21 NHL teams and two All-Star squads. Scouting reports and instant replays are available, and sound effects include body checks, pucks sliding over the ice and players smashing into the boards.

Two new golf games, Electronic Arts' PGA Tour Golf and Nintendo's Waialae Country Club Golf, both for SNES, are worth a couple of rounds. Up to four can play PGA and two can tee up in Waialae. While birds chirp in the backgrounds of both, players choose clubs and hack away. PGA Tour Golf has a choice of four courses and lets you compete against any of 60 PGA Tour pros, including Fuzzy Zoeller and Paul Azinger. Pressing the controller determines the power of the stroke in both games. There are different lies and a chance to look at a 3-D grid of the green to determine the best way to putt. Sink a birdie and the crowd cheers; miss and groans fill the air. An older version for Genesis is just as much fun. A new game from Tradewest for SNES, Jack Nicklaus Golf, is also a smart pick.

For the PCs, there are two standout programs—Links: The Challenge of Golf from Access and Accolade's Jack Nicklaus' Golf & Course Design: Signature Edition. Both are realistic (thanks to additional computer memory) and use digitized photos for the players and backgrounds. The Nicklaus game even allows weekend duffers to design their own courses and to match their play against the Bear himself.

Instead of tennis elbow, tennis finger may be the new ache of the Nineties. Top games here include Nintendo's Super Tennis for SNES and Davis Cup Tennis for TurboGrafx. Super Tennis has wonderful sound effects and offers a choice of three surfaces, tournament-level play and a chance to team up with the computer against a pair of rivals or with another human against the machine. Davis Cup has an imaginative horizontal split screen showing the perspectives of opposing players.

Neo-Geo's Soccer Brawl is a kick—literally. One or two players compete in a futuristic, magnetically enclosed stadium where wall shots are possible and there are no penalties for fouls. Not only does anything go, but players on the seven-man teams can also save for killer power shots.

Surprisingly, basketball has not reached the tech levels of other sports titles. The best game is Bulls vs. Lakers and the NBA Playoffs (Electronic Arts for Genesis). And, yes, Magic Johnson is on the roster. A computer game due out this summer from Electronic Arts, tentatively titled Michael Jordan Flight, is likely to score big with B-ball fanatics. Using digitized footage of the Bulls superstar, this game goes a technological step further with its use of full-motion video animation.

Lastly, boxing games have been temporarily down for the count, but Sega is set to revive the category with its new game, Evander Holyfield Real Deal Boxing, coming this summer for Genesis. In the meantime, try to find Nintendo's eight-bit title, Mike Tyson's Punch Out. It's likely to become a collector's edition.

ACTION/FIGHTING

Sega's Streets of Rage for Genesis and Capcom's Final Fight for SNES are martial-arts mayhem at its best. Both are similar in structure. There's a choice of fighters and difficulty levels; there's a boss who controls a drug-infested city and who has to be beaten along with his henchmen. In Streets of Rage, one of the good-guy fighters, Blaze Fielding, likes to lambada while chopping her way through a number of particularly cruel baddies, including leather-clad dominatrices with whips. The sound track, created by the well-known Japanese composer Yuzo Koshiro, is the best on the market. Final Fight, a one-player kick-'em-up, weaves the hero through streets that look suspiciously like New York City. Surviving the walk requires a four-foot length of pipe; knives and swords help, too. Other knockout choices include Capcom's Street Fighter II for SNES, a faithful adaptation of the arcade hit of the same name, and Fatal Fury and Burning Fight, two hard-hitting and -kicking Neo-Geo titles.

HORIZONTAL SHOOTERS

With this type of game, the action moves from left to right on the screen—that is, a plane or rocket ship has to maneuver around hundreds of obstacles coming from the right of the

(continued on page 138)

"All my life, baby, I've been looking for a girl like you."

A HEART-STOPPING SALUTE TO THE NEW GENERATION OF WOMEN IN WHITE

MED-ALERT!

IS THE COST of keeping up your health insurance getting you down? Paying too much for too little coverage? Think our health-care system is going to hell? Is that what's ailing you, Bunky? Well, take heart. There are hidden benefits if you happen to receive medical care from one of the women on these and the following pages. It has been nearly a decade since we scoured the halls of medicine to find America's most lovely angels of mercy (*Women in White*, *Playboy*, November 1983), and one similarity between then and now is that we have found more gorgeous women than we have room to picture. We also discovered some changes in nursing. Back then, more nurses talked about stress and burnout than the women we interviewed this year, many of whom intend to pursue advanced degrees and open their own clinics or home-care services. Oh, yes, and this time we have not only nurses but a *doctor*. Say ahh. Take your medicine.

On the opposite page are four Golden State health-care professionals who could spark a collector's market in autographed tongue depressors. Clockwise from top: Michelle Bowen, Lisa Nicole, Carole Clarke and Amy Hastings. You saw Carole (above left), a former L.A. Raiderette, on TV in 1984 when the Raiders won the Super Bowl. Today she's at a southern California hospital. Lisa (above right) also works at a California hospital and wants to open her own home health-care agency. Amy (below) specializes in home care for the terminally ill in the Santa Barbara area.

Medical assistant Mary Ann Smolock (left), 21, warks in a physician's office in southeastern Pennsylvania. In the photo above she prepares a patient for an X ray. Nicole Hawkins (below), 25, a respiratory technician at an Ohio hospital, spends most of her shift in the emergency room. "The patients I see have life-threatening conditions like heart attacks, so work's stressful, but it can also be rewarding to help save a life." Why pose for *Playboy*? "It's been a fantasy since I was a teen."

Michelle Bowen (above), 26, is a nuclear medicine technologist. "I work with cancer patients," she says. "We use radioactive tracers and a computerized gamma camera to make images of the affected target organs." Off duty, she relaxes by roller-blading.

Arizona licensed practical nurse Kathleen Lee (top and above) gives home care to patients an life-suppart equipment. "Most are quadriplegic, sa it's a very physical job requiring a lot of lifting." Kathy, whose father and brother are both named Robert E. Lee, says she's a direct descendant of the Civil War general. Amy Green (right), an X-ray technician in California, devates her spare time to fund-raising for the fight against child abuse. To keep herself fit, she pumps iron.

Cynthia Scott (left), RN, is associate director of a north Texas medical center specializing in hair restoration. "Men are just as vain as women when it comes to hair," she says, "so we cater to them and pamper them." Joanna Demas, M.D. (bottom), an Ohio internist, "fantasized about being in *Playboy*, but never seriously. Then I heard David Chan was in town and called him for fun." Obviously, Chan liked what he saw. Inset, Dr. Demas checks a patient in her office.

The James twins, Renée and Regina (abave), 28, pravide double health coverage for the dollar. Renée (left), an RN at a Kentucky haspital, and Regina, an RN in sauthern Indiana, show off their work scrubs, stethoscopes and winning bedside manners. Regina warks with a group called Cancel Alcahal-Related Injuries, showing lacal students graphic films of alcohal-related auto accidents. "It makes them think twice about drinking and driving." The twins say they "always wanted ta be nurses when we grew up." Mare relaxed (apposite, tap), Renée (left) and Regina, in search af pizza, phone first. Detroit-area RN Lynn Hall (oppasite, battom, and belaw), 29, is an expert floral arranger who would someday like to own her own shap. Oklahoma LPN Carman Johnsan (right) says that a perfect day off wauld include water-skiing, country music and Cajun faad.

An X-ray technician for a Florida chiropractor, Krista Henry (below and, at right, on the job), 25, says she's partial to tall, lean, dark-haired men with light eyes. She doesn't like dishonest men, so don't lie to her. (Remember: She can see right through you.)

Julie Leager (above), 26, an RN in Delaware, is 5'11", and one of her pet peeves is being called "a big girl." She considers herself "a basic, down-to-earth person, kind of shy if I don't know you well." We think Julie's beauty speaks for itself. On the opposite page, Kentucky emergency medical technician Cheri Stuart, 20, gives new meaning to the term "scrubbing up." Cheri, who works for an ambulance service (below), is a serious bodybuilding enthusiast.

MARIO CUOMO *(continued from page 114)*

"'Volatile is Sicilian. Volatile is Calabrese. Me, I'm Neapolitan. Where the music comes from.'"

want to hang around and play nice games, I'll play games, I'll talk about the Eighteenth Century: 'That seemed great to me, I'll go back there.' Forget about it. How would you brush your teeth? 'The Renaissance seemed perfect to me.' You kidding? No bathrooms. I'm not a great historian, but I've lived half a hundred years now and I've read a whole lot. I don't think times are terribly different. I think the basic things in life don't change a lot. The insecurity is always there, the little bits of joy are always there, the confusion is always there, the tendency to despair is always there and always will be there. When we grow ailerons and superintelligence, we may diminish some of these aspects. But until we leave the category *human*—which is what Teilhard says is what is meant to happen when we all become perfect and the whole universe grows up into heaven—until then, we're going to be what we are, what we've always been. People are always the same. What's an aileron? I don't know." The governor puts a fist on either side of his forehead and wriggles both forefingers to suggest the flying green creatures that have ailerons.

"My son Christopher likes the Fifties. The Fifties were great, the suits, the music, nice, a gentler time. I liked it. But I like this time, too. What do you like more about the Fifties? That you were young? That's different. You have to give some things up, too, you know. Too soon old and too late smart. What did you know when you were young? You wasted all those years."

Well, he doesn't seem prickly to me. But I am suddenly aware of the fact that the man with whom I am joshing, this volatile man who indulges me when I play games, may someday change the course of human affairs. ("Volatile? Me? No. *Mercurial*. Volatile could explode. Not me. I'm easy. Mercurial, you move all the time, you're tough to pick up, fast, you go through changes and phases. Volatile is Sicilian—like Matilda [his wife]. Volatile is Calabrese—like your people. Me, I'm Neapolitan. That's where the music comes from. All those songs you hear in all the cantinas of the world—Neapolitan." He sings: "*Oi Mari, Oi Mari, quanta suonne agge perso pé te . . . Vicino o' Mare.*" In dialect, he sings.)

I apologize for playing games: "You don't really like playing games, do you?" I say.

But he is expansive: "Not necessarily. Remember spin the bottle? Do you remember spin the bottle, Tom? Did they have that game when you were a kid? The Irish, they'll lie to you, you know. They're not like us."

Us. Tom is Irish. The governor and he grin at each other.

•

The governor's values were honed in the bosom of his family. So were his anecdotes:

"Talking like this is your idea of working? Forget it. This is an Italian's idea. The Milanese comes down from the north—hardworking, sixty, sixty-five years old—comes down to Napoli. And there, middle of the afternoon, is a guy sitting by the water—a young man, maybe twenty-one, twenty-two—and he's fishing. The Milanese says, 'Hey, what're you doing there?'

"'I'm fishing.'

"The Milanese says, 'You gotta work, you gotta work hard, you gotta get yourself a job and then you gotta get the money and save the money, then you retire, nice, you move around, maybe then you go fishing.'

"The man says, 'Nice, but that's what I'm doin' now.'"

His father, Andrea, came to America from the *Provincia di Salerno*. His mother, Immaculata (Macula), lived in a 400-year-old mountain building that was once a monastery, a house with a dirt floor, no electricity and no indoor plumbing.

When Andrea and Macula came to America, they had no skills, no money, no English. Andrea couldn't read or write. One of the reasons the governor believes New York City will make it—AIDS, crime and drugs notwithstanding—is that it remains the city where people come to find their lives and their success. New immigrants, unlike those who came during the grand immigration from southern Europe, come with skills and money. "They can buy brownstones in Brooklyn immediately, Korean fruit stores immediately," he says. Whereas his father labored as a ditchdigger in Jersey City (one can imagine the iron necessity that drove people from beautiful Naples to grimy Jersey City); he dug trenches for sewer pipes.

The Cuomos moved to South Jamaica and opened a grocery store. Mario Cuomo's belief in the durability of the American dream, as well as his feeling that he is a permanent outsider, can be traced to this time. "We had no bilingual education in South Jamaica. I didn't speak English well when I was young. In speech class, I refused to give speeches. And it wasn't an Italian community. At Saint Monica's Church, we didn't even have an Italian priest.

"You were born in South Jamaica? You probably owed my father money. Everybody owed us money. I still have the book. You'd come to the grocery store and we'd put your name in the book. If they got up to forty dollars and you didn't see them for a few days, that meant they had moved to Newark."

Jamaica is part of the Borough of Queens. "You never saw a movie about Queens. In all the movies, they lived in Brooklyn. Brooklyn was the only place with ethnics, Brooklyn was the only place with neighborhoods. Brooklyn made it into the movies, Queens got nothing but disrespect. When you landed at LaGuardia Airport—which is in Queens, in the city of New York—all the signs said TO THE CITY, like Queens didn't belong to the city. I never left Queens." He says this good-naturedly, self-mockingly. Success doesn't altogether obliterate past hurts. And those past hurts, the wounds of an ethnic outsider, guarantee his identification with Americans who have not managed to grab their share of the spoils—his larger "family."

•

We are talking about middle-class discontent. "I know middle-class discontent, irritation, anger, better than *you* do," he says.

"Why?"

"Because I'm older than you, I've been middle-class longer than you."

"Not by a lot."

"Hey. Am I older than you? I'm older than you. I'm older than you chronologically. I'm older than you physically. I look older than you and I feel older than you."

While I am trying to absorb this, he segues into a story:

"My father and my godfather, Rosario, worked together. When my godfather quit the fish store and my father quit the grocery store because he had a heart attack, there was nothing they could do with themselves and they were irritated. So they came to me and said, 'We'd like to build a house; we want to go in the housebuilding business.' My father can't read or write, but never mind about reading plans. Rosario, my godfather, was a bricklayer, he had a real skill. I was a young lawyer, so we got together. I bought a piece of land for two thousand dollars. We went to the old contractors that my

(continued on page 151)

It's a mellow song, a good friend,
a laid back night.
It's Southern Comfort®.

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NICOLE KIDMAN

Nicole Kidman is equal parts wild red hair, long legs, beguiling smile and spontaneous combustion—nice stuff on its own, devastating when combined with her acting talents. Working on TV and in film since the age of 14, she was chosen as best actress in a poll of the Australian public when she was 17. Kidman first wowed American audiences as a seagoing survivor in "Dead Calm." She followed that as a brainy babe in "Days of Thunder," then played Dutch Schultz's moll in "Billy Bathgate." Next up: "Far and Away," an 1800s period drama directed by Ron Howard in which Kidman plays an upper-class Irish immigrant finding her way in America and falling in love. Contributing Editor David Rensin spoke with Kidman in Los Angeles. Her husband, Tom Cruise, sat for a "20 Questions" interview in 1986, which she had read only the night before. "It was fascinating to read about a Tom I'd never known," she said.

1.

PLAYBOY: What do tall women know that women of average height never will?

KIDMAN: Tall women know that it takes guts to wear heels. It says "I have no inhibitions about being tall," even though you've spent your whole life being told how big you are. Most tall women stoop to look smaller. I learned early on to be totally self-assured about my height. My father's six foot ten, my mother's five foot ten, my sister's five foot ten and I'm five foot ten.

When I see a guy going out with a taller girl, I immediately like him. It shows that he's confident. Look at Prince Charles. They have to cut Princess Diana's heels down. Most men would be intimidated.

far and away the best redheaded gift from down under speaks out on prisons, pouches and potato cuisine

2.

PLAYBOY: Do the facts that Tom Cruise is a major Hollywood star and your husband help or hinder your getting work?

KIDMAN: Lots of people think I got *Days of Thunder* and *Far and Away* because of Tom. It's not true. The huge studios aren't going to put me in a movie just to please Tom. Besides, whenever Tom's in a movie, it's really *his* movie. The best of situations occurred when we worked on *Far and Away*. Director Ron Howard always dealt with us separately. "OK, I want Nicole to call me at four P.M. and Tom to call me at seven-thirty P.M." He didn't try to reach me through Tom. He gave us equal power. Obviously, though, when the movie comes out, lots of people are going to go because Tom's in it.

3.

PLAYBOY: What can Tom do that will make you laugh instantly, and what can you do that will make him laugh instantly?

KIDMAN: He does these funny little dances. He's a really good dancer, but he sends himself up. He can do Elvis really well. Also, his laugh. His nose crinkles up and his teeth sort of come forward. He opens his whole mouth and throws his head back. As soon as he does that, I'm in hysterics because it's so infectious. [*Smiles*] But then, I'm in love with him.

I do lots of different accents and stuff. He likes that. He always says, "Oh, God, you're a character, Nicole." Hmmm. That's really personal. That answer was more personal than anything. It's funny how I just got embarrassed. But yeah. See, I smile even when I'm thinking about him.

4.

PLAYBOY: In *Far and Away* you're Irish. How many ways can you cook potatoes?

KIDMAN: Scalloped potatoes, boiled potatoes, baked potatoes, German-style potato salad and, my favorite, mashed potatoes. You boil the potatoes, add a little garlic and salt, mmm. And then the butter. And milk. But, they are very, very bad for you. I'm sure I even love instant mashed potatoes.

5.

PLAYBOY: While working on *Far and Away*, what special communication did you and Ron Howard share as fellow redheads?

KIDMAN: Funny. Ron says he has no preference for redheads, but it's the first thing I talked about with his wife, Cheryl, who's also a redhead, as are all four of their kids. Ron makes every person feel that they're special. You would do *anything* for the guy. Ron is loyal. He keeps his promises. He has a great sense of humor. And I love it when a director can suggest something to me that wasn't anything I'd have ever come up with myself. For example, there's a scene in the film where Tom has a pot over his genitals and I have to look under the pot and react. I did it a couple times and it was going well. Everyone was laughing and it was very funny. But I did it from the viewpoint of, "Oh, my God, this is the most shocking thing I've ever seen." And then Ron came up and said, "Enjoy it." That's all he said.

6.

PLAYBOY: Your dad is a biochemist. Do you believe in personal chemistry?

KIDMAN: Something hits you like a thunderbolt when you meet the person you want to be with. You never forget it. If it happens to both of you, that's it. Chemistry is if you still get all warm and tingly when the person you love compliments you. Hugs and kisses still make you blush. I still blush. I still want to impress Tom. I still do all those things to nurture our relationship—which is particularly important to actors who are separated a lot. If that means talking on the phone for two hours when you're extremely tired, then do it. If that means flying on the weekend when you've had two hours' sleep, you do it. And it doesn't mean giving up your goals and your career; all it means is pushing yourself a little harder.

7.

PLAYBOY: What one thing can men do that would make women so much happier? And why do you suppose men refuse to do it?

KIDMAN: They can be honest. Men—people—aren't honest because they're scared. To be honest you have to be willing to accept what you're told and not punish the person for being honest, or lose your temper. Certainly, you'll react to what you hear, but you shouldn't hold on to it for years and always bring it up.

8.

PLAYBOY: Magazine surveys about what women want in men indicate that a sense of humor tops the list. Does this

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALBERTO TOLOT

mean there's hope for funny guys who don't look like matinee idols?

KIDMAN: Yeah, the secret's out. [*Laughs*] How are you going to get through the next fifty years if you can't laugh about things? The belly laugh—when tears are coming out of your eyes—is an unrivaled sensation.

9.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people didn't see *Billy Bathgate*. What did you do in that movie that you think people should see—and why should they pick up the video?

KIDMAN: I like my American accent. I never slipped out of it. It was very particular: a blue blood, 1935. I worked with a coach, but basically all you have to do is listen to the voice you want to copy and get the rhythm. And then, before you know it, you get the accent. I even stayed in my accent between takes, except when I was on the phone to my mother in Australia.

10.

PLAYBOY: What movies should Americans see if they want to learn about Australia?

KIDMAN: *The Fringe Dwellers*, directed by Bruce Beresford. It's about the aborigines. *Sweetie*, a Jane Campion film. It's a very avant-garde study of parents. *The Man from Snowy River* shows the beauty of Australia. I'd still like to see more contemporary Australian movies, but there's a shortage of directors. Now they're all working over here. They did something right during the Seventies and early Eighties because look how many there are: Peter Weir, Bruce Beresford, Fred Schepisi, Phil Noyce. We haven't seen that next generation of Australian directors yet, but I think we will during the next five years.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's your routine on the almost fifteen-hour flight from Los Angeles to Sydney?

KIDMAN: It's all carefully planned. I'm an expert. I board. I change into sweats in the bathroom. Pull my hair back. Put on heaps of moisturizer. Drink about three glasses of water, if I can manage that much. And then I start to drink herbal tea—rose hip tea because it has a lot of vitamin C. Then I eat dinner, but I don't eat the red meat, just salads and the light food. Meanwhile, I'm still spraying Evian on my face and drinking water. Then I watch some of the movie. But it's always good to go to sleep during the movie because all the lights are turned off and everyone's quiet. I put a mask over my eyes, put in earplugs. I don't take any pills because they make me groggy. I wake up just to drink water or chamomile tea. And I time myself to sleep for only eight hours. I wake up. I go into the bathroom, wash my face, clean my teeth. Then I eat breakfast, watch the newsreel on what's happening in Australia and read for an hour or two, and we're about to land. Then it's back into the bathroom, get changed and deplane. And everyone always says, "God, you look so fresh!" Oh, and I always take a Walkman.

12.

PLAYBOY: Australia is a land of pouches—koalas, kangaroos and other marsupials. How has the pouch infiltrated the commercial sector as a consumer product?

KIDMAN: The pouch. Are you kidding me? I'm going to go back and say that an American interviewer said we were the Land of Pouches. No, there are no pouch products I can think of. [*Laughs*] I might go back and start a company called the Pouch Company. Talk about Pouch Theory. Gee, how the hell did you think of that?

13.

PLAYBOY: You first came to America's attention in *Dead Calm*, a film about personal terror on the high seas. In it, your husband uses a flare gun as a weapon. What methods of self-defense do you know?

KIDMAN: You want me to get brutal? At school we had self-defense lessons. What you do is you push the guy's eyeballs in with your thumbs so that it blinds him, and then you kick him. You know where. Blind him, kick him and run. Is that not good self-defense?

14.

PLAYBOY: Did the filming of *Dead Calm* ruin sailing for you?

KIDMAN: It didn't. I love it. We lived out at sea. I learned to sail an eighty-foot yacht single-handed. I had an Italian skipper who trained me for six weeks prior to the film. He was extremely tough and would yell at me all the time, but he was an excellent teacher. The best thing is sailing at night. You feel, Gosh, there are no worries. This is what [life's] about.

15.

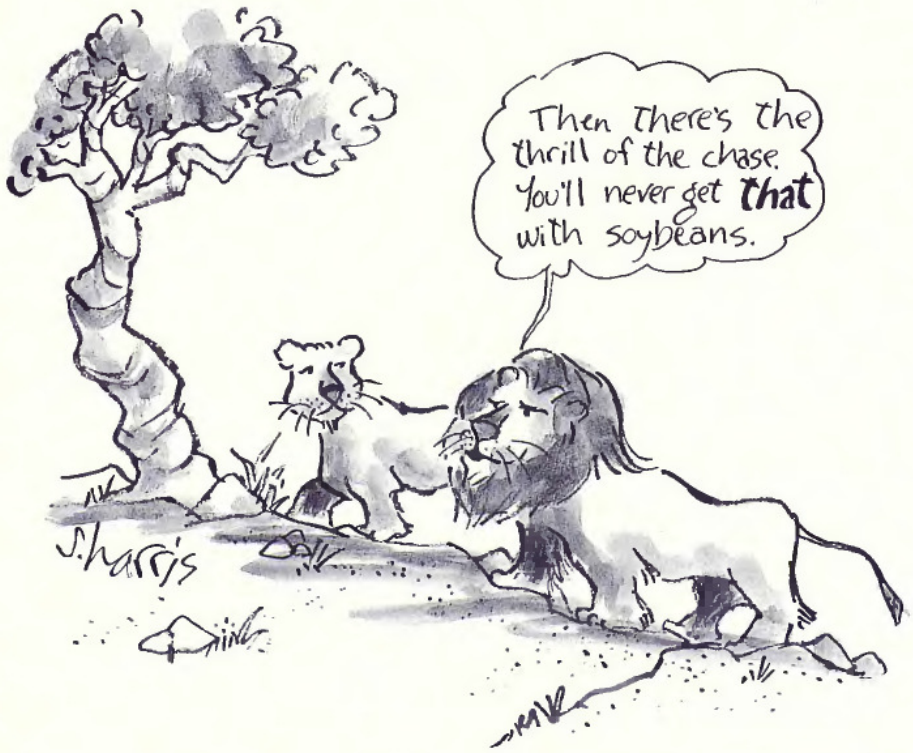
PLAYBOY: You also sky-dive. What were you thinking the first time you stepped out of an airplane?

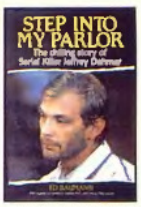
KIDMAN: "No, no, no, no, no! My helmet! My gloves!" I kept coming up with excuses. Then Tom jumped out and he was gone in one second. When somebody jumps out, you expect it to look as if he's floating away. But he's *gone* and that is terrifying. Then you stand there and feel the cold air. My teeth still chatter every time—before I think, Just do it! You feel like you're suspended in the air. I just love it. I tried to convince my parents to let me jump when I was fourteen, and they wouldn't. You can live life terrified of doing everything, or you can choose some things that you really want and do them so that, when you're eighty years old, you won't regret having missed out. I don't want to have any regrets.

16.

PLAYBOY: When you travel abroad, what's always on the sightseeing itinerary?

KIDMAN: I will always visit some sort of jail. In Ireland, while filming *Far and Away*, I visited a jail where people from the different uprisings have been held





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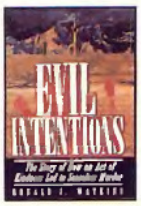

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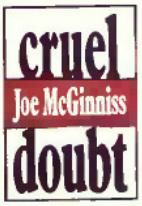

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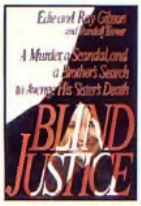

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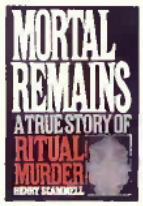

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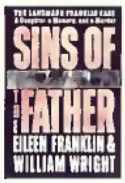

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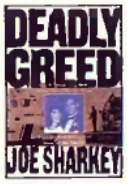

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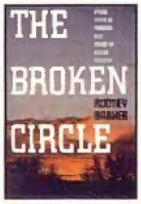

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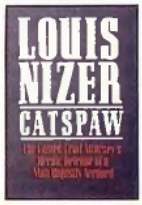

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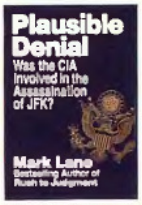

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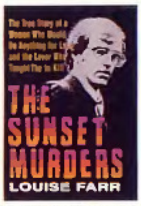

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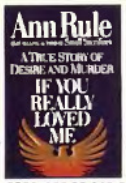

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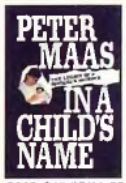

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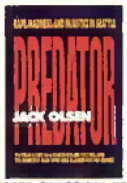

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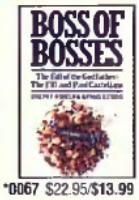

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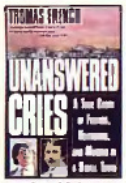

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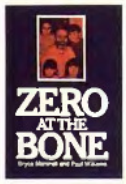

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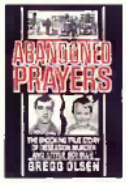

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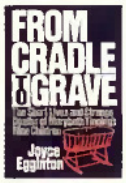

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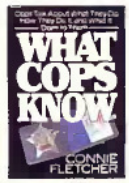

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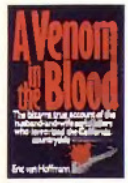

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since 1917. You can feel the ghosts. Men were killed there, hanged, shot for what they believed in. And the place was so cold. You can imagine Ireland in the middle of winter. There's the cell and corridors with open windows where the snow would come in. Men lived in these conditions for years.

I also like to go to cemeteries. In Dingle, I went to the old cemetery where they shot *Ryan's Daughter*. I went in the moonlight. In Australia, I went to a place where all the convicts were held—U2 wrote a song about it. It's important for people to visit these places where history resides, even if it's upsetting.

17.

PLAYBOY: Many actors claim they act to overcome shyness. Is acting just a form of self-exploration?

KIDMAN: No. That's indulgent. I understand shyness. But you have to grow out of it because it's distracting. I did it by working on an Australian series where I was before the camera six days a week, all day, for seven months. Prior to that, I'd always been scared and shy and thought the crew was whispering about me, "Oh, God, she's terrible." But in spite of my worries, I still found acting fascinating. One reason was that I got to meet boys. I got my first kiss on stage. I always had a crush on someone in my acting class. That's the only thing that kept me going back on the weekends, which is so ridiculous to admit, but it's true. That's what really pulls you at that age. Dustin Hoffman says the same thing: He did it to meet girls. You get to dress up, you get to pretend you're sexy, you get to be all these things that you're actually not. I did a play, *Spring Awakening*, a very dark period drama. It was all about sexual repression. The boys in it had to appear naked, and it was the first time I'd seen a young boy naked.

18.

PLAYBOY: Your bio says that as a teenager, you thought you were the ugliest girl in the world. Should we believe that?

KIDMAN: You hear every actress say that. It's terrible. I looked very different. In Australia, you worship the sun and go to the beach all the time. The beautiful look is straight blonde hair, blue eyes and olive skin. Being a fair-skinned redhead, I didn't go out in the sun much. When I swam, I'd have to put zinc oxide—totally humiliating—on my nose, wear sun hats, cover up. Any time I tried to tan, I'd get beet red and peel. I'd also spend ages trying to blow-dry my hair straight because curly hair embarrassed me. That's how conformist I was. Anything that takes you away from the norm in your youth is not something you relish.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's the best advice about marriage you have heard and who told it to you?

KIDMAN: Tom gave it to me. He said, "This marriage is going to last because we're going to do whatever it takes. There's absolutely no limit to make it work."

20.

PLAYBOY: What item in your house requires the most explanation when guests mention it?

KIDMAN: Our puppy. We had people over the other night. He came out, jumped on one person. He bit another. He drew blood. He goes crazy and runs around the house. It's very embarrassing.

"And while we have no explicitly stated dress code, we expect our employees to use discretion, Tom."

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

(continued from page 120)

screen before making it to the finish line. Each stage ends with a boss that has to be destroyed in order to advance. The two top-ranked horizontal shooters are Capcom's UN Squadron for SNES and Gaiares, designed for Genesis by Renovation Products. With the end of the Cold War, the Russians are no longer the bad guys—now it's drug dealers. The goal of the UN Squadron is to wipe them out using a variety of pilots, aircraft and Desert Storm–type weaponry. With Gaiares, a rocket ship flies through bizarre galaxies while encountering monsters and meteors. The similarly themed Super R-Type, developed by IREM America for SNES, is a fun alternative.

Some horizontal-action games are difficult to categorize. One is Sega's Sonic the Hedgehog for Genesis. The game is filled with gorgeous primary-colored backgrounds and extremely tough rotating obstacles. It features multiple levels and, to get through them faster, Sonic tries to uncover bonuses that increase his speed to the point where he is literally a flash across the screen. It's great fun.

VERTICAL SHOOTERS

Unlike horizontal shooters—in which waves of bad guys attack from the right—vertical shooters have the enemy challenging from the top. Blazing Lazers for TurboGrafx is the perfect example. One look at this game with its multicolored, wildly shaped killer laser beams and it's easy to understand the popularity of 16-bit systems. Neo-Geo gets an honorable mention for Alpha Mission II, a game similar to Blazing Lazers. Sega's Twin Cobra for Genesis also rates high.

FLIGHT SIMULATORS

This is where computer games soar above their video counterparts. Lots of memory is required for lifelike action, and home computers have it to spare. Flight simulators put players in the cockpits of a variety of aircraft—from Apache helicopters to Stealth fighters. The top guns in this category include Wing Commander II: Vengeance of the Kilrathi (Origin), Falcon 3.0 (Spectrum HoloByte), Gunship 2000 and F-117A Nighthawk Stealth Fighter 2.0 (both from MicroProse). All require some practice to get the feel of the stick and avoid enemy fire. Plus, the game manuals resemble briefing books from the Pentagon. But when you're in sync, the game-play payoff is worth the effort.

ROLE PLAYING/FANTASY ADVENTURE

Fantasy adventure video games are similar to board games such as Dungeons, which is heavy on strategy and light on

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WINNING GEAR

stuff to make your playing better

An entire industry has developed to enhance the video-game experience. While some products are novelties (driver's gloves to prevent calluses, for example), others heighten the fun. Here are our top picks:

The controllers that come with the basic video-game systems are adequate for most players, but hardcore gamers opt for aftermarket, arcade-like joysticks with handles and rapid-fire control buttons. There's a wide variety of choices, but the joystick designed by Sega for consoles is excellent ($50). Many enthusiasts go for Freedom Sticks ($40), wireless units that use infrared technology just like a TV remote and let players roam the room to take video passes during Joe Montana II: Sports Talk Football.

Another interesting gadget is Game Genie for Nintendo and Genesis. Available from Lewis Galoob Toys, Game Genie is particularly beneficial for owners of the eight-bit Nintendo Entertainment System who are stuck with a pile of dust-gathering games that they mastered long ago. Priced between $50 and $65, Game Genie electronically customizes the original game so that it plays differently. If Mario used to jump left, for example, he would now go right. It also lets you cheat by jumping to different levels without having to fight 16 bosses along the way. Levels of difficulty can be increased as well. There's also Game Action Replay from STD Entertainment ($50), which enables you to go back to the point where you were "killed" or knocked out. We're waiting for the real-life version.

A final note on the 16-bit systems. To ensure an optimum picture and sound quality, stick with direct audio/video inputs. Newer TVs and receivers have these jacks on the front faceplate of the equipment. If there are no other jacks available, do not use the antenna (RF) connection on the back of the set, since quality will drop precipitously. Instead, use a separate box called an A/V switcher. This device will serve as a relay station for all components—not just the game console—and will straighten out the snarl of wires found behind most media systems. A good example is Sony's SB-V66S ($129), which has four sets of A/V jacks. What makes this switcher stand out are its S-video connectors, which accept top-quality video sources such as laser disc players and Super-VHS player/recorders. The new Super Nintendo system can use an S connection, which means every pixel will pop off the screen.

Moving on to hand-held games, one of the best accessories for the Sega Game Gear and TurboExpress systems is a TV tuner. Priced at about $100 each, the optional tuners transform the small LCD game screens into tiny television sets. The pictures aren't perfect, but the next time you're stuck in the bleachers at the ballpark watching a blowout game, you can remove the tuner from the unit and play a few rounds of David Robinson Supreme Court Basketball or Bonk II.

Nintendo's Game Boy has almost as many enhancements as Mario has obstacles. Two of the better ones include a detachable magnifying glass to enlarge the screen and detachable lights that brighten the screen under poorly lighted conditions. The Illuminator from Forma Precision Plastics ($15), Nuby's Game Light ($10) and Lightboy from Vic Tokai ($20) are the top names here.

Finally, when it comes to computer games, better graphics cards and faster processing units result in more impressive action. Unfortunately, such upgrades can be expensive. One relatively inexpensive way to enhance computer gaming is to add a quality sound board. Here, the top names are Sound Blaster ($169) and Ad Lib Gold 1000 ($299). Install one of these boards in your computer and the audio moves from beeps and blips to real stereo sound. With more advanced boards such as Sound Blaster Pro ($299), you can use your keyboard to compose music via MIDI (musical-instrument digital interface). After the board is installed, you can pump up the volume with quality external speakers such as Bose's Video RoomMates ($339) or Powered Partner 420s from Acoustic Research ($275). The prices are for a pair. Power up! —DAVID ELRICH

action. The goal usually involves saving a princess, finding the Holy Grail, etc. Instead of kicking or blasting your way to the finish line, clues and hints have to be read and digested before making decisions on the course of action. The games have become so complex that hint books are available to help gamers solve the mysteries.

Since more memory allows designers to increase the complexity of games, computers have the edge here, too. Our PC picks include Might and Magic III: Isles of Terra (New World Computing), Ultima VII: The Black Gate (Origin), Monkey Island 2: LeChuck's Revenge (Lucasfilm Games) and Eye of the Beholder II: The Legend of Darkmoon (Strategic Simulations). All these new adventures feature lush screens, quality sound tracks and enough complexity to satisfy members of Mensa.

Mac enthusiasts have two superior role-playing stars, Virtual Valerie and Spaceship Warlock, both from Reactor. Both are on CD-ROM discs and require a special drive. Valerie is billed as "interactive erotica" but, while she's cute, the game definitely isn't X-rated. Warlock has outstanding MTV-style graphics.

When it comes to 16-bit systems, Sega's Phantasy Star series for Genesis is the hands-down winner. Phantasy Star III: Generations of Doom is the latest version. In it, there are seven worlds to travel, the characters live for three generations and numerous beasts must be conquered. Other popular role-playing games include Might and Magic for Genesis and Final Fantasy II for SNES (both from Electronic Arts).

There are a few popular role-playing games that take place in the present and deal with modern problems rather than with ancient riddles. Again, computer games shine here. Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work (Sierra) is one of the best. Larry must audition three attractive women for a job as hostess of *America's Sexiest Home Videos*. While he's doing his job, Patti goes undercover to expose bad guys in the entertainment business. Accolade's Les Manley: Lost in L.A. is a noir-style detective tale featuring a digitized version of a *Playboy* model.

PUZZLES

Puzzle games require quick wits and fingers. Shapes (usually rectangular) enter the screen and have to be aligned by color or by geometric shapes. With Spectrum HoloByte's new ten-level Super Tetris for IBM compatibles, you have to move the falling shapes into complete rows of a specific color, rotating the pieces as they fall. Sega's Columns for Genesis is a variation of this same theme. Marble Madness, another Genesis game

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from Electronic Arts, is equally challenging. With Marble Madness, a single ball has to be maneuvered across a terrain that resembles a city skyline. One slip and it's over the side.

PINBALL

There are two great pinball titles currently available, Alien Crush and Devil's Crush, both for TurboGrafx. Two buttons on the controller act as flippers and another puts the ball in play. With both games, a ball careens around the screen, bouncing off creatures that look like rejects from *Alien*. Scores can run into the millions once the feel of the flippers is mastered.

RACING

Racing action has become so fast and lifelike that vertigo can hit the unwary beginner. SNES's F-Zero features futuristic hovercraft that take gravity-defying curves at terrific speeds. Naturally, the object is to beat other racers or the clock. There's a choice of cars with different engines and eight courses, and the sound effects and crash sequences are sizzling. Road Rash from Electronic Arts for Genesis is another winner. This motorcycle race has the tagline "No speed limit? No rules? No problem!" You get your choice of bikes and drivers. Since there are no rules, you can even knock opponents off their bikes with a club. Another of Electronic Arts' Genesis titles, Out Run, features a driver who takes a blonde and a Ferrari F-40 out for a high-speed cruise. Our kind of fun.

GROWN-UP GAMES

Although gorgeous models Passionate Patti, Virtual Valerie and other attractive women have made their way into video games, the adult action is mostly G-rated. Enter the computer games Strip Poker II (Art Work, Inc.) and Strip Blackjack II (I.O. Research). With both games, you play cards against a woman on the screen. If you lose, you have to get undressed—one article of clothing at a time. If she loses, she does the same. Image quality is fair at best and the results are far from erotic. But then, how exciting can it be to get naked with a computer?

HAND-HELD GAMES

The black-and-white Game Boy from Nintendo fueled the hand-held videogame market, and it's rumored that a color version will be introduced later this year. In the meantime, there are already hot-selling hand-held color systems from Sega (Game Gear), Atari (Lynx) and TurboGrafx (TurboExpress). The last is the most expensive ($299, compared with $79 for Game Boy, $129 for Game Gear and $99 for Lynx), but it uses the same cartridges as the TurboGrafx-16 home system. Game Gear and Lynx use exclusive cartridges that are priced from $20 to $50.

Our recommendations: Tradewest's new Jack Nicklaus Golf for Game Boy is challenging, as is Sega's Joe Montana Football and Leaderboard Golf (Game Gear) and War Birds (Lynx).

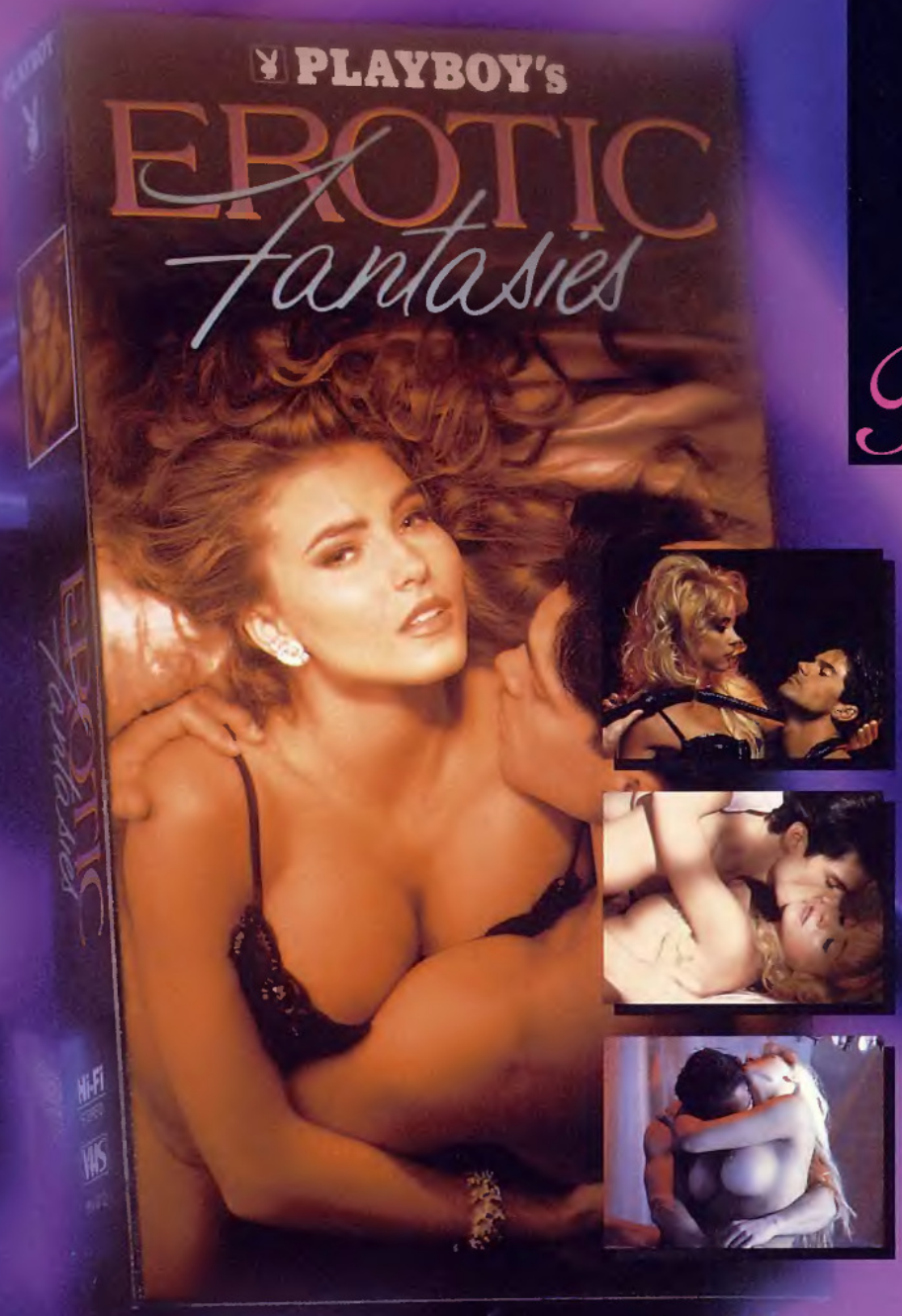
CD GAMES

Since the complexity of a game is dependent on the amount of memory in the system, it's no surprise that videogame technology is moving toward CD-ROM. NEC was the first company to offer an optional compact-disc attachment for its TurboGrafx console. One of its newest releases, It Came from the Desert, hints of great things to come. Instead of using computer-generated graphics, this campy Fifties-style giant-bugs-run-amok game incorporates moving digital video and digital sound. TurboGrafx is so confident of this technology that it will begin selling a self-contained combination cartridge/CD unit sometime this fall for about $150.

To keep in step, many consumer electronics giants have been furiously working on their own disc-based game systems. The new Philips CD-I (compact disc–interactive) players ($800) are out now, with full-motion video capability promised in late 1992. Sega will be introducing a CD option for the Genesis system this year priced at about $450. Nintendo has been working on a similar project with Philips, and Sony is planning to introduce a disc-based game system called Play Station.

What this means is that video games are here to stay. They'll get better, more complex and more exciting as technology continues to improve. Enjoy the ride.

"Want to try something I heard about on 'Donahue'?"



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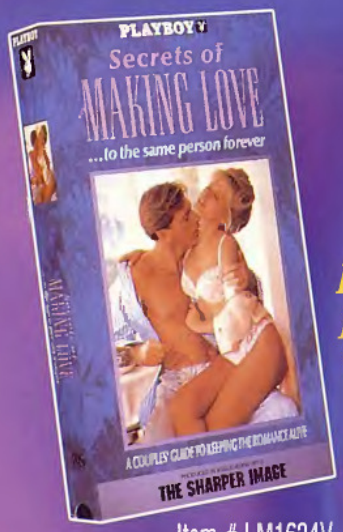

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 (continued from page 77)

"I see two employees hanging up sample condoms on a miniature clothesline. It looks like mouse laundry."

an office where I can obtain information on safe sex.

The people who answer the phone react as though nobody has ever asked them this before. I'm referred to number after number within the New York City Health Department: AIDS hotlines and HIV hotlines and so on. No one can help me. I call yet another number. A woman asks what I want.

"Can you give me some information on safe sex?"

"No," she says. "Do you want to be tested?"

"That's not why I am calling," I say, "but I'm willing to take another blood test, sure."

"Well, I'm sorry, but it's by appointment only," she says. "And there's a wait of at least two months."

"Look," I say, "in the meantime isn't there anyone who can just give me some information on safe sex?"

She gives me another number. A woman answers.

"I'd like some information on safe sex," I say.

"Who are you with?" she asks.

"I'm not *with* anybody," I say. "I'm just looking for information on safe sex."

"Hang on a minute," she says.

A long pause. A man picks up.

"I'm looking for information on safe sex," I say.

"Well," he says, "this is a food store. I can tell you whatever you want to know about food, but if you want information on safe sex, you will have to call somebody else."

Hugely embarrassed, I hang up. There are questions to be asked: Why did the woman ask who I was with and neglect to mention I'd called a food store? Would she have given me advice on safe sex if I'd said I was with someone impressive? Why did she refer me to the man? Did she think *he* might give me advice on safe sex? Why did the Department of Health refer me to a food store? Was it a simple error or a desperate attempt to get rid of someone who was rapidly discovering that the department has no advice to give about safe sex?

After 14 calls to Department of Health numbers, I finally locate a man who admits to knowing something about safe sex. I ask him if there's an office where I can come in and talk to somebody. He seems curiously reluctant to have me come in. He asks if I know how HIV is transmitted. Fearing it might be a trick question, I play dumb.

"Tell me," I say.

"Blood from a person who is HIV-positive has to enter your bloodstream," he replies in a patronizing tone. "Is there anything else you want to know?"

"Well, let's see," I say. "I've heard that you can be exposed to HIV, test negative and then years later, even ten years later, even if you've had no further sexual contacts, you can test positive."

"It takes the body six weeks to three months to produce antibodies," he says. "We recommend that you take a second test six months after the first. If you test negative twice in six months, then that's what you are."

"Is cunnilingus safe?" I ask.

"How is HIV transmitted?" he asks rhetorically.

"Blood from a person who is HIV-positive has to enter your bloodstream," I say. "You already told me that."

"Then how could it not be safe?" he asks smugly.

"And what if the woman has a trace of menstrual blood and I have a bleeding gum?"

"Oh, sure, then you're at risk," he says. "I'd recommend using a dental dam, which is a six-inch square of rubber used for root canals. You place it over the woman and have oral sex through it."

Yum. I decide I need to find out more about dams and safe sex, and it's obvious I've exhausted the resources of the city's Department of Health. I've heard about a store called Condomania that specializes in safe-sex devices.

There's no listing in the Manhattan directory for Condomania, but there is one for Condom Sense. I dial. What I get is a recording of a suspiciously excited woman who's about to have an orgasm. A G-rated orgasm, I might add, because the woman, though breathing hard, aroused and astonishingly chatty, never says anything sexual. The only shock comes at the end of the tape when she reveals that the call has cost me five dollars.

I call Information to find out the number for Condomania, a small, perky store at Bleecker and West Tenth. It opened in June of last year and is one of the few businesses to thrive during the recession. Store manager Kyrsha Wildasin shows me around.

Kyrsha tells me that her customers are 60 percent women and 40 percent men, that most are in the 18–30 age range and that the ratio of gay to straight customers is about even.

"Most people want to know what's the safest condom," says Kyrsha. "I tell them any of the Japanese brands—Kimono, Sagami or Okamoto—are the best. They're ultrathin but tested more rigorously, so they're really safe."

A man asks Kyrsha about a Japanese condom with Mickey Mouse's face and ears at the end. She tells him she's never seen it and touts a brand called Rubber Ducky instead. I ask about other gimmicky condoms.

"This is the Peter Meter," she says, "the rubber with the ruler. As you roll it down, two inches is Teeny Weeny, four inches is Average Joe, six inches is Stud, eight inches is Hero and ten inches is Farm Animal. These are Dick and Jane condoms—'See Dick with an erection. See Dick with no protection. See Dick with an infection.'

"Here are Stealth Condoms in a package that looks like a stealth bomber—'They'll never see you coming.' Here are Saddam Condoms and Desert Shields. Then we have all the other ones, like the glow-in-the-dark ones and the colored ones—red, green, blue, yellow and black. Our novelty items are just a way to make it easier for people who are shy."

I consider myself to be a shy person and I'm not sure I'd find it easier to buy or use a colored, glow-in-the-dark condom that has Mickey Mouse ears on the end of it.

"We have these," she says, "Safe Sox—socks with a little pouch with a condom in it. We have Valentine bouquets with a dozen condom roses. We have edible condoms. These are flavored condoms—banana, passion fruit and cherry. They're called Licks."

I ask her about the new European female condom.

"Yeah, it's not available in the United States yet," she says. "It's kind of bizarre-looking. It's just an insert that actually goes inside. I have a friend who wore it and found it very comfortable. She said she forgot she had it in."

"How could you forget you had it in?"

"Yeah," she says. "And if people think *condoms* are unromantic. . . . In Europe they've also developed a condom that comes down the shaft and goes over the entire scrotum. It covers everything. We're trying to get them."

Female condoms? Male condoms that cover everything? The ultimate extension of these would seem to be the often-joked-about full-body condom.

"Tell me, do you sell the dam?"

"Yeah, we do. You use it to cover whatever you're performing oral sex on. They also make belts that hold them on. They come in pink, purple, blue, clear, forest green and yellow. They have a powder on them. I don't know if you can smell it—it's kind of cocoa-scented."

She holds it up for me to smell. I don't smell cocoa. This device will appeal to folks who lick ice-cream cones through balloons. I can't see myself licking a square of industrial-strength rubber. I'm not sure I'd even be able to tell that there was a woman on the other side. This is the only way to have safe oral sex? Frankly, my dear, I don't give a dam.

"Is this a popular item?" I ask.

"Yeah. At first it was more directed toward lesbians, but now heterosexuals are buying it, too."

"Do you think it's really necessary?"

"Well, we know that HIV and other STDs are in the vaginal fluids, so it would seem important to have a barrier. It takes some getting used to. It's thicker than a condom. We're in the process of putting together some safer-sex kits that include a dam, a condom, a finger condom——"

"A *finger* condom?"

She holds up a tiny white condom.

"If you have cuts or sores on your fingers and do insertion of any kind, you need to cover them."

I see that two Condomania employees are unrolling and hanging up sample condoms of different brands on a miniature clothesline. It looks like mouse laundry.

"We're doing this to show people how different brands vary in size," says Kyrsha. "Like if they want to buy a mint-flavored condom and don't know which one is going to fit them? The Ramses is much much smaller than the Sheik, which people don't know and which we didn't know until we started doing this. There used to be one general size, but within that there's a good inch to an inch-and-a-half variation.

"We're going to start demonstrations soon. We'll show how to put a condom on. People complain that the failure rate of condoms is twenty-five to thirty percent, but that's if they don't know how to use them correctly. There was a man here the other night. He was putting air in it before he put it on. He thought the receptacle end was supposed to be inflated so the sperm could go into it. But you're supposed to squeeze the air out of it, and that's why his were breaking."

"I've heard of allergies to condoms," I say.

"Yeah. We've had more and more people come into the store complaining of rashes and itching. Depending on which partner is allergic to latex, we suggest using a lambskin condom either inside or outside the latex. We don't recommend using the natural lambskin by itself because it's a weave and the strain of the virus in some sexually transmitted diseases is actually smaller than the weave. A lot of people are also allergic to the spermicides."

"Hold on a second," I say. "You recommend wearing *two* condoms?"

"Well," she says reasonably, "that would be the only way to know that you are really safe."

•

I have learned more about the condom allergy. It will not make you happy. It's a rash on the genitals that produces redness, itching and burning. It affects both women and men, takes 24 to 48 hours to develop and causes many people to fear they have herpes or AIDS. Dr. Bruce Katz of the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center says the allergy is triggered by a protein in latex condoms or by condom lubricants. In rare cases, a severe allergic reaction can occur—hives erupt within 30 minutes of contact, anaphylactic shock sets in and, if not treated quickly, the allergic person dies.

So, to practice truly safe sex, you should use both a lambskin condom and a latex one and be sure you have the right one on the inside. But since both partners might be allergic to latex, you should really wear three condoms—a latex one in the middle and lambskin ones on both the inside and the outside—a sort of latex sandwich. If you won't do that, then be on the lookout for hives that break out within half an hour of contact and have Dr. Katz standing by with a gurney at Columbia Presbyterian.

My research in safe sex has thoroughly exhausted me. I have, temporarily at least, given up intercourse. I find myself turning on channel 35 after midnight, with its continual commercials for phone sex and hookers, which are so graphic I had previously assumed them to be of interest solely to gynecologists. One wants to watch this with a condom over one's head.

The other night I did something I haven't done in many years. I lay on a bed for three hours, fully clothed, while kissing and fondling a similarly clothed woman, with no expectation of consummation in the foreseeable future.

Necking. For three hours. Neither of us is a virgin. I'm in my 50s and have a son in the first grade. My partner is in her 40s and has two sons in college. And I am here to tell you that lying fully clothed on a bed for three hours with her, just necking, was the hottest, sweetest, most erotic three hours I've spent in the vicinity of a bed in I don't know how many decades.

There were no anxieties about AIDS, about latex allergies, about performance, about intimacy. I was free to concentrate on the feel and the smell and the sounds and the taste of my partner. It was totally all right with me that consummation was not in the foreseeable future. It might be all right with me if consummation did not occur until we make a soft landing on Venus.

I told this to my partner. I said, of course I'll keep trying and you keep resisting, because that is part of the fun, but please don't construe my actions as any sort of pressure to submit. I couldn't believe I was actually saying this.

What on earth has happened to me? I think, finally, that what has happened to me is safe sex.

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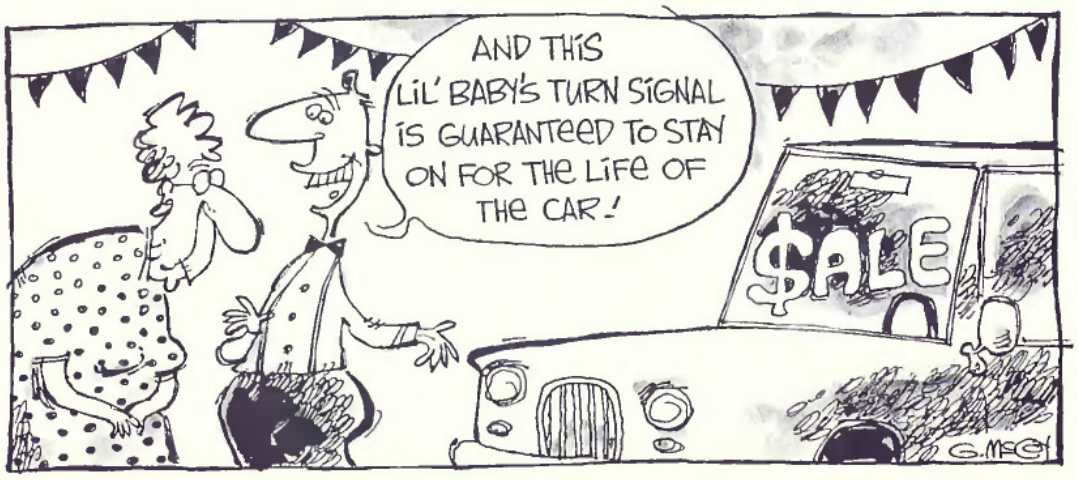

CHILL OUT *(continued from page 116)*

"Summer wouldn't be summer in Great Britain without amber-colored Pimm's No. 1 Cup."

superpremium brand, such as Absolut, Finlandia, Stolichnaya Cristall, Wyborowa or Tanqueray Sterling, with tonic water and a twist of lemon.

There's also the Long Island iced tea, considered by many to be the ultimate antidote for a hot day. It is composed of one teaspoon of superfine sugar blended with an ounce each of vodka, gin, light rum, tequila and lemon juice, plus four ounces of cola. Sip this drink slowly; it packs a powerful punch.

The mint julep is a long drink closely associated with Kentucky Derby Day. To make it, muddle four mint sprigs, one teaspoon of sugar and a few drops of water in the bottom of your collins glass. After the inside of the glass is liberally rubbed with the mint, toss the sprigs aside and fill the glass three quarters full with crushed ice. Add three ounces of top-grade bourbon, such as Booker Noe's True Barrel Bourbon, Wild Turkey Rare Breed or Maker's Mark, and place fresh mint sprigs on the top. Then drink it with a short straw.

Many of the most popular summertime mixed drinks are concocted with liquors lower in alcohol content (17 to 25 percent), such as aromatized wines and aperitifs. The former, including dry and sweet vermouth (Cinzano, Noilly Prat, Martini & Rossi), Lillet, Dubonnet, St. Raphaël and Punt é Mes, begin as normal wines but are flavored with natural ingredients such as herbs, fruit liqueurs or brandy. Aromatized wines are relatively low in calories. Martini & Rossi Extra Dry vermouth, for example, contains a measly 38.6 calories per ounce, making it ideal for the weight-conscious crowd.

Some exotic concoctions combine aromatized wines. To mix a Lady Madonna, for example, blend one and a half ounces of Dubonnet Rouge with one ounce of a dry vermouth such as Noilly Prat White. Then garnish with a lemon twist.

On the stylish end of the scale is the Lillet champagne royale, which mixes two ounces of Lillet Blanc with two ounces of chilled champagne plus a dash of cassis. Serve it in a fluted champagne glass with a twist of lemon.

Also look for pineau des charentes, an aromatized wine that's produced in the Charente region of southwestern France, where cognac is made. What makes pineau des charentes so sublime is its subtle enhancement with fine cognac. It's best chilled to about 50 degrees Fahrenheit and served neat in a wine glass. Try the light and smoky Pierre Ferrand Pineau des Charentes Reserve.

Campari, a bittersweet Italian aperitif, tastes best when mixed with orange or grapefruit juice, club soda or even iced tea. It's also a key ingredient in the negroni, a drink named after a Florentine aristocrat. Legend has it that Count Negroni regularly stopped by his local café to enjoy a mixed drink named the americano, made from equal parts of Campari and sweet vermouth served chilled and garnished with a twist of lemon. When the americano became the neighborhood rage, the count insisted that the bartender add another element to make a different drink just for him. The obliging bartender added one part of gin and an orange slice instead of a lemon twist. The new drink was dubbed the negroni. Much to the count's chagrin, the negroni soon became the height of fashion. Of course, the americano has remained a popular drink on both sides of the Atlantic, despite the fact that it was temporarily down for the count.

Summer wouldn't be summer in Great Britain without Pimm's No. 1 Cup. This amber-colored creation of English restaurateur James Pimm is the main ingredient in one of the most satisfying cold mixed drinks, the Pimm's Original. Start by rubbing the inside of your collins glass with cucumber, then put in ice and add two ounces of Pimm's Cup, six ounces of lemonade, a cucumber rind and a slice of lemon.

Gary Regan, author of *The Bartender's Bible*, likes to include the American summer staple, ice-cold beer, in his warm-weather mixed-drink repertoire. He suggests that beer enthusiasts try making a lager and lime by pouring one and a half ounces of Rose's lime juice into 12 ounces of a premium lager such as Samuel Adams, Harp or Samuel Smith's. The ginger-beer shandy involves mixing four ounces of ginger beer with 12 ounces of lager. If you're spending lots of time in the sun, mix a nonalcoholic beer, such as Sharp's or O'Doul's, with the lime juice or ginger beer.

In this era of moderation, nonalcoholic cold mixed drinks have advanced far past the rudimentary virgin mary. The Brooke Shields, for example, is a Nineties version of the Shirley Temple that includes four ounces of lemon-lime soda, two ounces of ginger ale, one teaspoon of grenadine and one slice of orange.

Ahh, summertime!

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invasion *(continued from page 88)*

"Cyberpunks are hip to the wonders of cerebral treats, from edible acetylcholine to nasal mist vasopressin."

archetype of that new northern California species, the New Age capitalist. "I was the first to market Mylar balloons. I'm always out front. I'm a trend surfer."

Riding the frothy tide of tomorrow, Smart Products' honcho carves out his piece of the Mensa marketplace by selling nutrients, often through health-food stores, where a variety of products from several companies can be found. "This is the oat bran of the Nineties," claims Arnie Cole, holding up a jar of something called Brain Pep. Cole owns Arnie's Health Food in Phoenix and now stocks a full line of brain enhancers with such names as Rise 'n' Shine and Brain Fuel. "They have pills to wake up your brain, nutrients to make you more creative and drops to improve your memory," says Cole.

"You're looking at upper middle class, probably thirty-to-forty-year-olds, professional-type people," says Rennie. "At ten dollars a day, it's three hundred a month. At twenty dollars, it's six hundred. If you're scratching to make the car payment, that's a significant amount. But to young professionals, if it's going to help them in their businesses, make them sharper, it's worth it."

Did someone say disposable income? Did someone say yuppie? By best estimate, some 100,000 earnest citizens qualify as regular cerebral supercharggers, and the number is growing.

•

One of the oddest aspects of the whole smart deal is its ability to embrace both the slavers and what we'll call the ravers. Instead of the cosmic chamber of commerce clones, the ravers are the neo–love children, enlightened 20-year-olds with names like Earth Girl and General Elektra.

These full-time funsters, all sporting retro–flower-child dishabille, comprise the party wing of the party. Earth Girl, a.k.a. Neysa Griffith, and Barbara Liu both run their own roving smart bars. At assorted venues—ranging from private parties to wide-open Happenings with such names as Toon Town and Mister Floppy—Earth Girl and Liu set up their high-concept lemonade stands to augment the usual batch of two-fisted potables. In addition to being a partner in Smart Products, General Elektra, a.k.a. Michelle Barnett, functions as the PR person for the entire scene. In this way, she serves as a perky liaison between the workaday slavers and hard-core ravers.

A typical smart-bar party features a liver-shaking sound system, black lights, mind-melting rear projections and flashing strobes. And there's the guest list: technofreaks who are so enlightened that even their drinks are smart.

"We are the kids who weren't considered cool when we were growing up," says Earth Girl. "I was a total loner, a real troubled pup, with an eating disorder, the whole thing. I was just too smart.

"The first and only time I did ecstasy, I had a vision that I wanted to make this world better for kids like me. It sounds lame, I guess, if you don't get it, but that's what I'm doing with my life, with my products, my line of smart drinks."

Earth Girl now wears only purple and green (they're on the right wavelength) and boasts red dreadlocks. With her partners, the Foxy Seven, she manufactures her own smart drinks called Energy Elickshure and Psuper Psonic Psyber Tonic. She complements, in demeanor and personal history, the new breed of Brainiacs obsessed with computer networking, virtual reality, industrial music and, most important, nontoxic cerebral enhancement.

In San Francisco, thanks to a happy accident of culture or geography, the smart movement is fused with the computer hackers. Cyberpunks are hip to the wonders of cerebral treats, from edible acetylcholine to nasal mist vasopressin. And *Mondo 2000* is the magazine that caters to the smart crowd. What Guns n' Roses is to Julio Iglesias, *Mondo 2000* is to *Omni*, *Science* and *PC World*. Issues of *Mondo* offer articles ranging from "Guerrilla Semiotics" to the ever-popular "Fringe Science: Does She Do the Vulcan Mindmeld on the First Date?" Not surprisingly, the magazine's San Francisco–based staff are self-declared smarties. "Are You," asks another feature, "as Smart as Your Drugs?"

R. U. Sirius, the long-haired cherub who serves as *Mondo*'s editor in chief, once inhaled a blast of vasopressin for a BBC camera crew. "This stuff," he opined on camera, "is a real kick. Not something for building a better brain in the future. It's something for feeling very stimulated and interested at a very high bandwidth in the here and now."

This said, Sirius scooped up a plastic ray gun and fired away.

"Steroids for stockbrokers," says Sirius. "That's a phrase we use to indicate that we are moving from psychedelic, hedonistic drugs into performance-oriented drugs. We have steroids for the body and intelligence-increasing drugs for the mind. If you're climbing the corporate ladder, can you really afford not to have this advantage?"

Of course, for young and reckless ravers, shimmying up the corporate ladder is not exactly a top priority. Sometimes being smart isn't a priority, either. It's much more fun to attend mammoth blissed-out dance fests fueled by ecstasy and LSD. The conflict between mind benders and mind enhancers stands out as the proverbial bête noire of smart-drug promoters. One young raver raised his voice just loud enough over the industrial music at San Francisco's Club DV8 to explain things: "You go all night

"Oh, sure you could. All it takes is a little practice."

doing ecs or acid, it can really run you down. That's why smart drinks are so great. They keep you from going vampire. They keep your brain and body nourished."

At Psychedelic Apocalypse, Toon Town's much-ballyhooed New Year's Eve party at the Fashion Center in San Francisco, there are enough pie-sized pupils on parade to give William Bennett a contact high. Chris Beaumont's Nutrient Cafe—the on-site smart bar for the Apocalypse—is mobbed. "We are the coolest thing happening," says Beaumont, smiling in his jester's hat. Asked about the use of LSD and ecstasy among smart drinkers, he waxes philosophic. "A lot of ravers have evolved beyond drugs. They're not so interested in blowing their minds. Smart nutrients make people feel clear—unlike drugs." Beaumont's biggest concern is getting the word out. "It's sad that there are big-money interests who want to suppress this information, but inevitably the truth will come out. Even the skeptics admit that smart drugs will inevitably exist. We are in the vanguard of a technological revolution."

Call it smart chic. The real thrill of the movement lies not just in the possession of some exotic pills and powders but in the *knowledge* of them. As one wild-eyed technobohemian likes to point out: "If the authorities tried to tell us we can't possess and develop these things anymore, we're so wired into international computer user networks, we could relay any information they want to suppress before Big Brother could do anything about it."

Jack in! Boot up! Rave on! The trend-generating aspect of marrying computer hacking and all-night dancing is clearly here now, in a real-life revenge of the nerds. Smart drinks are tailor-made for cruising both the dance floor and the discount software outlet. "I take this stuff," says General Elektra, "and I only have to sleep two or three hours a night. I can work, communicate, dance hard until eight in the morning, then basically go straight to work."

Which isn't bad, so long as you're not a brain surgeon. (More specifically, *my* brain surgeon.) But General Elektra boasts no such esoteric post. "My parents were hippies," she says. "Mom was in est, Dad did Gestalt. It's not like drugs hold some big thrill."

Whatever claims smart-drug takers may make, for some smart barhoppers, the whole point of brain beverages is that *they keep you going*. (Kind of like coffee, but fruitier, without that bowel-clutching edge.) General Elektra looks down her nose at those who use pharmaceuticals. "Everybody I know who takes the pills is, like, completely humorless. They may be little Einsteins, but they're dull as dishwater."

Hey, I don't want to be dull. So I decide to slurp a few. Liu, proprietor of Go Girl Concessions, offers me her own particular potion. "Drink a couple of these, buster, and your motor stays revved," she says. "Keeps you humming, know what I mean?"

And it does. They all do. It's been weeks, months, I don't know, and I'm still awake. Maybe I'm smarter, maybe I'm not. After as little as two weeks of what Morganthaler calls an "attack dose" of piracetam and hydergine, supplemented by alternating doses of Beaumont's Renew-U and Earth Girl's Psuper Psonic Psyber Tonic, I notice that I hardly sleep at all. There are moments when I might be a teensy-weensy bit sharper, quicker or brainier. But what I really notice is the energy. I have a lot of it. Too much, perhaps. But energy ain't brains. Duracell batteries have energy. So when I stop taking things after a month, I feel, in my ignorance, no stupider. I just sleep more. I also don't talk as much. And I remember that dumb drugs can make you feel somewhere between enhanced and omnipotent, too.

So what happened to me, and why? A peek at the ingredients in these supplements proves illuminating.

Beaumont's Renew-U label claims that it's a "renewing and alerting brain neurotransmitter mix created to revitalize an overstimulated body and mind." The key word, I think, is "overstimulated." One of the key ingredients is

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l-phenylalanine, an amino acid favored by veteran health-food shoppers as a potent up. It's the chemical in chocolate and aspartame that accounts for that rush you get from candy bars or diet soda.

And speaking of overstimulation, caffeine—usually held in worse repute than bacon among health-food lovers—is actually an important ingredient in at least three popular smart drinks. Blast, Fast Blast and Energy Elickshure all pack 80 milligrams of caffeine, slightly less than your standard cup of coffee.

Earth Girl's Psuper Psonic Psyber Tonic features another amino acid, choline. The label defines the concoction as "a neurotech tonic and imaginative enhancer of cognitive consciousness. It illuminates your mind with the magical workings of *Ginkgo Biloba*, the oldest species of tree known to WoMankind, and the mind-massaging properties of choline, an amino acid which maintains and repairs mind fabric."

Earth Girl's concoction offers Cracker Jacks–style prizes inside. (I plucked a pink plastic lotus-flower ring.) Beaumont's consciousness juice is heavy on the amino acid precursor tyrosine, an item about which he's amassed a stack and a half of scientific papers proving its effectiveness in curbing cocaine addiction. Choose your antipoison!

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Either way—drinks or drugs—if you are the type who wants to hear what hard-core science has to say, you may be less than encouraged. Scientists on both sides of the Atlantic have applied themselves to the fundamental question of whether we can actually gulp something to make us smarter. The answer from the no-nonsense world of academia is a resounding "not likely."

Dr. James McGaugh, director of University of California–Irvine's Department of Psychobiology, stands out as a leading, highly visible detractor of cognitive enhancers. Known among prosmarties as "the rat guy," Dr. McGaugh has spent much time studying the effects of neuropharmaceuticals on rodents. But, alas, his findings are decidedly different from General Elektra's or Earth Girl's. "Nothing is dumber than the subject of smart drugs," he says. "Some of these drugs have been around for decades. There have been a few published studies showing they may have some mildly enhancing effects in animals. But there's no known mechanism of action, and the effects on lab animals are, at best, weak. The effects on humans border on nonexistent. Of course, the field of investigation is legitimate, but the book *Smart Drugs and Nutrients* is not a legitimate science book. It's not a balanced view of the literature in the field.

"Their whole approach is about as serious as astrology. Some of the drugs being promoted as cognitive enhancers are just the opposite—they are cognitive impairers," explains McGaugh. "That's why so many of my colleagues are bitter and angry. It cheapens our field."

Scientists suggest that whatever enhancement smart-drug enthusiasts claim, it is less a product of brain chemistry than of wishful thinking. Steven Rose, of the Brain and Behavior Research Group at England's Open University, offered a withering assessment of nootropics and any claims made for them. "These drugs," Rose said during a television interview, in a voice that dripped with a rational man's contempt for those ninnies who think wishing makes it so, "are supposed to work by speeding up synapses. If a normal person takes drugs for this purpose, the best that can happen is the placebo effect. Nearly all drugs, however, work under those circumstances."

Worse, according to Rose, if the desired results are imaginary, the undesirable ones are all too real. "All these agents have a whole range of side effects," Rose insisted. Take vasopressin, *Mondo* man R. U. Sirius' favorite hormone. Try this stuff, we learned, and you're in for "pallor, nausea, belching, cramps, desire to defecate, etc."

Smart-drug and nutrient believers nevertheless claim they feel great, no matter what the pesky men of science say. After all, as General Elektra likes to remind us, certain results are undeniable. "People ask me, after I've been dancing all night and getting wild and drinking smart drinks, if I think I'm actually smarter, and I have to laugh. I mean, what the hell? I see people gulping down dumb drinks, snorting dumb drugs, smashing their cars and acting like complete idiots. Meanwhile, I don't smash my car, feel great the next day and do more with my life than I ever imagined in my wildest dreams. You tell me, who's the smart one?"

get smart

THE NEW BRAIN BOOSTERS AND WHAT THEY DO

Feeling heady? Ready to step up to cerebral supercharging? Then prepare to face a bewildering new terminology. The following glossary should help when discussing smart drugs with aficionados or trying to decipher the labels on packages of smart drinks.

Smart drugs

Piracetam: A popular nootropic (pharma-talk for drugs that improve learning and memory skills). Taken daily, it is supposedly a brain waker-upper, improving the flow of information between the right and left hemispheres of the brain.

Hydergine: Big-time mnemonic miracle is the claim by those who experience a flood of memories from decades gone by as if they had just happened.

Vasopressin: First smart nasal spray and a pituitary hormone. If you believe the smart-drug devotees, a few whiffs can replenish your pituitary deficiency. Rumored to be a genuine hangover helper.

Smart nutrients

Dimethylaminoethanol: Touted for its brain-expanding properties when ingested over several weeks. Present in sardines and anchovies. A low-key stimulant.

Choline: The precursor of acetylcholine, which is the neurotransmitter that supposedly plays an important role in memory. To oversimplify, the more choline, the more acetylcholine, and the more acetylcholine, the better the memory.

Ephedra: An ancient Chinese herb, ephedra might also be called nature's oldest speed. Sometimes sold as *ma huang*, a dose of this stuff can be every bit as teeth-grinding and anxiety-provoking as a dose of a real amphetamine. Smart drinks can contain large amounts; in its more mundane manifestation, ephedra is a standard ingredient in nasal decongestants.

L-phenylalanine: A ubiquitous amino acid that produces epinephrine, which is popularly known as adrenaline for your brain. Professional smarties also claim that l-phenylalanine produces norepinephrine, a so-called excitatory neurotransmitter that is crucial to alertness, concentration, motivation and aggression.

Thiamine and *pyridoxine:* Vitamins B_1 and B_6, respectively. Both are mainstays of smart drinks. Thiamine is an antioxidant that can reportedly protect nerve tissues from alcohol, drugs and other neuropollutants. Pyridoxine is essential to optimal mental functioning. It's said to be particularly valuable for people who eat high-protein diets, which result in an elevated need for B_6.

MARIO CUOMO

(continued from page 132)

father used to make sandwiches for in the grocery store. We made a house. We lost twenty-eight hundred dollars. Then we made another house. We broke even. Then they made three houses. They made a four-thousand-dollar profit, and now they're going crazy. Then they made six houses and they really made money, and they wanted to build an apartment house and I stopped them. So they went back to the houses that they'd built and hired themselves out as patio builders.

"But they had these terrific arguments all the time—red brick, gray brick, what kind of design—they fought all the time. And in the end they always resolved the problem the same way, with my father conceding. And he always conceded in the same language: 'I'm gonna do it your way, Rosario, because you're older than I am. I do this out of respect.' Rosario was two years older. *I do this out of respect because you're older.* Perfect. It saved face for my father and it got the thing resolved without anybody admitting he was wrong."

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One of three children, Cuomo was the only one to go to college, where, he says, he would have been "an odds-on favorite to be voted least likely to become a public person. Asocial. I was not a natural for public life. I was a good lawyer and reasonably successful. I never had a client in the house in twenty years. I never brought anyone home. Are you kidding? In my house? Forget it. My house is for my family. Friends sometimes. But never a client or a partner.

"Matilda is perfect at the public life. She goes to Italy, Spain, Japan, you put her anywhere, anytime—with the Rockefellers, with the Whitneys—she goes to the track at Saratoga and takes the governor's box; I went once and I didn't like it. They took my picture and put it with a horse.

"I don't like giving up my privacy. Opening yourself to the world is not an easy thing to do."

Mario Cuomo and Matilda Raffa met in the cafeteria of St. John's University in Queens. She was studying to be a teacher and he was thinking law school. He signed up to play baseball with the Pittsburgh Pirates. And she said, "Oh, I'd never marry a baseball player."

Matilda Cuomo never refers to her husband by name or honorific; he is always "my husband." She still wears the modest diamond engagement ring he gave her when he received his bonus from the Pirates. For a combination of reasons—including, one supposes, Matilda's disapproval and his father's—Cuomo's baseball career was short-lived, especially after he was hit in the head and crashed into what Matilda calls the back fence of the ballpark.

Her family was comfortably well-off. But she earned the money that saw him through his first year of law school. And if he applied for help, it was to *his* family, not to hers. He kept the conventional contract.

When first married, they lived in a furnished apartment. The only new thing they had, the governor says, was a newly upholstered green sofa, given to them because "the landlady fell in love with Matilda. And the only thing we had in the place that was our own was a mattress, because my mother wouldn't let me sleep on someone else's mattress.

"We moved to a third-floor walk-up. I hadn't finished school. Matilda was pregnant with our second child. I said, 'Pop, Matilda can't work anymore'—she was teaching—'you gotta put me in your house.'

"Pop didn't even have a bedroom. So we slept for about a year on a sofa in the living room—we hung a blanket on an arch for privacy. When we walked in carrying our few possessions, my father said [presumably because the Cuomos took seriously the Church's command against artificial contraception], 'You and that Pope—I knew you were going to get me into trouble.' He wasn't the world's most religious man. And then the walk-up. You had to carry a baby carriage up three flights of stairs; and every time you had a baby, you had to worry about how you were gonna make it, how you were gonna pay for this kid. We had a good life. But it was hard in those years. Especially for Matilda." Finally, they moved to a $24,000 Cape Cod house. Mario finished the basement and the attic and added rooms—and they raised five kids there, with no outside help. It wasn't, by anyone's account, easy.

Cuomo came to prominence in New York City chiefly on the strength of his pro bono intervention on behalf of people in Corona who were fighting the city bureaucracy to keep their schools and homes from the bulldozer. Thereafter, Mayor John Lindsay asked him to mediate between the prosperous Jews of Forest Hills, Queens, and the city, which was planning to build housing for low-income and welfare families in Forest Hills. He achieved a successful compromise. And he was paid, in Corona, with jars of tomato sauce.

In his diaries, Cuomo writes of Matilda's being "understandably unhappy with the fact that I haven't been able to provide her with the things her friends have."

The Cuomos have two sons, Andrew and Christopher, and three daughters, Margaret, a radiologist; Maria, an entrepreneur; Madeline, a lawyer. They also have three grandchildren.

Maria is married to shoe designer Kenneth Cole. When the governor told

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his mother that Maria was going to marry Cole, he said, with some trepidation, "Ma, the first thing is, he's Jewish."

His mother said, "Jewish? That's nothing, they'll work that out. But why did she have to marry a shoemaker?"

When Ethel Kennedy, whose daughter Kerry is married to Cuomo's older son, Andrew, met the governor's mother, she said, "What an extraordinary woman, so poised."

"No, not poised, Ethel," the governor said. "What you mean is that she didn't fall down when she met a Kennedy."

Cuomo men mature early. Andrew is 34; he's been working for his father for 17 years. He started by putting up posters "and tearing down the other guy's. He had a couple of real big fist fights—it was terrible." By most accounts, Andrew's is the political voice the governor most closely heeds. His son was running the Bronx mayoralty headquarters in 1977 when he was only 19. The governor likes to tell stories about him:

"When he was thirteen, fourteen, he went into business cutting people's grass. He's tremendous with his hands—automobiles, engines of any kind. Took old lawnmowers, rebuilt them, used them. He went into business with Frankie Vitale, Pete-the-cop's son from next door. Their slogan was 'We Clip You Good.' He never took a penny from me to go to school. Went to Fordham—political science—and never took a penny. He worked on AAA emergency trucks all night every night. He'd sleep on the floor in the den next to the phone, with his grease-monkey outfit on, and if it rang, he'd get up, jump into a truck, go out on a call, come back. If he needed four hundred or five hundred dollars more, he'd go out, buy an old car and work on it for a week or two, and then sell it and make a couple hundred. Never came to us for a penny."

Andrew builds transitional, affordable housing for the homeless and the working poor, with construction grants from public sources. His nonprofit organization, HELP, also provides what he calls "a continuum of care"—day care, recreation, counseling, health care and other on-site services. The program has been called a model of its kind.

Christopher, the Cuomos' younger son, was only four years old when his father entered public life: "We went through all these experiences as a family, and that was beautiful. But Chris was locked out—he was too young."

Christopher greets his mother in the gubernatorial mansion she has had refurbished with money from the private sector. (It is difficult to imagine the restless governor sitting in designer Mark Hampton's tame, chintzy dining room, and equally difficult to imagine him denigrating Matilda's taste.) The good-looking young man is as sweet and loving and respectful as any parent could wish. He's just finished reading his father's diaries: "Man," he told his father, "you had a lot of guilt, always worrying about not doing enough for us." It's guilt that the 6'2", 211-pound Yale senior doesn't think his father earned. Christopher is captain of the rugby team. He's thinking about law school and already struggles with the inequities of the legal system. His fair brow is creased with concern.

In the renovated, blue-and-white-tiled kitchen of the mansion, Matilda keeps neat books labeled "Summer Recipes," "Winter Recipes." She cooks her husband's favorite foods on the weekends—lamb shanks baked till the meat falls off the bone, crisp potatoes.

The governor uses the family as a model for governing. This image ignites passions; it antagonizes some people who are in unconventional living arrangements. "I'm not talking about a paterfamilias, a mother figure, a father figure," he says. "I use the analogy in a slightly different way. The essence of the family is to share blessings and burdens. Families were organized in primitive times to protect against the beast, against alien forces. That notion of community, that notion of serving one another's needs, as simple as it is, is the essential notion. It's what we've been missing in our national government the past ten years, when we've had the period of the individual instead of the period of the community: 'God helps those whom God has helped. If He left you out, don't ask us to make the adjustment. If you're not making it, it must be that you did something wrong. All that the government will do for you is not get in your way and protect you against foreign enemies. For the rest, you're on your own. And if you're homeless, you probably need to be. And if you're poor, it's probably because you're lazy. We're not going to knock ourselves out helping you, you're supposed to help yourself. It's a government for the fit and the fortunate, and those not fit and less fortunate aren't our concern.' That kind of individualism they dressed up—you know, the pioneer heroes and frontier macho, the whole image was the individual who

"Oh . . . you want vanilla. . . . I'm sorry, I could swear you ordered gorilla. . . ."

did it by himself. 'I don't need you and I don't need government.' Well, that's nice. Except the world isn't like that.

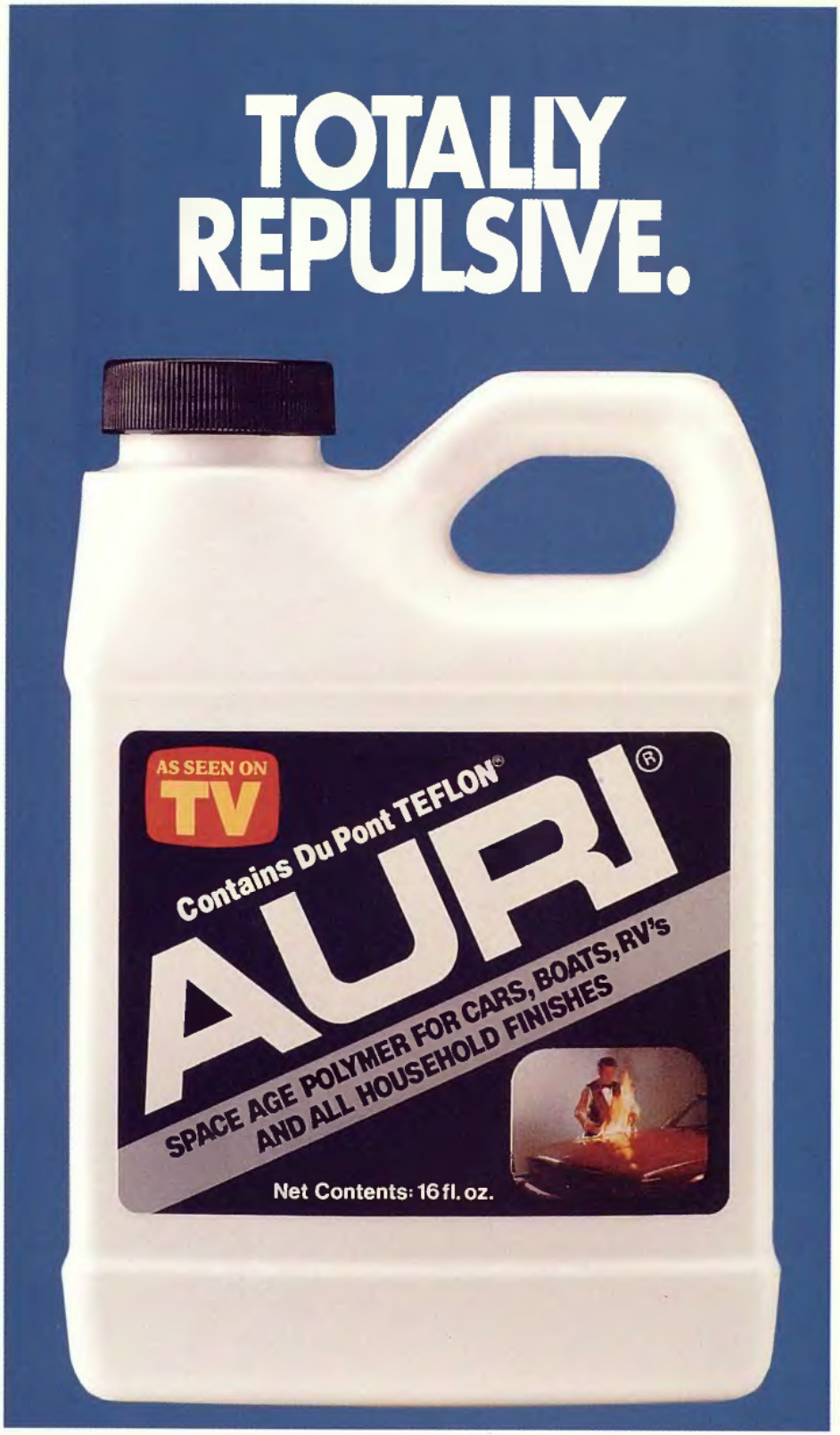
"I have these five beautiful kids, five great kids. Now if I had taken Andrew when he was two years old and emptied him out into South Jamaica as it is now, with people fornicating on the streets—I took the state police to visit there—three o'clock in the afternoon, on the damn street in the middle of the afternoon. Now, you put a kid out there where he learns to become familiar with the sound of gunfire before he ever hears an orchestra, and you tell me he's going to grow up to be Andrew who houses the homeless, who's charming, who marries Kerry Kennedy? If Margaret's mother had men over every night and was living on welfare, do you think Margaret was going to get to be a doctor? What is the chance that they're going to wind up that way? The difference between my kids and their kids is the accident of the environment. That kid you empty out into the street, he's going to need something, he can't do it on his own. And that's my emotional family, sharing my blessings and my burdens."

The man who might have been President says his private life "would probably be regarded as so drab, so boring, so one-dimensional, it would surprise people. Public life is a strain. Mayor David Dinkins is naturally public. He enjoys it so much, he'll make three, four, five stops a night, go to parties and stuff everywhere. At gunpoint, I might go to a party in Manhattan. Not because I don't like the people. But to put on a tuxedo and sit for an hour and a half at a table—you want me to make small talk? No."

This naturally brings us to a question he couches in somewhat different terms than I would: Should you judge an individual by his or her private life? "I think this is an easy question. I don't think it's a question of *should*. I think it's a question of, *Do* people judge that way? The answer is yes. So many do that it becomes a reality and must be dealt with by the public figure.

"If your private life proves to be an embarrassment to you in your public life, then that's it—you've asked for it. Gary Hart, Ted Kennedy, Barney Frank. Can I make the argument that it should be irrelevant? Sure I can. I can make the argument that whatever the priest says from the pulpit, if it is beautiful and soaring and inspirational, that's what's important—not the fact that the priest is a good person. But if you discover that the priest is not a good person, it's going to affect the way you judge the sermon, whether it should or it shouldn't. Therefore, that becomes an operative fact. All the rest is academic talk."

He has been talking in a lawyerly way. But his dryness yields to vexation: "Now that you mention it, it's something of a pet peeve of mine. I don't want to



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hear that Abraham Lincoln had constipation, that he drank purple fluid—some stuff that they gave him, who knows what. Maybe his form of grappa, I don't care what it was. Abraham Lincoln is larger to me than Abraham Lincoln the grubby individual with dirt under his nails. Abraham Lincoln is an idea, political poetry, heroism, courage. I don't want to hear that Sir Thomas More was not a great man, that he had debilitating faults. I have plenty of reality in my life. What I want is the symbolism of him, the inspiration. Don't tell me about Joe DiMaggio and his personal life. Joe DiMaggio is the ultimate in grace and skill and beauty in a ballpark, and that's what counts. I don't want to hear that he was a cheapskate—which he might have been. So don't bother me with that.

"Now, all this is anti-intellectual. Well, so what? Who said the intellect is everything? Doesn't emotion count? Do you have to be purely intellectual? What a terrible way that would be. Imagine. Would you cry? Would you laugh?"

His face is the face of a man who's laughed and cried a lot.

Not long ago, he was asked whether he would make revelations about his personal life if he ran for office. He answered that he would—as soon as Bush did and to the extent that Bush did.

"Bush? Oh, Bush is a good man. He's American. He's honorable. He's sacrificing now to be President. I think his intent is good. I think he's probably a very civil kind of person, a man of civility. You say I'm describing a WASP? Could be. It's a definition that conforms to lots of things. He has to take abuse, he has to make terribly difficult judgments, he has to sacrifice his peace of mind, his family, he has to make his children vulnerable. If his son had been the son of an oil dealer, it's one thing. It's another thing if the son of the President is involved in the S&L scandal. He has to live with his conscience. He has to give instructions to kill hundreds of thousands of people. Why should I assume that wouldn't bother him as much as it would me? I assume it would." This is quintessential Cuomo: the compassion and the irony like a gleaming dagger.

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His official plane, which is taking the governor and aides to a meeting of community leaders in Westchester, has been forced down 16 times because of mechanical problems. This is not reassuring. "The helicopter's worse," he says. What would happen if the plane crashed? "From this height?" the governor asks. "Splash. Splat. Listen—the worst you can do is get killed. The ultimate vindication comes *after* the plane goes down. Am I scared? I used to be concerned that if—God forbid—anything should happen, it would be bad for my family. They would still miss me a little bit, but it wouldn't be as bad as when they were very young. Couldn't hurt, really. It happens to so many people." Death, he means. "You're going to live forever? See, in my case, I have the exquisite-timing problem. If I wait too long, Matilda won't be able to marry again; and that's not fair, either."

Chit-chat on a stuttering plane.

"Would I read my kid's diary if he left it around? My answer to you is no," he says, leaving no room for doubt that the real answer is yes. "How could you resist it? What, are you crazy? If he's still in the house? If he's eighteen, nineteen, even twenty? What would drive you to read it would be sick curiosity. Or healthy curiosity. What you would provide as a rationale is: 'I have to know whether this kid is on drugs. Is he in trouble? I have an obligation to read it.' What happens when you find out he's got a girlfriend?

"Here's a true story that shows you how silly parents can be. Andrew is maybe seventeen years old, maybe sixteen. Of course, he's a very attractive kid and he has a lot of friends—and I don't like to think about that. I've never had a discussion with any of my kids about sex. Why? Number one: They know more than I do about it, it's an embarrassment. I don't like to have a discussion with them where they have the advantage. Secondly, parents are not the best place to get it from. So we don't get into things like that. But I know he has girlfriends and that's fine. I get up very early in the morning, it's still dark. And I forgot to put my stuff out the night before, so I have to feel around in my drawer for my briefs. The damn thing is empty, no briefs. Where could my briefs be? Uh-*huh*! I go upstairs to Andrew's bedroom. Andrew's sleeping. I go to the built-in drawers where I know he keeps his underwear, and I reach in and I feel around and I pull out what I think are a pair of my briefs. I go into the hall, close the door to his bedroom, and turn on the light to see what briefs I've come away with.

"Here are a pair of bikini briefs. With zebra stripes.

"I go crazy. What is this? This is terrible. I open his door. *Matilda!* Look at what your son is doing!"

The roar of the plane and his own laughter interrupt the governor's reminiscences. But not for long.

"Maria kept bringing home these boys. 'Dad,' she said, 'I don't ask you for a lot, can I ask you for one thing? Will you stop making those faces at the guys when they pick me up?'

"'What faces?'

"'Those terrible faces. Your face gets hard and cranky as soon as you meet them.'

"I was taken aback. I said, 'Have I ever said anything to any of them?'

"'No,' she said, 'you don't have to. Just, "I'll be here when you get back."'

"They make you feel so foolish. What parenthood drives you to is really pathetic.

"I'm reluctant to give my own kids advice. I always start the same way, by apologizing. Let's face it. Who are we? Who are we to teach them about love when they heard us arguing in the bedroom? Who are we to teach them about making a better world when we gave them two wars? Who are we to teach them how to connect to God when we have failed so many times ourselves? Who are we to tell them not to worry about life when we're still scared to death about them? And I'll tell you something: When they get married, we'll be worried. When they have kids, we'll be worried. We'll never be confident that they can do it right. So let's abandon the notion of giving them any advice."

What he wants the kids to hear is: "We love you. Forgive us. We worry about you all the time. We make dumb mistakes. We're clumsy about it. But that's the way we are, and probably that's the way you're going to be. When does your obligation to your family end? Never. Not when you die. Never."

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"I'll tell you a story. My mother is now eighty-nine. When she was well, she used to take a pregnant woman and say, 'I'm gonna tell you what the baby's gonna be, you wanna know?'

"'Yes, Macula.'

"And she'd put a circle of salt on the floor and she'd say, 'Now I want you to sit in the middle of the circle. Now I want you to get up, but get up slowly.' So the woman would raise herself with her right hand or her left hand. And my mother would write on a card and put it in a jewelry box and lock the box. She says, 'When the baby comes, we'll open the box.' And they'd ask her, 'Macu, what's the important thing? Whether you used the right hand or the left hand?' When the woman had the baby, at the appropriate time she'd open the box. She was never wrong. Twenty times, twenty-five times, she was never wrong. But once my older brother—only my older brother would have had the nerve—said, 'But Ma, how do we know that you don't go back and change the cards? I'm not going to accuse you of that, we would never do that. I want to hear you tell me you don't do that.' She says, 'Shut up.'

"She didn't *lie*. There's cleverness in their wonderful superstition. A lot of it was a high form of cuteness."

Some people would say that a high form of cuteness is a lot of what Mario Cuomo is about. He doesn't lie.

"I *never* tell a lie," a 17th Century monk, Sarpi, said. "I *never* tell a lie, but the truth not to everybody."

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Cuomo strikes one as a penitential kind of person. Almost everyone who has spent any time with him remarks on

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this. Maybe it's just a finely honed sense of that inner dislocation and universal alienation we call original sin. Maybe. There are clues in the *Diaries of Mario M. Cuomo*, but it would take a hound of God to unravel their elliptical meaning:

> Has anything ever been so useless as the momentary acclaim of a world that does not know you, no matter how 'public'? Glory? The fear of shame and rejection is much more powerful a force than the desire for glory. . . . How you are troubled to think that even being troubled is cause for guilt. Because it's selfish. . . . As long as you are selfish . . . you are doomed to frustration. 'Me' is a bottomless pit which cannot be filled, no matter how much achievement, glory or acclaim you try shoveling into it. If only we were good enough to *do* perfectly what we know would work perfectly. But we can't. . . . Because being required to love denies me too many of the delights of being loved or applauded or smiled upon. And if that is the case, then aren't you silly—as Matilda would say—because you know those delights don't last. You've tried them. You've had them. They don't work. . . . For God's sake, you know the truth! The truth is that the only way to make anything of your life is to be what you know you're supposed to be, to fight the good fight. To finish the race, to keep the faith. . . . I've not—truly enough—kept the faith. I've hurt people by bad example, even . . . my own family. . . . That is the truth and it is part of the pain in my chest. . . . The desire for the transitory. . . . I have never had as much to undo as I do now and I have never had as much to compensate for as I do now.

Is guilt a form of narcissism, a perverse form of self-admiration? "No," he says. "Narcissism is seeing yourself as more beautiful than you are. Guilt may well be seeing yourself as uglier than you are. Excessive guilt can be as disgusting as narcissism and as self-indulgent as narcissism, but I don't think they're the same."

"What makes you happy?"

"That's a hard one," he says.

"Would you rather be amused or be amusing?"

An uncharacteristically long pause. "I guess I would rather be amusing so I could amuse those I love and make them happy—which would make me happy. And that's a perfect answer to both questions—if it's true."

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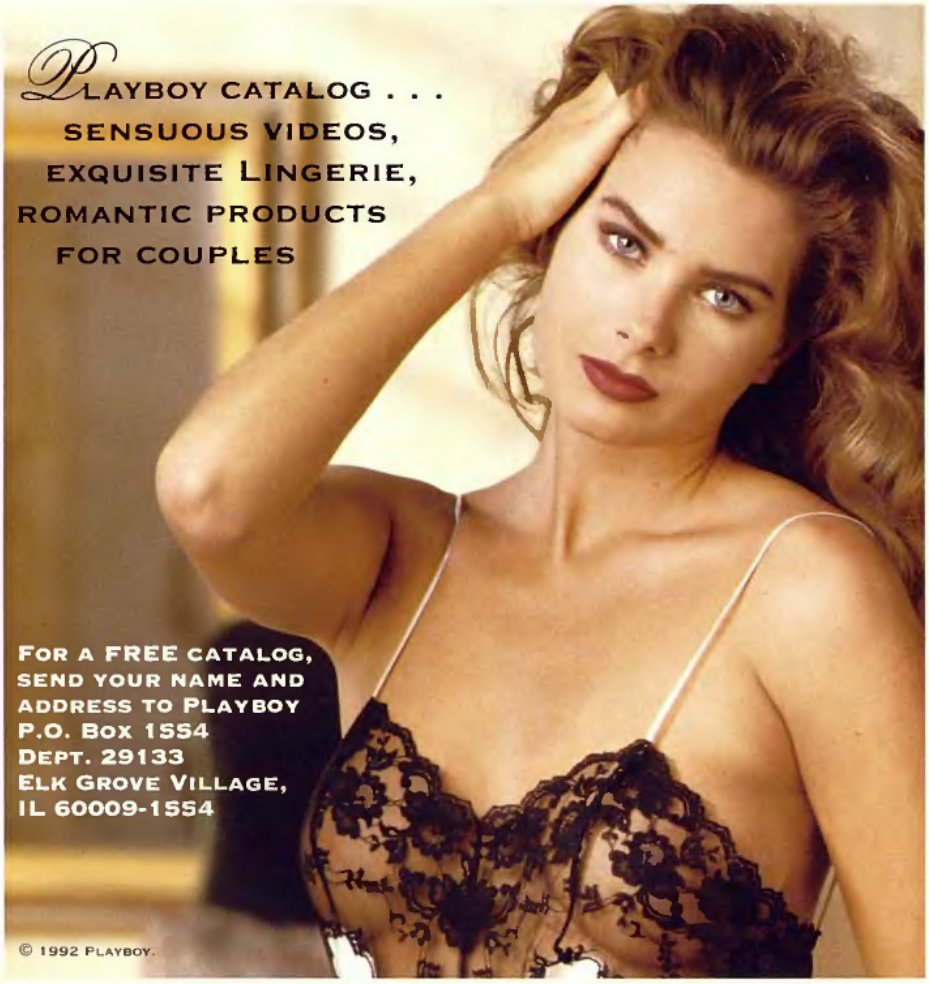
We have come from a community meeting in Pleasantville—an affluent Westchester suburb—to see, the governor says with a certain lack of tact, "what



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the rich people are complaining about." He has charmed and mollified them. And now he is a guest on a talk show. "The whole country's going down the sewer," he says. If there's one thing Americans think they understand, it's why the country is going down the sewer. A fellow named Chris calls in, surly, disaffected. The host threatens to cut him off. But Cuomo wants to pursue his line of reasoning:

CHRIS: This state used to be called the Empire State. What a joke.

CUOMO: What do you do, Chris?

CHRIS: I drive a school bus.

CUOMO: OK, are you driving today? No? Good, because you're all aggravated. God forbid you get behind a wheel.

(*Chris sounds apoplectic, increasingly incoherent with rage.*)

CUOMO: Nice and quiet, *calma, calma*, Chris. Go ahead.

CHRIS: We're seeing an insane crime wave in the time that you've been governor.

CUOMO: Hold it a second, Chris. Hold it! Where does this state stand compared to other states?

CHRIS: This state is the disaster of the United States.

CUOMO: Hey, Chris, can I tell you something? You don't know what you're talking about. We're about ninth on the FBI list. We have built more prisons, we have the best correction system in the United States. We don't have a single federal violation. I built twenty-seven thousand cells. Nobody even came close to us. What would you suggest, Chris?

CHRIS: Get the chair back in Sing Sing, that's all you have to do. It will cut the crime rate in half in six months.

CUOMO: Hey, relax, Chris, you need a doctor. Listen to me, Chris. What do you think the crime rate was when we had the chair? Higher or lower?

CHRIS: The crime rate is ten times higher without the chair.

CUOMO: Are you sure you drive a school bus? What do you do, take pills? Do you take Valium? How do you do it?

(*Chris curses the governor and calls him a hypocrite. The governor asks Chris if he's thin-skinned.*)

CHRIS: You're a Judas Iscariot. You disgrace the Catholic Church!

CUOMO: This is good, this is good. Chris, you're for the death penalty? The Catholic Church teaches that the death penalty is wrong.

CHRIS: No they don't. They approve.

The governor is having a good time.

•

The governor is a religious man. It makes Americans nervous when their elected officials act as if their actions might be governed by their relationship with the Almighty. Presidents are supposed to go decorously to church once a week and invoke God's name in times of war or natural disasters.

Bigotry—which Cuomo equates with stupidity—is far from dead. A lot of people are scared by the prospect of a Catholic in the White House. The rabid Know-Nothing anti-Catholicism of the 19th Century has virtually died. "Kennedy had something to do with it," says Cuomo. "But I'll tell you what had a lot to do with it: the abortion argument in recent days. It's clear now that you can be a Catholic and not feel compelled to do everything that every bishop would instruct you to do. The ultimate norm of right conduct is living in conformity with a well-prepared conscience."

The governor has evoked the ire of New York's Cardinal O'Connor for his stand on abortion, just as he has felt the wrath of proponents of the death penalty for his opposition to capital punishment. Some of his critics have seen an inconsistency in his supporting *Roe vs. Wade* while opposing the death penalty. I had trouble understanding why he cited "lack of consensus and an absence of a plurality of opinion" as factors contributing to his not opposing abortion. After all, there is no evident plurality of opinion against the death penalty, either. He doesn't see it that way: "I do not say that for a Catholic it would be wrong to kill. In self-defense—to protect Matilda—I probably, under exactly the right circumstances, would feel justified in killing to protect another life. You might even make the case that you were *required* to defend your own life, which really belongs to God, even to the extent of killing someone.

"But I believe the death penalty as a civic response to murder is demeaning, debasing, degenerate, unavailing. It probably makes things worse instead of better. It does not deter, but, rather, encourages further violence because it is an instruction in violence. It's the whole government saying, 'This is the best we can do when confronted with the ultimate violence.' It is unfair because, in our particular kind of democracy it almost always will be applied to madmen and madwomen who volunteer for it, or to people who can't afford the best lawyers. It is used to eclipse more intelligent responses to crime, and I am passionately against it.

"The Catholic Church teaches that abortion is wrong. The Church teaches now that life begins at conception. I pause to remind you that this has not always been the teaching. But I accept it to be a Catholic tenet now, because I'm living now.

"When we had children, we lived by that rule. That's fine. But that's nobody's business. That's my business, Matilda's

business, maybe my confessor's business. I happen to share it with you now, and I shared it with the public in a speech at Notre Dame to make a point.

"Now comes an entirely different question: What is and should be the law for this pluralist democratic society? The democracy has created a law, through the Supreme Court, that says a woman under certain circumstances will have the right to an abortion. Are you permitted to live by the law if you are the governor? Are you permitted to say 'I will protect your rights under *Roe vs. Wade*'? Of course you are. As a matter of fact, you are obliged to do that as governor. The oath you take as governor is to support the constitutional law. Does the Church allow you to do that? The answer is yes. The Church has always said that you must act prudentially, on the civic side, as your conscience instructs.

"Take birth control, a better example than abortion because it's clearer. Are you telling me that all the cardinals and bishops who vote for politicians ardently in favor of birth control are committing sins? Are you telling me that all the cardinals and bishops and monsignors who are ignoring their chances in the pulpit on Sunday to condemn birth control are doing something wrong? What is it that allows the Church to acquiesce in your use of birth control—notwithstanding that they teach that it is a violation of natural law? It is called prudential judgment. Allowing people to live by their consciences and by the law in a democratic society—that doesn't violate anything I believe as a Catholic.

"In this country there is no law that says abortion is wrong. If it becomes the law, then you have to live by that law. If the law says it's murder, it is murder by the civic law."

•

We are back on the airplane. He says he is *distrutto*—destroyed—operatic Italian for *tired*. He hasn't eaten all day. The kitchen, under Matilda's supervision, has provided bagged turkey sandwiches. We all eat; he doesn't. He is sitting across from an aide, a good-looking woman. He flirts with her with no lack of propriety—just enough to satisfy the demands of chivalry.

"What would you say if the plane went down, Governor?"

"Good-bye. Depends on whether you're an eschatologist. If you're an eschatologist, you say, 'See you later. Ciao. See you in a little while.'

"*Mangia*, Grizzuti—eat. What are you afraid of? What's the matter with you? You're going to embarrass us. Come on, this is nice, calm." The plane bumps along; he sings a Neapolitan song to distract me.

He anticipates a question I have in mind. (He's being awfully generous, considering he's *distrutto*.)

"How did you know?" I ask.

"How did I know? I know you.

"How do I know you? I've been married to you. I was a son of yours. I was a father of yours. I was a brother of yours. How do I know you? Ask the question."

The question has entirely slipped my mind.

The plane rackets to a landing, and he says: "See? We're home, we're safe—and you gave us credit for nothing, you shamed us as Italians. I'm going to start telling people you're Norwegian. *Harrison*, what's that? I don't want to know."

•

It is abundantly clear that our shared ease is contingent in part upon my not asking the governor whether he will run for higher office. When he announced his decision not to run, he was asked if he'd change his mind if the budget problems were resolved by mid-January: "It could happen that within ten days the legislature will come to their senses," he said. And, although his answer was hardly an answer at all, one could feel the spirits in the room lift. He does that, he is immensely seductive. As for 1996? "It's an aeon away, an aeon and a half. Between now and then," he said, quoting an Italian proverb, "a pope will be born."

He's irascible, people said; he'd make a fabulous President but a lousy campaigner. When he was playing minor-league ball in Florida, he punched a catcher in the face—the catcher was wearing a mask at the time. It was youthful irascibility; he hasn't punched anybody lately. But he doesn't suffer fools (like Senator Al D'Amato) gladly: For a while it looked as if he might punch him. One might just as easily point to his compassion as to his irascibility. At a meeting in a church basement, he answers the rambling question of a drunk who wanders in from the Bowery. Everybody else is trying to shut the drunk up. Cuomo addresses him with kindness untainted by condescension.

Is he coy? It is possible that my affection perverts my judgment; I didn't perceive him this way. His coyness could, with generosity, be read as prudence: You might say that he flirted with us, teased us with possibilities. You could also say that he weighed and balanced his husbandly and fatherly obligations, his obligation to the State of New York and the contribution he might make to the Union, and believed in conscience that the moment was not his to grasp. ("The heart of God is boundless," Teilhard wrote, "and yet in all that immensity there is only one possible place for each one of us at any given moment, the one we are led to by unflagging fidelity to the natural and supernatural duties of life.")

It's true, but frivolous, to say that he hates to sleep in any but his own bed. When he made a trip to Japan, he asked if it all, including speeches and travel, could be done in three days. The idea of spending 50 days in Iowa does not make

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his heart glad. But Cuomo is also a man who steels himself to the course if he sees the path straight before him.

There is no evidence to indicate that Cuomo is afraid of Mafia connections being unearthed. The governor even jokes about it: "I have a nightmare. I'm in Brooklyn, and some clown says, 'Hey, Mario, let me take a picture.' Sure, I say, and there's John Gotti standing next to me." It's not his bogeyman.

To say that the scent of failure is an intoxicant to him would not explain why he didn't run in 1988. To say that he's morbidly afraid of failure wouldn't explain why he ran for governor when pollsters gave him no chance to win against New York City mayor Ed Koch.

Maybe he is good. Maybe we have forgotten how to recognize goodness. Maybe he is dutiful. Maybe he's a sublime pragmatist. Maybe he will "jettison the form which his labor or art or thought first took, and go in search of new forms." (That's Teilhard again.) Maybe "over again he must go beyond himself, tear himself away from himself, leaving behind him his most cherished beginnings."

How I wish he had run! For the pure fun—the absolute joy of it.

•

He is on the basketball court, playing with Christopher and with members of the staff. Naked to the waist, stripped of his elegant tailored suit, he is fit and fast. He has that strange, intense look—both alert and inward-looking—that men have only in the sports arena and in bed. "Play the game," he calls out.

"Life is motion, not joy," he says. You can't demand joy or be reasonably sure you create it or grab a piece of it: "The one thing you must insist on and you can control is motion: You move, you function, you work, you don't run away, you don't despair, you don't quit, you don't die, you don't sit in a corner with your thumb in your mouth chanting your mantra, you don't slip into your bed and pull the comforter over your head so they can't find you.

"How will I know that I'm justified? How will I know that I've done the right thing? There's only one rule that you can use with perfect assurance to measure yourself, and that is: I have to be sure I tried.

"The game is lost only when we stop trying."

"Hey, you! Read your own damned paper!"

AMANDA

(continued from page 96)

because I was in the band") to her ultimate assignment at Fort Hood in Killeen, Texas—only 60 miles from Cameron.

A little more than two years had passed before Amanda suddenly found herself in the Rhineland.

"The band was supposed to be deactivated," Amanda explains, "but when Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, that was put on hold. Originally, we were told we were going to Saudi Arabia. But we shipped off for Germany, instead."

And if she had been given the Middle East assignment? "We would've played for soldiers and guarded prisoners." Then Amanda smiles. "We probably would have played for the prisoners, too."

•

It's dinnertime in London. Amanda Hope sits at a table in a Chinese restaurant in Soho. She orders mango ice cream along with her appetizer of hot-and-sour soup. "I always order dessert first," she tells us. "You never know when someone's going to throw a grenade into the chow hall."

Having spent a full day smiling and posing and flashing her unbelievably catlike eyes at the camera, Amanda is still going strong. "By the time my issue of *Playboy* comes out," she says, "I'll be a civilian. The Army's getting cut. So they offered me an early out—and I took it."

Meanwhile, Amanda can't wait for her new *Playboy* career to take off. "It's a big step from being approached by the recruiter in the periodicals section of the library," she says, beaming. "Now I'm going to be *on* that newsstand."

But getting there wasn't so easy. Shortly after she enlisted in the Army, Amanda was stopped in a Cameron photo store by a man with the formidable name of Le-Land E. A. Chase-Meadows. "The first thing he said to me was, 'How tall are you?' Then he explained that he was a photographer and asked me to model."

A longtime fan of *Playboy*, Chase-Meadows showed Amanda some back issues of the magazine and suggested that he and his protégée go for the big time.

It took more than a year for soldier and men's magazine to hook up (ever try playing phone tag with someone in Germany?), but in the summer of 1991, Amanda flew to the States for a photo test. At Christmas, she got the news.

"I was on a military exercise," recalls Amanda, "staying in a tent with a wooden floor, and I went out to the pay phone to call *Playboy*. That's when they told me they wanted to shoot my centerfold.

"That night, I sang in my sleep," Amanda says softly. "The girl in the next cot told me that all the songs were happy songs. All major, no minor keys."

Stay tuned.

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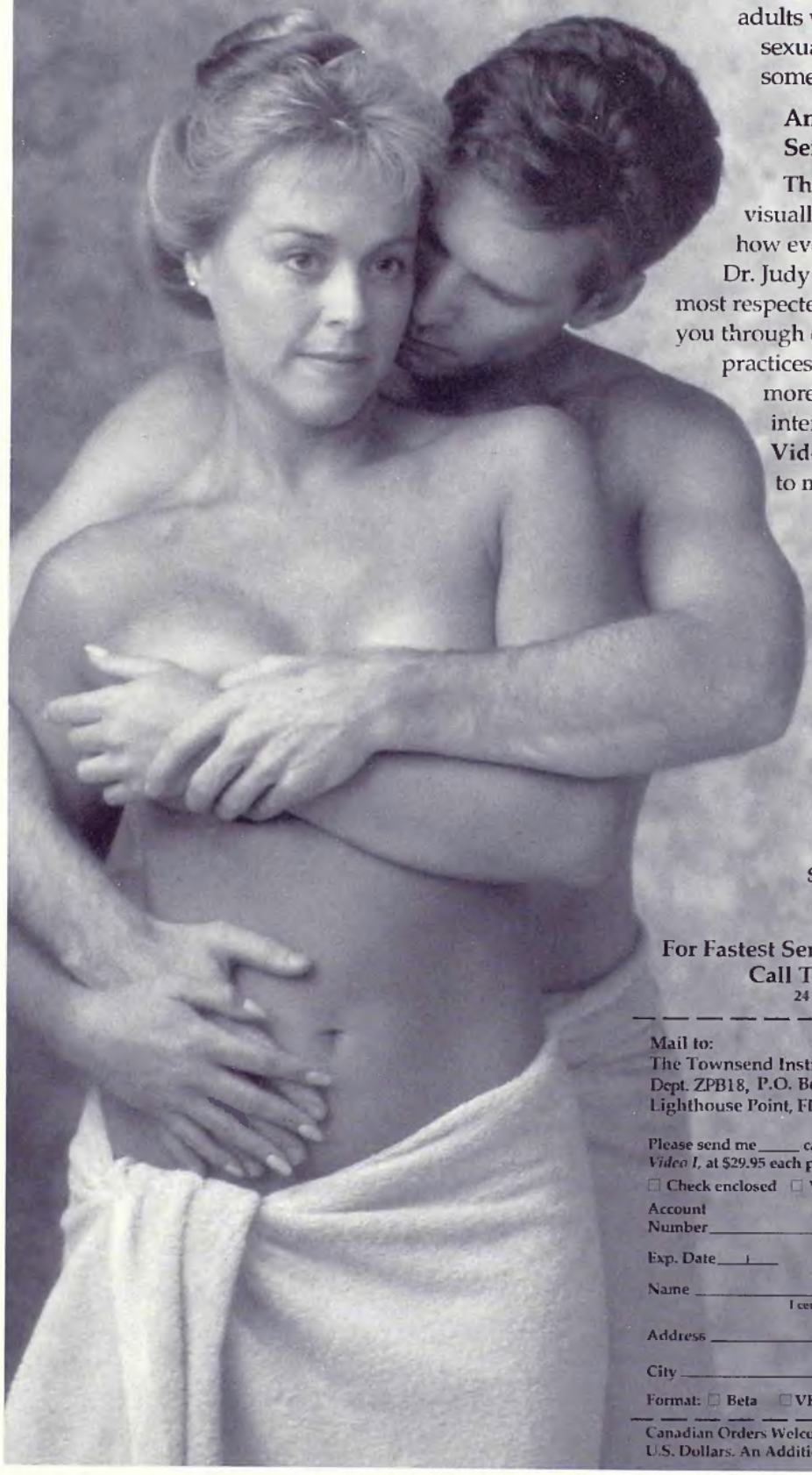

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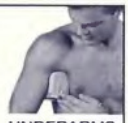

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MALCOLM X

(continued from page 66)

street musician one night who was huddled on a side street strumming on his battered old guitar and singing to himself. Recognizing Malcolm, he leaped to his feet and snapped into a respectful mock salute. "Huh-ho!" he exclaimed. "My man!"

That's the way it was everywhere we went. The people loved Malcolm. And it was obvious that the feeling was mutual.

But no one loved him more than the young black men of Harlem, who held him in awe. One of my most indelible memories of the time I spent with Malcolm was the day I was riding with him in his car and there was a screeching of brakes. Malcolm was out the door, bounding to the curb. Before I could gather my wits, he was looming over three young men who were shooting craps on the steps of the city library. Inside that library, Malcolm told them sternly, people of other races and colors were studying the Schomberg Collection, the greatest archive of black literature in the world. "They are studying about your people," Malcolm admonished, "and the best you can do is sit out here shooting craps against the door. You should be *ashamed* of yourselves!"

What was so impressive to me about this—knowing what I did about the Harlem street community—was that no one else could have spoken that way to those three young toughs without endangering his life. Yet they knew full well who was tongue-lashing them, and without a word they averted their eyes and slunk away as he stood glaring after them. I have often wished that more young black people would heed the message in that incident.

By this time, Malcolm had begun meeting me at J.F.K. Airport when I would arrive home from trips. He would drive me back into Manhattan, where we would continue our work on the book. Our interview sessions had reached a level of intimacy I would never have dreamed possible. There were moments of tenderness in many of the stories he told. I remember one night in particular when Malcolm laughingly recalled doing the lindy in Harlem ballrooms. He actually grabbed a wall pipe in the corner of my apartment and danced around it before regaining his composure. It was during this period that my phone rang one night at two or three A.M., and a familiar voice said, "I trust you seventy percent." And then he hung up.

•

Malcolm never breathed a word to me about the intense personal stress and hardships he was undergoing. Despite his passionate following in the ghetto—and perhaps because of it—Malcolm was making powerful enemies. Not just with Klansmen and neo-Nazis but with U.S. government officials who feared that his extremism might provoke the racial Armageddon he predicted would occur. But perhaps the most ominous threat of all came from those surrounding Elijah Muhammad. "Malcolm got to be a big man," Muhammad had said. "I made him big." Malcolm was not only beginning to eclipse his mentor but also to draw federal heat upon the Muslim organization. I would later find out that Muhammad had suspended Malcolm from his duties. The bitterness Malcolm felt over this rift precipitated him to question his commitment to the white-baiting separatism that made him and the Muslims a symbol of confrontational racism and hatred.

"The young whites, and blacks, too, are the only hope that America has," Malcolm said to me after an exhilarating evening of give-and-take before the white student body of a local college. Another day, in his car, we had stopped at a traffic light beside a car with a white driver who recognized Malcolm and called to him, "I don't blame your people for turning to you. If I were a Negro, I'd follow you, too. Keep up the fight!"

Malcolm called back sincerely, "I wish I could have a white chapter of people like you!" But as we drove away, Malcolm said to me, "Never repeat that. Mr. Muhammad would have a fit."

But the damage to their relationship was already done. Although Malcolm had avoided the press ever since his suspension, rankling with the frustration of enforced inactivity, his reputation had assumed a life of its own. I began to hear—never from him—about reports of threats on Malcolm's life.

Finally, Malcolm went to the press himself, telling the *Amsterdam News* that former close associates in his Harlem mosque had sent out "a special squad to try to kill me in cold blood." But he said he had learned of the plot in time and averted it by confronting his intended assassins and forcing them to back down. When I called to express my concern, Malcolm said, "I can take care of myself," explaining to me that he had a loaded rifle in his home. "Still, I'm a marked man, Haley. If I'm alive when this book comes out, it will be a miracle." Any money due him from the autobiography, he said, should go either to his wife, Betty, or to Muslim Mosque, Incorporated, a new organization he was forming. He told me he intended to waste no time drawing up a will.

Malcolm sent a note informing me that he was leaving the country for a while—"on a pilgrimage to the Holy City of Mecca." A few weeks later, I received an astonishing letter from him: "I have eaten from the same plate, drunk from the same glass, prayed to the same God,

(continued on page 162)

IN MEMORIAM: ALEX HALEY

Had it been only 16 years? The last time I had sat in a pew at the New Hope Church, the entire town of Henning, Tennessee, turned out to honor its most celebrated citizen, who had just written a book called *Roots*. It seemed a lifetime ago, and now it was over. Along with those who knew and loved him best, I had returned to bury Alex Haley.

"He made history talk," said Jesse Jackson. "He lit up the long night of slavery. He gave our grandparents personhood. He gave *Roots* to the rootless." Members of Alex' own family spoke, too, each with his own personal eulogy. But the most eloquent tribute came from Fred Montgomery, the elderly mayor of Henning and one of Alex' lifelong friends. Leaning unsteadily on his cane, Fred decided to sing his praises and proceeded to pitch himself into a rafter-ringing spiritual so joyous that the entire congregation leaped up singing and clapping along with him. Alex would have loved it.

•

Alex' parents had been the first generation of Haleys to go to college, and they were determined that their sons would amount to something. George had become a lawyer and Julius an architect, but young Alex was a dreamer and a wanderer who wound up serving as a cook in the Coast Guard. To pass the time at sea, he read voraciously and earned pocket change writing love letters—like Cyrano—for his shipmates. Mustering out after 20 years with the romantic notion of becoming a professional writer, he moved to Greenwich Village "prepared to starve." And he nearly did.

After serving his apprenticeship with assignments for men's adventure magazines, he soon graduated to *Reader's Digest*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and then to *Playboy*. In September 1962, Alex conducted the first *Playboy Interview*, with Miles Davis, and, with me as his editor, went on to interview such controversial headline makers as Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Cassius Clay and American Nazi Party leader George Lincoln Rockwell. But his best-known contribution was his incendiary 1963 interview with Malcolm X, which led to their collaboration on Alex' first literary milestone, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*.

On a *Playboy* assignment in London two years later, Alex visited the British Museum. Amid the antiquities, he came upon a display of the Rosetta Stone—a key to deciphering ancient languages that had opened the door to mankind's early history. It started Alex thinking.

When he was a little boy growing up in Henning, he sat behind his grandmother Cynthia's rocking chair on her front porch every night after supper, while she and other old ladies told stories about the family. They talked about Cynthia's grandfather, a gamecock trainer known as Chicken George, and about George's son Tom Murray,

who led his wife and children from slavery to a new life in Henning. For Alex, the most fascinating character of all was George's grandfather, a man they called "the African."

The "furthest-back person" in the entire family history, the African had told his daughter Kizzy that he had been out in the forest one day, chopping wood to make a drum, when he was set upon by four men, beaten, chained and kidnaped into slavery. He had rejected his slave name Toby and insisted on being called by his real name, which he pronounced KIN-tay. He also taught Kizzy bits and pieces of his native language, which she passed along to George, who passed them along to his son Tom, whose daughter Cynthia had passed them along to Alex.

Alex ultimately met with an eminent African-language scholar and hit pay dirt: The words, he was told, were almost certainly from the Mandinka tongue as spoken in the Gambia, on the west coast of Africa.

Alex was on the next plane to Banjul, capital of the Gambia, where he was stunned to learn that Kinte was one of that nation's oldest family names—and that if he wanted to trace his own ancestor, he would have to trek deep into the back country for an audience with the griot—or oral historian—of that clan. So Alex organized a safari to Juffure, a thatch-hut village of 70, where he sat in the equatorial sun and listened for six hours while the griot recited the 400-year history of the Kintes. It was when he reached the four sons of Omoro and Binta Kinte that Alex sat up and took notice: Kunta Kinte, the eldest of those sons, said the griot, had left the village one day to chop wood—and was never seen again.

On his way back to Banjul, Alex broke down and began sobbing. "I was weeping in grief for the anguish of my ancestor," he said later, "but also in joy, because I felt that through me, his great-great-great-great-grandson, Kunte Kinte had finally come home."

Back in America, Alex became a man possessed. He would do something no one had ever done: By tracing his family back to their African origins, he would tell the saga of an entire people. Enlisting me as his editor, Alex immersed himself in research.

It took nine years of digging through archives on three continents—and then three more years to write the book. He wasn't sure if he'd ever finish, and neither was I. But he finally did, and it was worth the wait.

Roots shot to the top of the best-seller lists. When the 12-hour miniseries based on the book aired for eight nights in January 1977, it became a national phenomenon. *Roots* was ultimately published in 37 languages, and Alex received a Pulitzer Prize and a host of honorary awards and academic degrees. Adored and besieged every time he went out in public, Alex basked in the warmth, but somewhere along the way he lost something more than privacy. "I wish I could be famous one day a month," he told me.

Alex would take long freighter cruises, the only refuge where he could find the *(concluded overleaf)*

solitude and serenity to write. He would cart along two heavy satchels, one filled with research materials, the other with half-drafted manuscripts he always planned to finish in "four to six months." But except for *A Different Kind of Christmas*, a short coda to *Roots* published in 1988, he never finished another book. Ironically, when he died in February of this year, Alex was weeks away from the end of a memoir he'd been working on for 12 years: *Henning*, a personal reminiscence about his birthplace. A lyrical evocation of small-town America, it was the best work Alex had ever done.

•

After his funeral, the hearse bore Alex from the New Hope Church to his burial plot two blocks away—in the front yard of his grandma Cynthia's white frame house, now on the National Register of Historic Places. While six Coast Guard pallbearers carried his casket to the grave, a dashiki-clad musician beat a ceremonial *tan-tang* drum in cadence to their steps. A bowl of Gambian dirt, mingled with the rich soil of Tennessee, was thrown into the grave. And while the casket was lowered, two preachers led the crowd in the singing of *Amazing Grace*. It was Alex' favorite hymn, and I remembered something he once said when it was being played on another occasion: "Makes you want to come home, doesn't it?"

And so it ended where it all began some 70 years ago, ten paces from that front porch where he had sat behind his grandma's rocking chair listening to all those tales about the family. At eight o'clock the next morning, the cars and buses started pulling into town. There were hundreds of people, and they kept on coming, day after day—not just black people, but people of every race and nation, men and women and children whose lives had been touched in some deep way by the man who was buried there and by the story he had told. Looking down at her husband in the coffin, his widow, My Haley, put it best: "You have changed all of us forever, Alex. You have made us know who we truly are."

—MURRAY FISHER

"If you guys are finished with your crash tests, we'd like to find out if there's enough room in the back seat of that sucker to get laid."

MALCOLM X

(continued from page 160)

with fellow Muslims whose eyes were the bluest of blue, whose hair was the blondest of blond, whose skin was the whitest of white, and truly we were all the same."

He returned from his journey a new man with a new name, El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz. He had converted to true Islam and committed himself to a new cause, his nonsectarian, nonreligious Organization of Afro-American Unity. Disavowing the racism of the Nation of Islam, Malcolm embraced a deeply felt new belief in the possibility of mutual respect between blacks and whites. "My trip to Mecca opened my eyes," he told reporters at a crowded press conference. "I have adjusted my thinking to the point where I believe that whites are human beings, as long as this is borne out by their humane attitude toward Negroes." Could any whites join the OAAU? "If John Brown were alive, maybe him." But Malcolm certainly hadn't been transformed into a nonviolent moderate. Vowing to send armed guerrillas to Mississippi—or to any place where black people's lives were threatened by white bigots—he added, "As far as I'm concerned, Mississippi is anywhere south of the Canadian border."

After a second trip to Africa, Malcolm returned to announce, "I'm trying to internationalize our problem, to make the Africans feel their kinship with their blood brothers in America." I had also heard that Malcolm had urged several African heads of state to sanction the U.S. in the United Nations and to call for an international tribunal on human rights. That never came to pass, but it was becoming clear that the new Malcolm might be viewed by certain special interests as more militant and dangerous than the old one. Indeed, Malcolm thought so.

The death threats escalated into actual attempts on Malcolm's life, a succession of increasingly close calls that culminated in a high-speed chase by followers of Elijah Muhammad. According to a friend who was riding with him, Malcolm picked up his walking cane and stuck it out the car window as if it were a rifle, and the assailants fell back long enough for Malcolm to reach police protection.

Soon afterward, Malcolm and his family were asleep in their Long Island home when, at about three A.M., a Molotov cocktail was thrown through the front window and set fire to the house. He had been stalling eviction by the Muslims, who owned the house, but his pregnant wife and their three children now had to take refuge with family friends while Malcolm scrambled to

cover a small down payment on another house. "All I've got is about a hundred and fifty dollars," he told me on the phone, asking if I could persuade the publisher to advance him the $4000 he needed from the projected profits from the book.

For several weeks, Malcolm had been pitching himself back into the book with a sense of urgency, reviewing the final draft of the manuscript in a race to see it finished—"before they finish me." He was tormented, but less by fear of death than by the pain of being rebuffed by his own people. "I'm still too militant for the moderates," he said, "but now I'm too moderate for the militants." He was groping for a positive new role for himself, yet he sensed he wouldn't live long enough to play it. A few days later, he told a friend, "It's a time for martyrs now. But if I'm to be one, it will be in the cause of brotherhood."

A week later, Malcolm called Betty at home to tell her that the phone in his New York hotel room had just rung, and a man he didn't know had said, "Wake up, brother," and then hung up.

"You'd better not bring the kids to that meeting today," Malcolm told his wife. He would be speaking that afternoon in the Audubon Ballroom in Harlem. Betty went anyway, taking the children along, and watched in horror while four men leaped to their feet and gunned down her husband.

Malcolm was reviled as a hate-mongering demagogue and revered as a martyr to the cause of freedom. Yet, in death he "cast a spell even more far-flung and more disturbing," wrote the NAACP's Roy Wilkins, "than any he cast in life." At his funeral, Malcolm was eulogized as "our great black shining prince," and pictures of "Saint Malcolm" began to appear in homes from Harlem to the mud-and-wattle huts of Africa.

Even now, a generation later, the legend he left behind remains larger than life. Black rap groups chant his words like a litany, black teenagers wear T-shirts emblazoned with his face and black mothers name their children after him. Streets and colleges have been named in his memory. The autobiography I helped him write has become required reading in many university curriculums, more widely read by black people than any work in history other than *Roots* and the Bible. Even now, 27 years after Malcolm's death, people ask me as many questions about Malcolm X as they do about Kunta Kinte. And that number has risen dramatically since Spike Lee started production on a controversial $30,000,000 motion picture based in part on my story of Malcolm's life. Just the announcement of Lee's plan to shoot the film triggered threats from militant black groups. Poet Imamu Amiri Baraka derided Lee as a "buppie" and vowed not to "let Malcolm X's life be trashed to make middle-class Negroes sleep easier." But I doubt that any moviemaker in the world could either script or direct a film biography of Malcolm that would satisfy all the diverse groups that consider themselves rightful keepers of the flame.

Providentially, Malcolm lived long enough to return from Mecca with a vision of peaceful coexistence between the races—a vision he shared, ultimately, with his nonviolent counterpart, Martin Luther King. It was a vision left unfulfilled. But the things Malcolm X and Martin Luther King stood for—fierce pride, unflinching courage, absolute determination to win freedom from injustice—are as potent today as they were when both men were alive.

And now, just as John F. Kennedy once said, the torch has been passed to a new generation. Malcolm's daughter Attallah has joined with King's daughter Yolanda to form an organization called Nucleus, which travels the country showcasing programs of unity within the black community. It is a symbolic and symbiotic partnership: Malcolm was a champion of defiance, King an apostle of peace. Both men were tragically struck down and now live on in the hearts of their people, intertwined, indivisible, immortal.

"I'm doing very nicely, Fred. Landed some fairly major accounts and got me this shiny new wife."

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RESTON'S RAT

(continued from page 80)

monthly checks, his money. Or maybe she loved him. Old people are strange, I think. They hang on to people from their pasts, as if the past mattered.

It was fine by me that Lotte played with us. I liked her. She paid double overtime and gave her shop managers medical and dental plans because, as she never tired of telling us, it's a dog-eat-doughnut world. Lotte did good by her boys, she said, because she wanted to earn our loyalty. She wanted us to think of her when it was time to cash out—when a manager could keep a twenty for himself if he shorted the register or hid the sugar and charged up a new sack. Each of her managers was an entrepreneur, Lotte said, but she hoped we knew the difference between an entrepreneur and a cheat.

"Entrepreneur. That's French," Reston said. "*Entre* for poon, *preneur*, I think, means tang. Liquid pussy. Mix them up, snot, and you're pussy-whipped."

I told Lotte she should be proud. Her managers loved her, I said. We admired her, too. She was the boss. She was what we wanted to be, she'd made something of herself.

"Lotto never made shit out of herself," Reston said. "She makes things out of flour. This isn't Henry Ford we're talking about, snot. The woman makes crullers."

I said I didn't care what she made. She made money. She cared about her people, too. A lot of managers don't get medical and dental at Dunkin', I said.

"I think I'll call you Afro Pinocchio," Reston said. "Your nose is all brown."

"Just hit the ball, Jack."

"Let Lotto hit next. You can step and fetch it."

"I love you, too," I said.

"Snot! You're a homo? Hug me."

Reston lit his 17th Lucky of the day at the 17th tee. By then he had Lotte down $40. He and I were still even. "Crunch time," he said through blue smoke. "Double the bet?"

"I can afford it," Lotte said.

Seventeen at Monarch Bay is a par three, traps in front and water in back. Reston hit his tee shot near the flag. I matched him. Lotte hit a grounder that skipped through the green to the drink. "You're dead. Drowned," Reston said. Lotte, trudging to the drop zone behind the green, said she could still make four. Reston and I could three-putt, she could make four and tie us.

"Either the wallpaper goes or I go," he said.

"What?"

"Famous last words. Those were Oscar Wilde's. Good writer, but a homo. Interior decor, that's what he loved."

Lotte dropped a ball. "You are so morbid. How many last words do you know?"

"'Blub, blub,'" Reston said. "Houdini."

"I can do it."

"Want to bet?"

"Double it again," Lotte said.

"Twenty a hole?"

"Too rich for you?"

"Not at all. *Su entierro*," Reston said.

"What?"

"As Santa Anna said to Davy Crockett. The Alamo, 1836. *Su entierro*—'Your funeral.'"

"You made that up."

"Yes, but it's so apropos."

Lotte made six. She kicked her cart. It tottered and fell, spilling her clubs.

"Right on, doll," Reston said. "That cart ain't hit a good shot all day."

The 18th hole is a par five that veers to the bay. You can reach the green in two shots by risking the rocks to the left, or play safe to the right. I aimed left and swung hard. Reston talked to my drive. "Hit a whale," he told it. The ball hooked as it climbed. We watched it splash.

"This is a good experience for you, snot. One day you'll thank that drive," Reston said. "One day you'll look back on your dullard youth and say, 'Goddamn, old Jack was right. It really is a brain game. You can be a long-driving snot, young and strong, and still lose every time, every significant time, to an older, sadder, but far wiser man.'" He hit a one-iron safely to the right.

I called him a girl. I called him the pussy *di tutti* pussies. "I don't play safe. I hit a driver. You always hit an iron, Jack. Why is that?"

"Blub, blub," Reston said.

"Meow, meow."

"This is no mere iron, snot. This is a one. This is Excalibur," he said, showing me the blade. "You know what Trevino says, don't you? 'In a thunderstorm, get out your one-iron and hold it over your head because even God can't hit a one-iron.'"

"Trevino got hit by lightning."

"Einstein died. Does that make him wrong?"

"You probably know his last words."

Reston grinned. "No. True story: Einstein croaks in Princeton, New Jersey. Twists on his deathbed, whispers his final words to his nurse, the last words of the best mind of a century, in his native tongue. Nurse doesn't know German."

"That's awful," Lotte said.

"Life sucks," Reston said. "That's why we play golf."

After three perfect practice swings, Lotte hit a hook at the bay. She pointed her driver at Reston. He blew her a kiss.

Lotte and I spent ten minutes raking pampas grass with our spikes. She was the optimist in the group, always last to give up on a bad shot and drop a new ball. "You never know. It could have hit a rock," she said. "It could have hit a

rock and bounced to the green."

"That one didn't," I said.

"I happen to believe in God."

"Me, too. I don't know if He fixes hooks, though."

"She," Lotte said.

"Don't be silly. If God were a She, would She let Jack win?"

Still, I raked the grass, my nose getting browner by the minute. Finally, Lotte dropped a pink Lady Eagle. It rolled toward the bay. Grumbling that it was her last pink one, she kicked it. She bent over the ball, took a long, smooth practice swing, yanked her three-wood pinkward and missed the ball. She dropped the club. "I can't hit."

Sometimes you had to coax her to the green. After two or three or ten bent shots, Lotte began to see conspiracies at work: weather, water, terrain, bad luck and bad lies. I told her it was a hard game, a dippy, dumb game. You have to think all the time in this game, I said, but you can think too much, too. Your brain can block your swing. There comes a time to wipe the slate clean, to drop a ball, step up, hate the ball and hit it. Hurt it, then forget it.

She looked at me like I was dense. "No," she said. "That's not why I can't hit. You don't know, do you?"

I pointed at her ball. Whatever the reason, I said, it was still sitting there. "I'm in the bay, Lotte. I'm wet, you'll be lucky to make eight and Jack's out there safe. We are playing for second place. Hit the ball."

She looked for him. Reston was 100 yards away, watching us with his hands on his hips. "Jack's dead," Lotte said.

"Dead?"

"He's dead. They got him. The health people."

"What do you mean, dead?"

"Ask him. You ask him," she said. "Ask him about rats."

"Rats?"

"Rats," Lotte said, dragging her cart uphill. "He used rats in the meat. He told me. They caught him."

I crossed the fairway to watch Reston hit his second shot. The ball climbed, carried a trap and rolled to the green. "What stick?" I said. He winked, showing me his middle finger. "One-iron."

"You're lucky," I said.

"Women and snots believe in luck. I believe in Jack."

Lotte and I surrendered. After a third tall hook, I was lying five somewhere between here and Catalina. Finishing alone, Reston made his putt for an eagle. "Wallets, please," he said.

Lotte paid up. "Don't drool, dear," she said. "It makes you look even older." Reston kissed her money, then her hand. Lotte waved and said she'd see me in the morning. She was in a hurry, she said. She had a meeting with her ad agency up in Burbank. They were building big doughnuts, the biggest ever, for the cowboys to ride. "You boys have fun. Have a drink on me." Then, patting my butt, she said, "Don't listen to Jack. He'll want you to cheat on me. I told him you're too smart to." Lotte hopped into her doughnut-brown Jaguar. Shooting us the bird, she backed out of the parking lot to the Pacific Coast Highway and Jagged north.

Reston chucked his cleats and clubs into the trunk of his red Lincoln. Lacing up his wingtips, he said, "Follow me, snot. Let us celebrate my win."

The bar at Monarch Bay is a redwood hut with golf scenes on the walls. There are posters of Pebble Beach, Harbour Town, Sawgrass, Augusta and PGA West, a Neiman print—Palmer, Player, Snead, Nicklaus and Trevino caught midswing in pastel blasts—and brown photos of old men crouched over putts at Saint Andrews. Reston described his eagle on his way to the bar. He reran his "perfect three" from the first one-iron to the sound his putt made in the cup: "Plink. *Plink*. The best sound a man my age ever hears." Reading the bartender's nametag, calling the bartender "Miguel, my man," he said he wanted tequila with a beer chaser, plus a Coke. He said he also wanted his score laminated and hung on the wall between Saint Arnie and Saint fucking Andrews. "What do you

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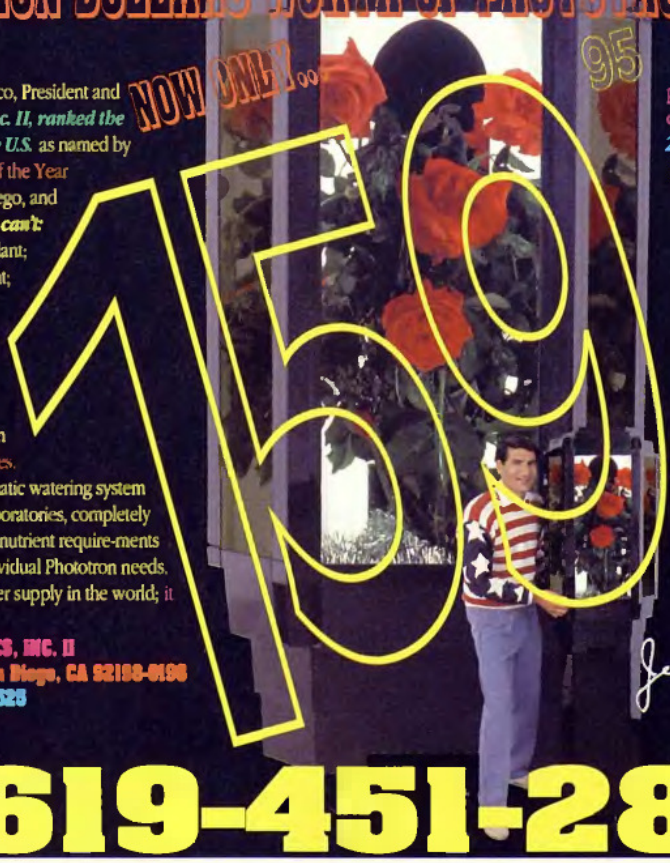

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think, snot?"

"About what?"

"What else? My genius. Tell Miguel how many threes you have seen on eighteen."

"Just the one," I said.

"I rest my genius."

He slid my Coke across a redwood table and launched a new description of his three. "I knew you'd play dumb. You always play dumb at eighteen. You always get wet. The thinking man's play is to the right."

"The pussy play," I said.

"The play. The right play. A man can make eight on the left. He can make six, five, four or, assuming genius, three on the right."

"This is boring, Jack. Tell me about rats."

He blinked. I liked that. Reston seldom showed surprise. He lit a smoke and leaned back in his chair, studying his drink. "Lotto blabbed," he said.

I lied. "She told me everything."

"Then you know." He downed his tequila, slapped the shot glass to the table. "I like you, snot," he said. "Do you know that? I like you."

"Why?"

"You're a shit. You have the entrepreneurial spirit."

"Sounds French," I said.

"Not all things French are bad. There are sex things I could mention."

"Don't. You're old. It's disgusting."

"You'll go far, snot. You don't drink. You drink Cokes. You drink Cokes because you think you've got a brain, a mental edge you don't want to lose. You'll go far."

"Right now I work in a doughnut shop."

"You're ten years old."

"Twenty-three."

"You're a snot and a shit. Snot shits go far," he said. "Ergo, you will either sell a shitload of doughnuts for the Scratcher or find something better to sell."

"Tell me about rat meat."

He went to the bar and returned with two tequilas. No chasers; he hadn't touched his beer. "Why not?" he said, sitting with a thump that rocked the table. "It's funny. It really is funny, the way things——"

"Is it?"

"Happen." Turning a shot glass in his hand, Reston said, "Pork goes up. There is trichinosis upstate, that's what the man says. Overdressed fuck from the co-op. Young like you. He has on a nice Italian suit and wingtips, white wingtips. 'Trichinosis upstate,' he says. 'We didn't expect it, we tried to prevent it, but there it is.' He wants sixty more per."

"Per what?" I said.

"So I say, 'Fuck you. I don't pay sixty more.' Wingtips says, 'No, fuck you.' This is how it starts. I look for another supplier and, fuck me, Wingtips was right, there *is* trichinosis. The next guy wants eighty cents more and I can't go back to Wingtips, not without crawling, so I pay. But this guy is not quite, shall we say, kosher. There are rat parts in his meat. Not a lot, not enough to taste, but enough to detect; the county could quibble. He admits this, tells me up front, so I can say, 'Fuck you,' but then I would have four hundred pork orders and no pork. So I deal. J&R Meats gets a discount."

"Little kids eat that," I said.

"Ever eat Vietnamese, snot? Eat in Ho Chi Minh City, what do you get? Rice, pea pods, water chestnuts. You get rat, too. They call it pork, but it's rat. It's good protein. Builds strong bodies twelve ways. So sue me. I'm a butcher, I provide protein."

"Lotte said you were dead."

"Here's the funny part. Sales go up."

"But you're dead now."

He shrugged. "Dead, son, is real relative. True, they want to shut me down. Wingtips from the co-op wonders where I got this new meat. Sics the health department on me. Now I got another kid in wingtips in my office; there is a confederacy of wingtips."

"You wear wingtips," I said.

"Since nineteen fucking fifty-eight. They stole my look."

"Oh."

"So Wingtips Two subjects my chorizos to spectroscopy—whatever the hell he does in his lab—and he finds five hundred sixty rat parts. And I will tell you, snot, much as I admire the rat, I didn't know that he had five hundred sixty parts."

"So you're dead. They got you."

Reston must have heard the pleasure in my voice. He laughed his big laugh, the one he saved for the times when he had you down two holes with one to play, or knew something that you didn't. "Yes. The baby wingtips wants to clip Jack's wings. He's the man who sold *rata* chorizos to bambinos. Which means what?"

"You're evil?"

"I'm shut down. I can be shut for three months unless I get help."

"Help?" I said.

"A partner. A pal. Someone with a clean record and a Social Security number. There are loopholes in the law, snot. That's what makes America great. Life, liberty, loopholes."

"Are you dead or not?"

Reston squinted at Palmer, Player, Snead, Nicklaus and Trevino. He sipped his beer. "Do you want a good job?"

"Maybe," I said.

"You play decent golf. Not genius golf. Almost good enough to keep up."

"Do you know what G. B. Shaw said about golfers?" I said.

"G. B. who?" he said, playing dumb.

"He said that we represent a whole class, the rich who screw everyone else. 'These well-groomed Algys and Bobbys, to whom age brings gold instead of wisdom.'"

"Smart fuck, Shaw," Reston said, "but a Commie. He represented a whole class, too. Commie fucks who got proved wrong. I'm shocked you can quote him."

"I ain't stupid," I said.

"You ain't rich, either. You make doughnuts."

"I *manage* doughnuts."

He laughed. "A loser in the lotto of life. That's you, snot."

"Maybe. For now."

He nodded. I was thinking that I liked Lotte. Still, she was no Reston when it came to wrestling city hall. She made her managers work all night when the health man was due, and she slept in her Monarch Bay condo while I swept bugs out of her shop. She thanked the health man when he finished his inspection, batting her eyelashes like a schoolgirl, even when he checked bad boxes on the pink form on his clipboard. She always promised to clean up her act, but I was the one who kept her promises, and the fact remained that she drove a Jag while I rode a bicycle. Another fact remained: Lotte thought I loved her because she paid on time and gave medical and dental, but I only liked her. Love costs more.

"So," Reston said. "Do you want to move up?"

"Yes."

"What about Lotto?"

"She'll be all right," I said. "She can get the guy from the Dunkin' on Main."

"Exactly. Good."

"There weren't any rats, were there, Jack?"

Reston grinned. "I said there were."

"This was a job interview."

"Good for you, snot."

"You knew she'd tell me. You figured that if I could get past the rats, the. . . ."

"Ethics?"

"The ethics."

"Of my rat tale, yes," he said.

"Then you'd want me."

"Ethics." Reston spat on the floor. "A word of French derivation, I think."

I finished his tequila for him. "That was a nasty thing to do to Lotte," I said. "She's worried about you."

"No. She's delighted."

"So. When do I start?"

Reston lit a smoke. "I like you, snot."

"I'm a shit, Jack."

"We'll get along," he said.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Playboy increases your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and accessories shown on pages 28, 106–111 and 169, check listings below to locate the store nearest you.

STYLE

Page 28: "Vested Interest": **Vests** by *View*, to order or for store locations, 213-749-2292. By *Mossimo*, at Rage, 2053 W. Bullard, Fresno, CA, 209-438-RAGE. By *Tapp*, to order or for store locations, 212-874-1752. By *Sans Tambours Ni Trompettes*, at all Charivari stores, for information, 212-333-4040. By *West 908*, at West 908, Inc., 1501 W. Washington Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-749-0899. By *Tommy Hilfiger*, for information, 800-548-6595. "City Slickers": **Jeans, boots** and **hats**, at Whiskey Dust, 526 Hudson St., N.Y.C., 212-691-5576. **Boots** and **jeans**, at Mark Fox, 7326 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-936-1619. **Boots** and **hats**, at the Rainbow Man, 107 E. Palace Ave., Santa Fe, 505-982-8706. "Hot Shopping: Barcelona": Jean Pierre Bua, Diagonal 469, 239-71-00. Groc, Rambla de Cataluña 100 bis, 215-01-80. E4G's Jeanswear, El Bulevard Rosa, Diagonal 611-615, 419-00-22. Matricula's, El Bulevard Rosa, Diagonal 611-615, 419-11-00. b.d. Ediciones de Diseño, Carrer de Mallorca 291, 258-69-09. "Clothes Talk": **Shirts** and **trousers** by *Go Silk*, 424 Sutter St., San Francisco, 415-391-2474. By *Jhane Barnes*, for information, 575 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C., 212-382-0961. **Jacket** by *Hugo Boss*, at selected stores in New York City. **Shoes** and **belts** by *Bally of Switzerland*, for store locations, 800-825-5030 outside New York, 212-751-3540 in New York. By *Gianni Versace*, available at Gianni Versace boutiques nationwide.

HIT MEN!

Page 106: **Shorts** by *Club Sportswear*, at Champs nationwide; Dillards nationwide; Nordstroms nationwide. **Tank top** by *Russell*, at fine specialty shops nationwide. **Cap** by *Lids*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040; Reminiscence, 74 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-243-2292. **Shorts** by *Jantzen*, at Redix's, Wrightsville Beach, NC. **Cap** by *Street Rag*, at You Animal You, 5267 W. 95th St., Overland Park, KS, 913-341-5101. **Shorts** by *Jimmy'Z*, at Sun Catcher, 9425 Second Ave., Stone Harbor, NJ, 609-368-6131; Main Beach Sunwear, 276 S. Coast Highway, Laguna Beach, CA, 714-494-6666. **Tank top** by *Jockey International*, at fine specialty and department stores. Page 107: **Shorts** by *Body Glove*, at select Sportmart stores, IL and CA. **Tank top** by *Speedo*, to order or for information, 800-547-8770. **Sunglasses** by *Oakley*, at specialty sporting goods stores nationwide. **Watch** by *Swatch*, to order or for information, 800-8-SWATCH. Page 108: **Tank top** and **shorts** by *Nike*, at Paragon Sports, 867 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-255-8036; the Complete Athlete, 455 World Trade Center Concourse, N.Y.C., 212-524-9819. **Sunglasses** by *Oakley*, at specialty sporting goods stores nationwide. **Watch** by *Lorus*, for information write to Lorus, McArthur Blvd., Mahwah, NJ 07430. Page 109: **Shorts** by *O'Neill*, at Jack's Surfshop, 113 Main St., Huntington Beach, CA, 714-536-4516. **Tank top** by *Russell*, at fine sporting goods stores nationwide. Page 110: **Vest** by *Cross Colours*, at Merry-Go-Round, 3300 Fashion Way, Joppa, MD, for store locations, 410-538-1000; Macy's nationwide. **Shorts** by *Russell*, at fine sporting goods stores nationwide. Page 111: **Shorts** by *Mossimo*, at Macy's nationwide; Nordstroms nationwide. **Tank top** by *Club Sportswear*, at Champs nationwide; Dillards nationwide; Nordstroms nationwide.

You may contact the manufacturers directly for information on where to purchase merchandise in your area.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

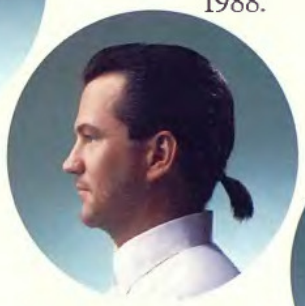
Page 169: "The Right Connection": **Telephones** by *NEC America, Inc.*, for information, 800-421-2141. By *AT&T*, for store locations, 800-437-9504. By *VTECH Communications*, for store locations, 800-624-5688. By *Origin Technology, Inc.*, to order, 800-752-5628.

1956.

1964.

1969.

1975.



1988.

1992.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE RIGHT CONNECTIONS

STEVE CONWAY

When it comes to home electronics, one thing rings true: Telephones keep getting smarter. Surely, Alexander Graham Bell is grinning in his grave over voice mail, and new technology has generally made phoning easier and more convenient. Cordless telephones, for example, now transmit digitally for improved reception over greater distances. Furthermore, the latest cellular models are small and light enough to fit in a suit pocket. AT&T's Video Telephone 2500 even sends audio and color motion video over standard telephone lines. It also features a privacy mode, which is handy when you've just gotten out of the shower and prefer to be heard—not seen.

Above: The Tropez 20-channel 900DX digital cordless phone operates for more than four hours at a distance up to ten times greater than that of standard cordless phones, from VTECH Communications, $299. Below: Speak someone's name into the 350SC Voicephone and it dials the appropriate number. Other features include caller ID and ring programing, from Origin Technology, $189.

Right: NEC's new P600 pocket-sized cellular phone weighs a mere seven ounces and features an angled speaker section and illuminated keypad for improved operation, a 42-character LCD, a 99-number speed-dial memory and a 60-minute battery pack, about $1400. Also available are an optional two-hour battery pack, $45, and booster kit for further reception and hands-free operation, $615. Below right: For the same price as a standard phone call, AT&T's Video Telephone 2500 lets you transmit voice and full-motion video. A 3.3-inch color LCD screen, a built-in fixed-focus camera, 12-number one-touch dialing and an improved speakerphone are among its features, $1500.

Where & How to Buy on page 167.

Water Babe

Actress AMY ROCHELLE got a lot of exposure when she appeared as Demi Moore's body double in *Ghost*. You saw her act in *The Marrying Man* and *Flatliners* on screen and in featured roles on TV's *Quantum Leap* and *Married . . . with Children*. We found her at the pool, where being all wet is all right.

Vagabond Rod

ROD STEWART has legs. He has stayed on the charts and kept the public involved for over 20 years. Now he's back in the studio writing a follow-up LP to the platinum *Vagabond Heart*. After being on the road for over a year, that should be a treat.

Drama Unfolds

L.A. rockers DRAMARAMA have one foot in alternative music and the other in rock. *Vinyl*, their fourth release, came out to solid reviews. Songwriter John Easdale says, "We called it *Vinyl* because they don't make it anymore." Catch the tour.

The Eyes Have It

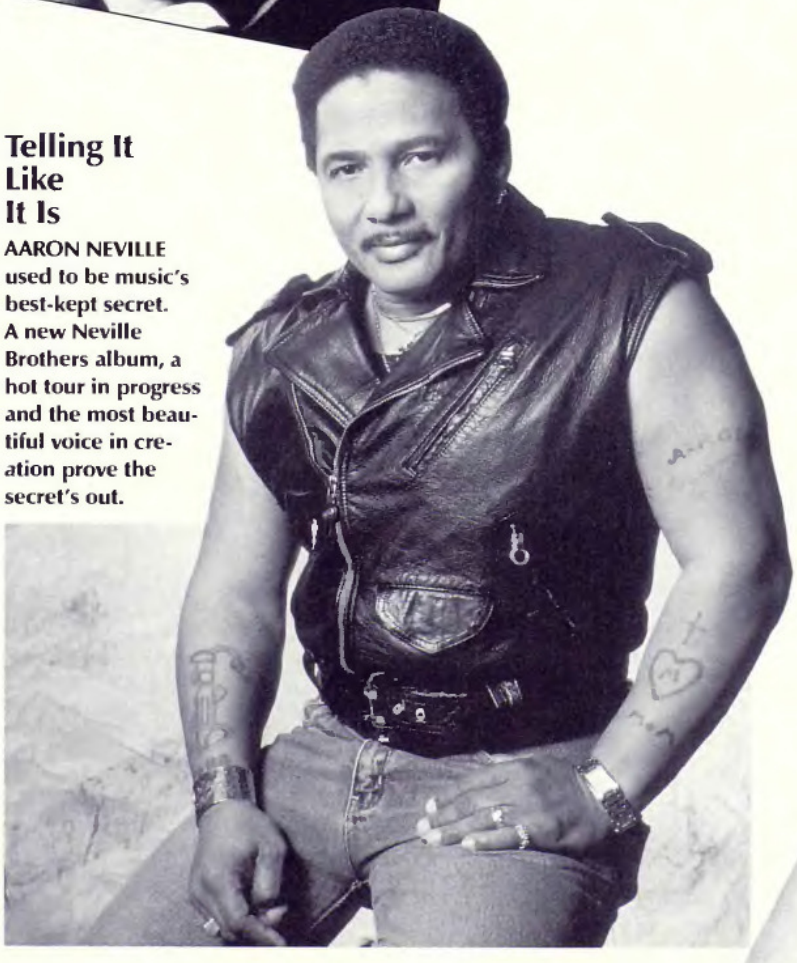
Starlet JZENICA is just starting out. A beauty queen, she has done some commercials and has appeared on TV's *Baywatch*. One of these days, we'll be able to say we knew her when.

Life After *Life Stinks*

Do lousy reviews cause heartburn? Does actor-director-big shot MEL BROOKS care? *Life Stinks* is doing fine in video rentals and Brooks is scribbling away on his next epic. Let the critics eat antacid.

Telling It Like It Is

AARON NEVILLE used to be music's best-kept secret. A new Neville Brothers album, a hot tour in progress and the most beautiful voice in creation prove the secret's out.

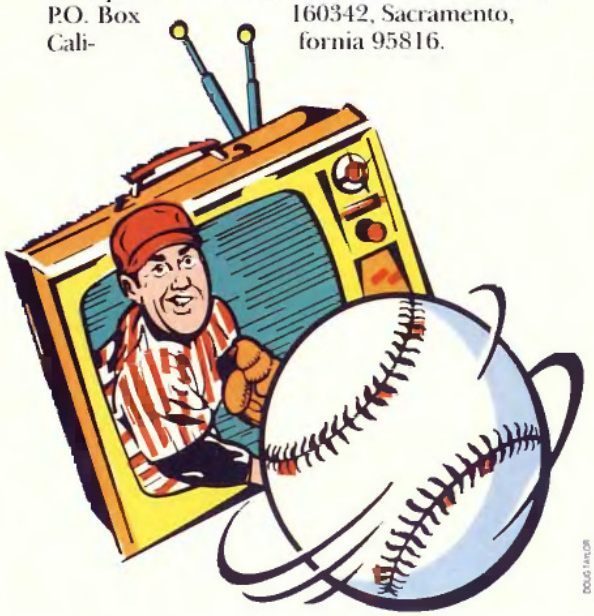


Danish Pastry

Actress VALENTINA is a Dane, but her work is all-American. Her varied roles, from Kid 'N Play's movie *Class Act* to TV's *Tequila and Bonetti* to a lead in Tone-Lōc's video, keep Valentina hot and cool.

GET A BUZZ ON

"If you think you know baseball, this is a good way to prove it," says Stephen Stabler, the creator of Buzzball, a game played by two people who each choose a team of players from an actual baseball game. As the real game progresses, your Buzzball game does, too, only instead of runs, points are attributed to different types of hits, stolen bases and runs batted in. The winner is the person whose team scores the most points. The cost: $5.95 sent to Buzzball, P.O. Box 160342, Sacramento, California 95816.



DOUG TAYLOR

DANCING IN THE DARK

Exotic Dancer, a national guide to nude, topless and go-go bars and gentlemen's clubs, has just introduced its first-ever VIP Card Program. According to *Exotic Dancer*, participants who visit any of about 250 establishments across the country will receive a special discount—perhaps free admission, drinks or even a table dance. Membership costs $89 a year and for that you also get the latest *Exotic Dancer Directory* and a subscription to "Exotic Dancer Bulletin," a quarterly newsletter containing fan reviews on strip clubs and info on places that have opened and closed. *Exotic Dancer*'s address is 3437 West Seventh Street, Suite 209, Fort Worth, Texas 76107. Or call 817-485-1513 for faster action.

READ IT AGAIN, SAM

You must remember this: On the eve of its 50th anniversary, *Casablanca* is still considered by many to be the best American movie ever made. So for all you fans of Rick, Ilsa and Sam, there's *The Casablanca Companion*, by Jeff Siegel, a $9.95 softcover that tells "the behind-the-scenes story of an American classic." Also in the book are *Casablanca* quizzes, trivia, gossip, photos and information on how to obtain the movie on videotape and disc, plus much more. To order for $12.95, postpaid, call Taylor Publishing at 800-275-8188.

DAVE MALOOF

JOHN SCHNEIDER

WESTWARD HO!

Did you like the movie *City Slickers* and want to experience something similar without having to birth a calf? Then sign aboard the Bozeman Trail Wagon Train. You'll spend four days and three nights journeying along the historic Bozeman Trail out of Reed Point, Montana, returning via a six-hour raft trip down the Yellowstone River. By day, you'll ride in horse-drawn covered wagons driven by professional teamsters. At night, you'll bunk down in the wagons, in tents or under the big sky of Montana. There's also great chow and country music. Billy Crystal, eat your heart out! The cost of the trip is $480, not including airfare. For more information on this summer's treks, call Jim Colburn, the wagon train's rough and rugged trail boss, at 800-962-7483.

EGGED ON!

As any New Yorker knows, an egg cream is a soft drink made with milk, chocolate syrup and seltzer that has to be ordered at a soda fountain. Now it appears the technology needed to bottle and shelve a nonrefrigerated milk beverage has been perfected, and a product named Jeff's Amazing New York Egg Cream has hit food stores from New York to L.A. A four-pack costs about three dollars, and both regular and diet egg creams are available in vanilla and strawberry, too.

BABY, IT'S COLD INSIDE

When the dog days of summer are upon you, chill out with a Chilly-Club Cold Collar. The frozen gel cubes cool the blood in your neck veins and arteries, making you more comfortable as this cooled blood circulates through your body. Since the cubes are self-contained, there's no dripping. To order, call 800-533-2563. The price: $12.95, postpaid.

STEPHEN TURK

STORE FOR STYLISH VAGABONDS

The stock-in-trade of the Vagabond Vintage Luggage Company situated in L.A.'s downtown Brewery Building at 600 Moulton Avenue is the stuff that a traveler's dreams are made of. Antique leather suitcases, wooden steamer trunks and other aging yet elegant valises, grips and bags are ready to walk out of the door at prices from $125 to $6000. (The latter is for a Louis Vuitton steamer trunk.) And Vagabond will also reline your selection with an appropriate fabric, if you choose. Call the store at 213-225-3244 for more information.

STEVE BOSWICK

MOVE THE PENCILS, WE'RE PLAYING THROUGH

For duffers who are weary of looking at desk pictures of the wife and kids, there are Fairway Replicas—cast, hand-painted renderings of famous golf holes mounted on walnut. Right now, the 18th holes at Pebble Beach and Harbour Town are available, along with the 1st and 18th at St. Andrews and the 13th at Augusta. Each comes with a ballpoint pen and a brass plaque. The price is $120, postpaid, from Fairway Replicas, 130 West Gaviota, San Clemente, California 92672, or call 800-369-6655.

WHISKY TIME

The Windy City's largest collection of single-malt Scotches stands ready for pouring at Buckingham's in the Chicago Hilton at 720 South Michigan Avenue. To celebrate, the Hilton has organized Buckingham's Scotch Club. Membership is open to anyone who wants to develop his or her knowledge of the beverage. And when you've tasted all 140 single malts, your name will be inscribed on a wall plaque. A newsletter and other perks are also extended to members. For more info, call Colm O'Callaghan at 312-922-4400.

GLENN ARMSTRONG

NEXT MONTH

SPOOK CITY

DOMESTIC DYNAMITE

ADVERTISING SEX

AH, COLUMBUS

"THE WAY TO SPOOK CITY"—OUR HERO TRAVELS THE BARREN WASTES OF ALIEN-OCCUPIED MIDDLE AMERICA IN SEARCH OF HIS BROTHER. HIS GUIDE IS GORGEOUS—BUT IS SHE HUMAN?—A NOVELLA WRITTEN FOR *PLAYBOY* BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

"SEX IN ADVERTISING"—THE FLAP OVER RECENT EROTIC AD CAMPAIGNS SHOULD REMIND US OF THE LONG AND ILLUSTRIOUS HISTORY SEX HAS ENJOYED ON MADISON AVENUE. IF IT DOESN'T, THESE PICTURES WILL HELP—TEXT BY **ED MCCABE**

"DOMESTIC BLISS"—A PICTORIAL SALUTE TO THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE. HAVE A LOOK AND YOU'LL WANT TO DO MORE THAN HELP WITH THE DISHES

"GIRL TALK"—WHO SAYS LOCKER-ROOM TALK IS JUST FOR GUYS? *PLAYBOY* EAVESDROPS ON A SESSION IN WHICH THE LADIES DISH THE DIRT—BY **LORI WEISS**

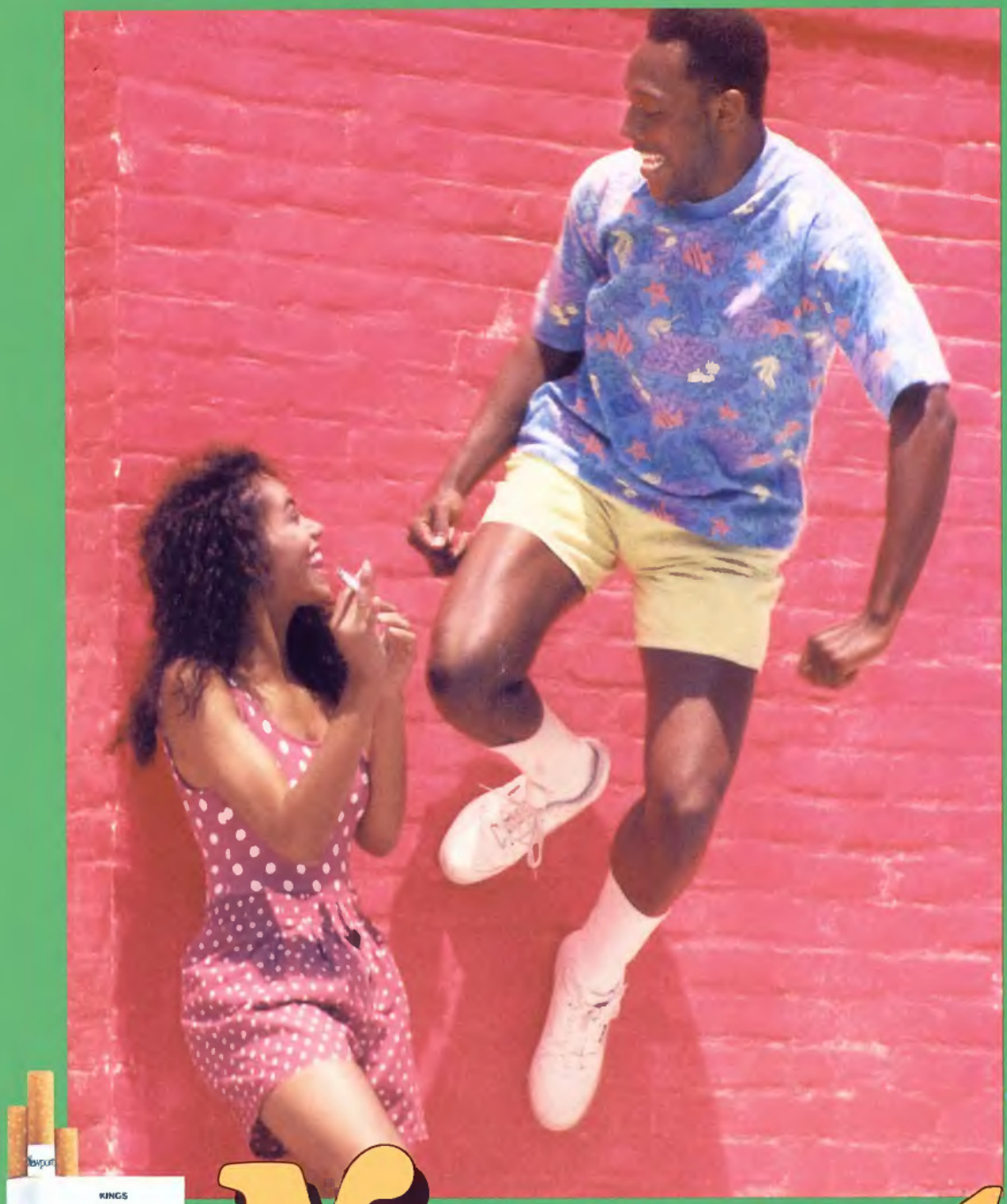
"A REGULAR GUY'S GUIDE TO OPERA"—NO NEED TO WAIT TILL THE FAT LADY SINGS. HERE'S ALL YOU NEED TO TELL THE ARIAS FROM R.E.M.—BY **JAMES MORGAN**

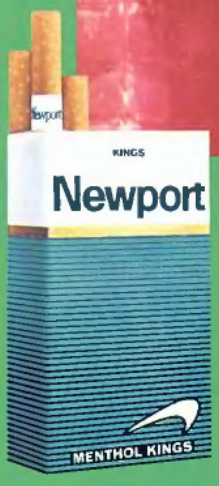
CATHERINE CRIER SERVED FIVE YEARS AS A TEXAS JUDGE BEFORE SHE BRIGHTENED CNN'S NEWSCASTS. SHE RENDERS HER OPINION ON THE CURRENT POLITICAL CLIMATE, THE "LIBERAL" MEDIA AND WHAT SHE LOOKS FOR IN A GOOD MAN—AND A GOOD CHAIR—IN A JUDICIOUS **"20 QUESTIONS"**

DEREK HUMPHRY, AUTHOR OF THE BEST-SELLING *FINAL EXIT*, TACKLES THE GREAT DEBATE OVER THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY, ASSISTED SUICIDES AND WHETHER OR NOT WE SHOULD DETERMINE WHEN WE DIE IN A PROVOCATIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"PRESIDENT PEROT"—IS THE PINT-SIZED COMPUTER CAPITALIST AND GRANDSTANDING GADFLY READY FOR WASHINGTON? IS WASHINGTON READY FOR **ROSS PEROT?**—A *PLAYBOY PROFILE* BY **ROGER SIMON**

PLUS: A JOLLY LOOK AT COLUMBUS' GREAT VOYAGE—AS ONLY A SAILOR WOULD VIEW IT; **"PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT,"** THE LATEST WHEEL NEWS, BY **KEN GROSS;** LAPTOP COMPUTERS YOU CAN CARRY ANYWHERE; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE





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